

A.

PILGRIMAGE INTO DAUPHINÉ.

VOL. II.

A

PILGRIMAGE INTO DAUPHINÉ

COMPRISING A VISIT TO THE MONASTERY OF

THE GRANDE CHARTREUSE;

WITH ANECDOTES, INCIDENTS, AND SKETCHES FROM

TWENTY DEPARTMENTS OF FRANCE.

BY THE REV. GEORGE M. (MUSGRAVE,) M.A.

AUTHOR OF "A RAMBLE THROUGH NORMANDY," &c.

"He travels and expatiates: As the bee . . .
From flow'r to flow'r, so he from land to land:
The manners, customs, policy, of all
Pay contribution to the store he gleans;
He sucks intelligence in ev'ry clime,
And spreads the honey of his deep research
At his return: — a rich repast for me!
He travels, and I too."—COWPER.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

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CHAPTER I.

BURGUNDY vineyards—Chambertin: Clos Napoleon—Clos Vougeot—Visit to its wine-presses and cellars, in the old monastery—A quiet glass by way of initiation—Cost of the import of fine Burgundy wine into London cellars—Consumption of wine and beer in France and England—Nuits: Beaune: Volnay—Chalons-sur-Saone—La Bresse Chalonnaise—Tournus—Macon—The unimaginable hats of the Bresse women, illustrated.

AFTER the almost compulsory initiation through which I was enlightened on the mysteries and merits of wine, between Rheims and Dijon, I should have been content to accredit the general declaration that the Côte d'Or was the Elysium of Burgundy, and that Vougeot wine was the finest production, not of that province, singly considered, but of all France; and thus should I have limited my acquaintance with Chambertin, and every "Clos" that lay between it and Chalons-sur-Saone to such prospects of Vine growth as might be enjoyable in the course of the railway's progress towards Macon.

“But,” said a connoisseur in vintages and flavours, “you must absolutely halt at Clos Vougeot ; for, such is the honour in which we hold it, that when a Regiment on march gains first sight of the Clos, the officer in command gives order to *present arms* ; as though the nation itself were doing homage to the superior Sovereignty of this noblest of all grapes.”

This was a cogent appeal to taste, if not a wily attack on some suspected foible in the encomiast who had lauded with so much of manifest sincerity the good things of the land he was traversing ; and as familiar acquaintance with the features and management of one “Clos” would, amount to being conversant with the characteristics of all, I yielded to the suggestion of the enthusiastic Dijonnais, and took a ticket for the nearest station but one to his well beloved town—namely for Clos Vougeot.

Having quitted Dijon by the populous faubourg of the Ouche, where industry is more indefatigable, and business more active, than in any other part of the town, the traveller, proceeding towards Macon, crosses a monotonous plain skirted, at the distance of a mile, by villages at the base of cultivated hills, till he arrives at the first station—Gevrey Chambertin—a very handsome village replete with all that delights the eye in rural scenery—trees, meadows, gardens, orchards, and streams, amidst which the houses, not detached, but built up in continuous lines throughout the narrow, tortuous streets, bear a much closer resemblance to the residences of thriving citizens in some little manufacturing town, than to the homes of a rural population. This, place, I need hardly observe, enjoys no ordinary repute as a contributor of the choicest juice of

Burgundian grapes : the very name of 'Chambertin' being suggestive of ruby brightness and *bouquet*-like aroma ; and a flavour not very unlike what old Port wine would give out, if slightly "doctored" with mulberry juice. The genuine production has not been over-praised ; but the compounds retailed in France, even in Burgundy itself, as Vin de Chambertin, mislead the public taste, and have no more affinity with the real article, than the growth of Marsala with that of Cadiz. The vintage is very limited ; the whole plantation being comprised in a space of less than twenty acres ; the property of various owners, and not enclosed ; so that it is *not Clos* Chambertin. The village is backed by dense masses of oak woods, in the midst of which were discernible enormous masses of grey rock. The soil of the hills, (which seemed to attain an altitude of about twelve hundred feet,* and whose sloping sides are covered with parti-coloured crops of every description,) is of a deep Roman ochre tint ; with which the smooth grassy terraces, of brightest green, combine very beautifully. Some of these terraces or verdant ledges, basking in sunshine, seemed to uplift the grapes to genial, ripening heat ; but the majority of the vines were growing on the rise of

* The landscape is beautified to the full extent that the land is blest by these mountainous regions of fertility ; but the enjoyment of such gifts of Nature is not without alloy. From the elevated range here described descend those gushing torrents of water, after long continued rain, which swell the mighty tide of the Rhone till it overflows valleys, villages, and cities, in one indiscriminating flood of ruin ; as will be seen in the next chapter, with reference not only to the inundation of 1840, but of last May and June.

ground where the plains began to form a base to the acclivities ; and I observed in this instance, as in all other districts of wine country, that wherever a long range of gentle slope was attainable, there was the widest cultivation of grapes. The best sorts of Chambertin growth were pointed out to me as forming a plantation extending through the village side of the railway embankment, between two points a hundred yards apart ; the ridge of which was surmounted by a light Acacia hedge.

The Côtes, or hill sides, exhibited numberless serpentine paths of communication with the villages that abound in the district, on either side of them—in the proportion, as I understood, of nearly two villages to every mile of distance ; the population of which find ample employment in the combined labour connected with corn and wine growth ; for, though the latter is the standard crop, there are vast breadths of wheat and barley in the plain ; besides sainfoin, lucerne, tares, clover, and mangel, the general aspect of which indicated a rich productive soil that might prefer as just a claim to be called ‘the Gold Fields’ as the hills, beyond, to their ancient title of ‘the Golden Slopes.’ One of the most remarkable features in these time-honoured vineyards is the number of standard peach-trees growing in the midst. These are cultivated chiefly for the confectioners who purchase the fruit in large quantities for preserving in brandy. The leaves are too slender to cast any detrimental shade on the ripening grape ; their tempting produce, however, brings a highly objectionable number of birds into the grain crops ; and, as the farmer cannot, of course, afford to lose time, powder, and shot by

keeping watch in *propria personâ*, and still less by watching any armed, but fruit-loving, urchin who might engage to act as "Bird-keeper," he adopts the alternative of setting up here and there so accurate an imitation of himself, whether in respect of the moulding and attitude of the figure, or of the life-like face, (hair and whiskers inclusive,) and of a good hat and suit of clothes, and a real gun, most naturally levelled, as if just about to explode, that any eye might mistake the counterfeit for the living man; and I was twice startled and deceived in this manner. The "mannequin," (stuffed figure) occasionally turns, by action of the wind, upon a pivot; and then the enemy is completely beguiled and baffled.

Close to Chambertin lay Clos Napoleon, commanding a noble prospect of corn-fields, woods and meadows; the near mountains of the Côte d'Or, and the remote range of the Jura, which bounded the horizon. This vineyard is in the village of Fixin, where Noisot, the owner of the Clos, who was a grenadier in the Imperial Guard, and served under Napoleon I. at Elba, has erected a bronze statue to his memory; the work of a M. Rude, who also evinced an earnest desire to make his skill as a statuary subservient to the design; and these two devotees produced a very respectable memorial of their old master's greatness, and their staunch allegiance and admiration. The late Emperor is represented on a rock, resting, as if for a moment, on his elbow, like one aroused from a dream, and disengaging himself from the folds of his military cloak, which is to be supposed to have served as grave-clothes. He is to be regarded as entering, at the moment, upon his Apotheosis. A dying eagle, illustrative of the defeat at

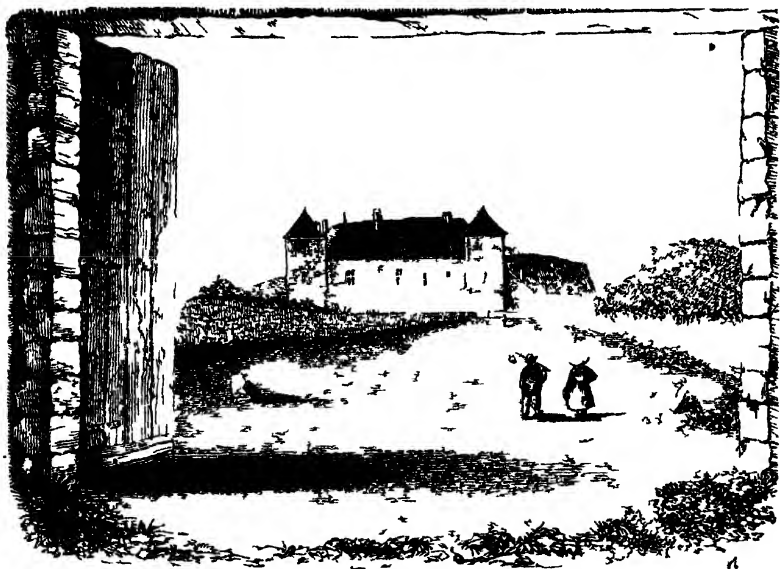
Waterloo, lies near him. The pedestal bears this inscription :

A NAPOLEON,
NOISOT, GRENADIER DE L'ILE D'ELBA,
ET RUDE, STATUAIRE.

Morey soon came in sight, with its renowned Clos du Tart, Chambolle and Clos Musigny, in the immediate contiguity of grey rocks, covered with gigantic walnut trees ; and Saulon la Rue, and the château and park of Monsieur de Clermont Tonnerre ; and then, at length, on the right, immediately adjoining the station bearing its name, came Vougeot, so called from the little river Vouge, on whose banks, profusely planted with willows and poplars, the water-mills (as though conscious that, after all, there must be something more to strengthen man than even the best wine,) were in full work. They grind all the *corn* of the district.

Here I alighted. The Clos is not above a furlong distant from the station ; having its South wall facing the main road from Paris to Lyons, and rising with gentle ascent from the plain. It comprises an area (a parallelogram in shape,) of a hundred acres, surrounded by stone walls of about five feet altitude, and entirely clear of all trees. A small clos, however, within fifty paces of it, enclosing a sunken area of grass-plot within similar walls nine feet high, contained fourteen stupendously large walnut trees, which, doubtless, had been planted, from the first, three yards below the level of the circumjacent soil

with a view to their eventual development of foliage being less likely to diffuse any very detrimental shade. The face of the country, hereabouts, is not particularly attractive. The faint grey range of the mountains of the Department of Doubs, overlooking Besançon, Lons-le-Saulnier, and the hill country descending towards Geneva, was distinctly perceptible on the horizon : The intermediate plain bore the appearance, (so generally observable in *Lombardy*.) of highly cultivated garden ground. An old, uncouth gateway is the first object presenting itself in the immediate approach to the Abbatial Château, the



pointed roofs of which are a characteristic feature of the spot ; though the plainer barn-like *annexæ*, which seems to grow out of the main building, is far more worthy

of regard, for it hath that within which passeth show—the three enormous presses set up here in the year 1551 by Jehan Loisier, Abbot of Citeaux; the abbey of which, comprehending a large brotherhood of monks, held the proprietorship of this and the greater part of all the surrounding vineyards through nearly two centuries and a half; though Citeaux was nearly twelve miles distant Eastward.

The country people in the district used to affirm that in the most high and palmy state of the priesthood, there were pipes laid down, under ground, all the way from Vougeot Monastery to the Abbey of Citeaux for conveying the wine direct from the presses to the monastic cellars; but I conceive these cowed connoisseurs knew far too well how to treat so delicate a liquor, to subject a flowing draught of it to such evaporation (or deposit, at least), as must have attenuated the original body, and deprived it, by so prolonged a movement, of its exquisitely subtle spirit and aroma: “one sip of” which, to use Comus’s words, would “bathe the drooping spirits in delight.”

These ecclesiastics were for a long period of time, as I just now stated, the almost exclusive owners of the Côte d’Or vineyards. The great Revolution stripped them of their rich possessions; and the Vougeot estate, after various phases of good and evil, in which it experienced alternate improvement and deterioration, passed eventually into the hands of Monsieur Ouvrard, son of the well-known financier, whose name acquired a certain celebrity under the sway of Napoleon, and after the Restoration. I saw his beautiful château at a short distance from the vineyard.

My appearance at the portal of the Monastery, (now transformed into what might be termed a vast ecclesiastical

brewery), with three drawings of the place already finished, and an earnestly expressed wish to become still better acquainted with the premises, won for me a very hearty welcome from Madame Le Roux and her daughter—the wife and child of Charles le Roux, fifth descendant of the original Régisseur, or Tonnelier-en-chef* of that name holding special appointment in the house, and superintending every operation in the Pressoir, and all the business transactions connected therewith, either for the home or foreign market.

I was first invited into an upper apartment in the ancient edifice, approachable by a dark stair, and communicating with lobbies, cells and dormitories suggestive of hair-cloths and Lenten fasts, rather than of “potations pottle-deep,” and “rosy wine;” and here, after having set my drawings, as usual, with a wash of milk and water, to keep them from injury by travelling, I obtained some luncheon in which the genuine wine furnished a draught that the Grand Monarque of old would have quaffed approvingly; and in about a quarter of an hour afterwards my entertainers introduced M. Le Roux himself who, not having for many years seen an English gentleman, and feeling highly gratified at my having alighted at the Vougeot station for the sole purpose of beholding the Clos at close quarters, and gaining insight into all the wines and wonders of this unrivalled dépôt, begged I would permit him to devote the whole of the day to the pleasurable occupation of showing me every and anything I might desire to inspect, and touch, and *taste*! Could civility and goodwill go further!

* Principal wine cooper and chief manager.

After a general survey of the mansion, as we stood in the large quadrangular court, and marked the decorative sculpture on the walls, archways, labels, and stringing-course to which the monk-architect had imparted a style and significance characterizing the entire mass of buildings as an ecclesiastical station of considerable rank and eminence, I followed my conductor to the Pressoir. Here stood the *crushing* machinery, that for upwards of three hundred years has nobly done its work and won unquestionable celebrity through the vintages of many a dynasty, without let or hindrance from contending principalities and powers, or hostile pressure from without; though, in that momentous period, the destinies of the world have suffered change upon change; and France, in particular, has reeled under numberless and fateful revolutions. These ponderous structures exhibit no indications of decay; and their component parts have been only slightly altered and improved since the main post, the entire stem of a fine oak, supporting the screw apparatus, was sunk twenty feet deep into the ground, *before Louis the Fourteenth was born*. The whole frame work is massive and colossal in dimensions; and though modern inventions must long since have simplified the processes of obtaining the second and third expression of juice from the grapes, the system enforced at Vougeot in the sixteenth century is still retained; and while the apparatus survives, as is likely to be the case for yet many an eventful age, no departure from the long approved and gloriously successful course will be attempted or thought of.

The "first crush" (producing the "Drop" wine) is, as of old, effected by the mere superincumbent weight of clus-

ters heaped to the amount of half a ton, and thus left for hours to burst and distill into the trough beneath.

The cellarage—a goodly spectacle!—is not many feet below the surface of the quadrangle. The English eye is not familiar with the exhibition of such riches in a fluid state as are here comprised in countless casks of the finest of the wine of Burgundy, and in bottles stacked like broad dwarf walls from one end of the ancient vault to the other, purchasable on the spot at five shillings and fourpence each; the whole being first class wine, (the produce of the hundred acres immediately adjoining the premises), such as is bespoke for foreign Courts and connoisseurs, and for the few wealthy consumers in France who can afford to drink wine, which, by the time it reaches their bins, must cost nearly three guineas the dozen.

Le Roux said he had hardly in any one instance succeeded in effecting a satisfactory consignment to England. He sends the wine in cases containing thirty-six bottles; but whether they are surreptitiously opened between Clos Vougeot and the French coast, or between the coast and any of our ports, letters have almost invariably reached him complaining of the abstraction of three or four bottles; and he has not, in any single instance, been able to discover where such peculation and robbery have been committed. Judging by his account, I should say an insignificantly small portion of this splendid wine found its way to our country. It is a costly liquor, certainly; and the expensiveness of importation must ever render it exceedingly scarce; yet the principal cause of its rarity in our country rests not so much on this ground as on the alleged diffi-

culty, if not impossibility, of preserving it in a condition fit for use.

Clos Vougeot wine, of the primest quality, may be laid down in any London cellar at £180 the pipe; this includes the duty at five and sixpence per gallon, the regulation five per centage, freight, carriage, and all other expenses.* Were I the possessor of such a stock, I would keep seven and twenty gallons of it in a well-charred cask which would hold exactly that quantity; and would bottle off the remainder, and leave it untouched for five years in a cellar, the temperature of which should be invariably at sixty-five degrees of heat. The said cask should be placed in the same cellar, and not be touched for a year. After that interval of rest, the wine should be drawn from it into a warmed decanter, by means of a gimlet inserted into the upper part of the head of the cask. The stream would flow limpid as crystal; there would be no "clouding" from chill; no fatal injury to the flavour from disturbed crust, and suspended tartrate: and in this condition it might safely be bottled.

The numberless manipulations, the laborious and long continuing processes of testing and adjusting the condition of every pint of Champagne wine in Rheims, and Epernay, and Chalons, prove how indispensable it is to the perfection of that liquor that all its components, in the most genuine state, should be entirely and evenly suspended, so as to be freed from any the slightest tendency to disengage. This provision of care and gentlest treatment is infinitely more important in the use of *Burgundy* wine, long after its issue from the hands of the cooper or bottler; and it

* Charged in London firms at £280.

well deserves and requites such delicate attentions ; being, incomparably, the most exquisitely refined and generous fluid that the bounty of creative Providence, the quintessence of grape-juice, and the scientific elaboration of wine-growing man, ever supplied to the organs of human taste. It is cordial, but not at all heating ; rich and racy, yet it palls not, even at the sixth or seventh imbibition ; for in its perfected condition the draught leaves none of that after-taste which vitiates the sapid powers of the palate, and renders it wholly incapable of discerning and correctly appreciating any positive flavour. It is by many degrees slower than Claret or Port to set up gout in the system ; being of all red wines, of any repute, the least acid ; and could it only be circulated among us at the average cost of the favourite import from the Douro and Bordeaux, would initiate temperance, sobriety, and wisdom, by inducing the drinker to arrive in due time at the rational conclusion that “ enough is as good as a feast.” I speak thus dogmatically and feelingly with reference to the *use* of it. With the *abuse* I have nothing to do, beyond remarking on this and on all other high relishes and choicc luxuries provided for mortal enjoyments, that one *may* have too much even of an universally acknowledged good thing : a doctrine which the old Epicureans, and, I apprehend, young England, would not unhesitatingly admit.

This, however, was my honest apology to Monsieur Le Roux for not prolonging our symposium in the abbatial cellars of Clos Vougeot where, while I am writing (in the height of the vintage), I doubt not he is superintending, (as Alasco watched the projection, the alembic, and the crucible), every turn of the screw after the first crush of the

matchless clusters from the Clos, brought in "fresh and fresh," as basket follows basket up the ladder, "and his presses burst out with new wine;" and in the noon-day intermission of this jocund labour at the wine-fat, where, though there be no "tipsy mirth," there is no lack of "jollity," it requires no stretch of imagination to picture him in an attitude of ease and *relâche*, alongside of the barrels of 1843,

"—— quos inter* recumbens
Purpureo bibit ore Nectar."

These barrels were on sale at £35 each, and contained about 36 gallons. There were other, of the vintages of 1847 and 1851—and after pointing out to me the triple row, and a corresponding store of filled bottles, as if he were introducing a family of handsome sons and daughters of which he felt justly proud, Monsieur R— lifted down a small siphon and a couple of glasses from a ledge, and presented to me a sample of *première qualité*; following it up with four from various casks of the same exalted rank and condition, till we reached what *we* in England would facetiously term A. 1. to wit, the vintage of 1843, and from this he drew out a "beaker" glassfull of *le meilleur vin du monde*; proposing our Queen's health, and many toasts to follow, in a beverage

"To life so friendly, or so cool to thirst,"

which he affirmed, (as old Fagon did to Louis XIV.)

* Would that his Christian name had been Augustus!

Vide HORAT. Od., lib. III. 3.

would prolong my days, and make me bless France for a renewal of a long term of lease. This Elixir Vitæ was full-bodied, but not heady. It was entirely free from that sickly richness with which "loaded" Clarets and Burgundies, drunk in our country, soon convince us that we are not imbibing a simple and genuine, but a compound and factitious liquor, every inordinate cup of which is unblest, though the noxious ingredient is but an admixture of that coarse kind of Hermitage which quickly generates mischief at headquarters.

However, as I just now observed, it was at *my* signal and suggestion that the bung was driven home tight, the siphon hung up again, and the capacious glasses replaced on the ledge. A tea-totaller might have yielded to the fascinations of Monsieur le Roux's *petit gouter*, as he called it; and when I mastered my inclination to indulge his humour, and to dedicate to the memory of Clos Vougeot only "un seul petit verre de plus," I questioned whether he felt thoroughly satisfied that on this my first introduction to them both, I had done him and the "good familiar creature" under his charge full measure of justice.

Like the generality of his countrymen, he surmised that we English hold wine in very secondary consideration while we can drink good beer. As we grow the best hops and the best barley, and cannot rear a vineyard of wine making grapes, it is but to remind a foreigner of this fact, when replying to such a surmise, to convince him that as regards native produce, we have no alternative. And even were the light wines of the Continent admitted duty

*free into this country, we should find them as inappropriate to its climate and as ungenial to our taste and substantial diet as, when in France, Italy, Germany, and other warm regions we discover the impracticability of adopting the full bodied wines, Port, Sherry, &c. familiar to our daily use at home. Le Roux's supposition is pretty well borne out by the following statistical fact that in France the individual consumption of wine is 19 gallons; of spirits two quarts; of beer two gallons and a half, yearly. In England, one man with another drinks but *one* quart of wine, one gallon of spirits; and twenty one and a quarter gallons of beer in the twelvemonth. An estimate which would show that the Englishman, as an unit, consumes less than half a pint of beer daily, and the Frenchman still less of wine. But there is a great amount of fallacy in all these distributed shares of the national "swallow." We are compelled to conclude that in both countries many tens of thousands of adults drink hardly any fermented liquor but cider; and many thousands restrict their beverage to water. Adding to these the millions of children from two to fifteen years of age who never touch any other liquid but the latter, at dinner or supper, we cannot but infer that in every case where an adult does actually drink wine, spirits, or beer habitually, he drinks double the quantity here stated.*

It has been ascertained that, before the grape disease began its ravages, France produced annually 900 million gallons of wine, and exported 32 millions; retaining 200 millions for the making of 25 millions of brandy. Of the latter, ten millions were exported—and from the residue a vast quantity was employed in giving *body* to wines about

to be shipped for foreign ports ; individual consumption being thus limited to two quarts a head per annum.*

With respect to our own country, one-half of the beer and wine sent out of England is taken by the Australian colonists. If it be consumed in one year, these thirsty souls must drink up 200,000 barrels of strong beer annually ;—to say nothing of nearly 14,000 butts of wine !

Immediately after Vougeot, and on the same side of the main road, comes Vosnes the produce of Romanée Conti, Romanée Saint Vivant, Richebourg, and La Tache,—all honorable wines ;—and very soon afterwards, at about a quarter of a mile's distance from the road-side, the ancient little town of Nuits, situate at the entrance of a picturesque val^le called La Serrée, and at the foot of a gentle acclivity called St. Peter's Hill. Walnut trees abound here still ; but in early times were so extensively cultivated at this point as to have induced some archæologists to derive the name of the town from this peculiar plantation : Noix, Nox, Nuits. It was a fortified town in the year 1362, but was dismantled and burnt during the Religious war of the sixteenth century ; and in the early part of the eighteenth exchanged its ramparts and fosses for gardens, terraces, and rows of snug dwelling-houses that rose upon the site of these martial mounds and hollows, and made it henceforth a pleasurable place of residence. From the vineyards of this locality, as from that of Vougeot, (where one of the Presses was entitled 'La Bouche du Roi',) a large consignment was made for the special use and benefit of Louis the Fourteenth, in his declining days, at the dictum of his chief physician who, dealing with a stimulus

* *Vide* Sir E. Tennant on the Use and Taxation of wine.

as if it were a corroborant, resorted to prime old Burgundy as a means of preserving life and vigour in the jaded worn out constitution of a decaying old man. This "dainty dish to set before a king" availed but little in repelling the advance of that enemy whose impartial foot, as Horace says, kicks irrespectively at the palace and the mud cabin. The wine of wines flowed right royally in the saloons of the Tuileries where many an approving taste gave, beyond doubt, its cordial sanction to the doctor's "particular" *draughts as before*, day after day; for the courtiers were the King's tasters; and their "probatum est" was not given after a sip of mere ceremony, when the most renowned vineyard of France sent the perfection of its growth to give a cheerful countenance to its sovereign, and to all that were then basking in the sunshine of his favours.

Nuits was followed by Clos St. Georges and the village of Premeaux,—both enriched by vineyards of excellent quality,—and to these places succeeded Comblanchien, Cussigny, Chaume, and Corgoloin Prissey, Serrigny, Ladonaix, and Aloxe. The last named village produces three most valuable sorts of Burgundy wine,—Le Corton, Le Charlemagne; and Le Clos du Roi. Savigny and Chorey come next in sight; and then Gigny introduces Beaune, a town containing nearly twelve thousand inhabitants, among whom the principal business of the wine trade of Burgundy is carried on with an activity sufficiently indicating the high estimation in which the annual products of the numerous vineyards are held in and out of Europe. Thirty-five thousand pipes were consigned last year to different firms by the several traders, seventy-five in number, established in Beaune for the sale of every variety of the wines of this favoured province. France,

Germany, and Russia are the chief importers. We are continually told that England is too cold for the preservation of Burgundy wine in a favourable condition; but why the banks of the Neva, or the Don, should prove more genial than those of the Thames, the Severn, or the Mersey, it is not easy to conjecture. Snow fell in considerable quantities on the second day of November, 1855, in several districts of the Côte d'Or; and at Dijon the principal promenades were entirely covered; though in London there was not the slightest appearance of even sleet mingling with the rain that fell during the coldest days of that dreary month,—the ten preceding its close. In fact, a warm cellar is as easy of construction at Spitzbergen as at Nice; and *that* is the great desideratum: and the Canadian and Muscovite duly regard it.

Beaune, with its massive walls and enormous bastions, might be mistaken for the stronghold of the *fighting divisions* of Burgundy, rather than for the head-quarters of vintners, cellarmen, and coopers; but it is, and always was, the calm and quiet seat of a peace-loving community of mercantile men intent upon vintages and lucrative commissions; and owes its exterior bellicose aspect to the whims of the several Dukes of Burgundy, who surrounded the town with these military facings to signalize it as one of the principal places of residence of the sovereign princes. It was also the chief seat of the provincial parliament.

The plains through which our course now lay were one continuous tract of fertility and successful cultivation, till the land began to undulate into a pretty valley commanded by the heights of St. Romain, and entered at Volnay; the mere mention of whose name demands the homage so

justly due to the finest wines of France, and in the vicinity of which, as if gracing its triumphs, Pomard and Meursault bring forth their annual tribute of white and red grapes, (the rival clusters of Chassagne and Puligny, whose vintage is ever a theme of gladness on the frontier of the Côte d'Or,) for we were now approaching the boundary line; and, at Chassagne and Santenay, crossed it to enter the Côte Chalonnaise.

Of Chalons-sur-Saone I think it might have been in my power to make more particular mention, had I set apart a whole day for that purpose, *malgré* the assurances of my fellow-travellers that it was an insignificant, uninteresting place, containing absolutely nothing worth notice. I am not disposed to construe these disparaging assertions *au pied de la lettre*; simply because all men do not see with the same eyes, nor derive gratification from the same source, either in towns or wildernesses; but my informants were not far from the actual truth. Chalons, nevertheless, is no ordinary station, however slightly it be regarded in our glance across the map, in progress towards Lyons. It contains seventeen thousand inhabitants, whose forefathers were patriots and heroes, and whose annals shed lustre on the French name. It was an ancient town in Celtic Gaul; and being regarded by Julius Cæsar as of all other fortresses in that line of country the most serviceable in conveying provisions to the army, was called by him 'Castrum Frumentarium.' Augustus also visited this city; but the foundation of its earliest prosperity seems to have been laid by that sensible and right-minded man, the Emperor Probus, about the year of our Lord 280, when he introduced the cultivation of the Vine on every hill-side in

its neighbourhood. There is little doubt that this led to the extensive wine-growth, which, from that period to the present, has enriched the whole breadth of the Burgundian and Beaujolais territory, and created a source of permanent wealth and prosperity.

Constantine was, also, here in the year 314. Attila, with fire and sword (as a matter of course) in 451. The Saracens laid it waste in 752; and Charlemagne, sixty years afterwards, paying a friendly visit, began to rebuild on the site of its ruins, and to found schools of learning. But the annals of Châlons between the ninth and sixteenth century record little else but sieges and rapine, fire and sword, cruelty and oppression, "desolation, mourning and wo;" and not until after the wars of the League, in which its inhabitants united with the rest of Burgundy on behalf of Condé, did this fated city begin to live exempt from invasion and tyranny, under the exterminating influences of which it would have ceased to exist, either as a station of commerce, or the seat of a civilized community, but for the immense advantages enjoyed from its command of the waters of the Saone. The railway has materially interfered with its traffic; but the Canal du Centre, by which the Saone is connected with the Loire, and abundant store of natural produce and manufactured goods conveyed along its whole course, through so many of the finest provinces of France, to the Gulf of Lyons, maintains its importance as a town of transit, and thus revives the cognomen and celebrity of its earliest days.

Its magnificent steam-boats rush up and down stream, laden with passengers and merchandize that bespeak the ceaseless activity of its water-side business, and the

importance of its position as the key of communication with so many departments of the Empire engaged in mercantile transactions with the ports of the Mediterranean and the intermediate towns. Besides the Great Central there are many subsidiary Canals which multiply the means of correspondence with the main stream; hence one meets boats from the Seine, the Loire and the Rhine; and with these are intermingled the barges called Savoyards, laden with hay, wood, corn, and iron, from Franche Compté, La Bresse, and Burgundy.

The rendezvous of so many trading-vessels and mariners imparts an air of bustling traffic and liveliness to the quay at Chalons which the wharves of Lyons itself exhibit not; and though the Saone is the slowest in its current, the Scheldt not excepted, of all fluvial waters, it is the safest to navigate, and the most favourable to paddle-wheel locomotion. The Port is the most striking object; and the houses built upon its Grand Quai are decidedly handsome. The Grande Rue has an air of importance, and is paved with blocks of square free-stone; but the smaller streets still continue to cripple the foot-passenger with little oval stones set up edgeways like petrified kidneys; (I thought of Exmouth proper) and this is the *trottoir* prevailing in the generality of towns on the banks of the Saone and the Rhone. There is a hospital in the town, a museum, library, and theatre, a fountain or two, and public walks—and, what is far worthier of note, a generally cheerful aspect in the fronts of the dwelling-houses, and in the faces of the people, as if the “tide in the affairs of men” was leading on to fortune, and bright days were coming. With such impressions I took leave

of the worthy Chalonnais, and pursued my journey to Tournus and Macon.

We traversed vast plains, studded in all directions with villages, and entered the territory of La Bresse Chalonnaise, keeping "eyes left" and "attention," for the chance of discerning the Jura range and the mountain peaks of Piedmont. At length, as we approached Tournus, with bright sunshine and a favourable medium for a distant ken, we descried the unmistakeable summit of Mont Blanc, between which and our carriage window lay the vast intervening space of a hundred miles! This was a long range, indeed; and a fortunate moment;—for the mists uprising at various points of so immense a tract of country seldom permit such distinct recognition. I had not beheld "the Monarch of Mountains" and his "diadem of snow" since the year 1820, when my travelling companion, at that date, (the present highly esteemed Recorder of Liverpool,) and the Rev. Joseph Dornford, now an Incumbent in Devonshire, and Dr. Hamel, one of the late Emperor of Russia's physicians, made their ascent, on the 19th of August, to within twenty minutes' climbing short of the apex, but were constrained to retrace their steps to Châmoûni on beholding three of the guides hurled by a detached wreath of snow into a crevice from which no human aid could extricate them.

The reminiscences of that day came before my mind's eye on the present occasion with no light force.

Close at hand uprose another lofty object,—less perilous in its approach, and more salutary in its influences among the population at its base,—the great chimney of Charboneau and Lanne's sugar manufactory; where a hundred

and twenty-five tons of beet-root are converted in one day into refined sugar. Nearly six hundred hands are occupied on these works; and four hundred oxen are employed in conveying the roots from the fields, a thousand acres of which are under cultivation for the production of the raw material; a blending of manufacturing and agricultural labour which, it is hardly necessary to observe, is productive of the most beneficial results to both the town and village population.

At Tournus we entered the Macônnais, a smiling land of the richest soil and most flourishing proprietorships,—the powerful rival of the Côte d'Or in wine that will assert its excellence and spread its renown when the declining grape of Madeira shall be no more, and Xeres put forth little else than its mere name. Tournus, however unpretending a place at the present day, with the six thousand inhabitants and the above mentioned sugar bakeries, is of high antiquity. Julius Cæsar found a town existing here when he became master of ancient Gaul; and taking advantage of the volcano-like eminence of land on which it was built, formed a camp to protect the granaries he at once established on that spot; but, before the eighth century, and in many a subsequent age, on occasions too numerous to place on record in these pages, it appears to have encountered all the horrors of war, pestilence and famine—with desolating evils of only too frequent and dire recurrence;—the results of those civil and religious feuds which devastated France between the ninth and seventeenth century, when knowledge and civilization, (even then only in twilight) wealth and security, and all that promotes human welfare, were sacrificed to the ambition of contend-

ing tyrants, the fierceness of barbarian aggression, and the cupidity of rulers and kings, whose dynasties involved every element of deadliest ill to France, and, through France, to the world at large.

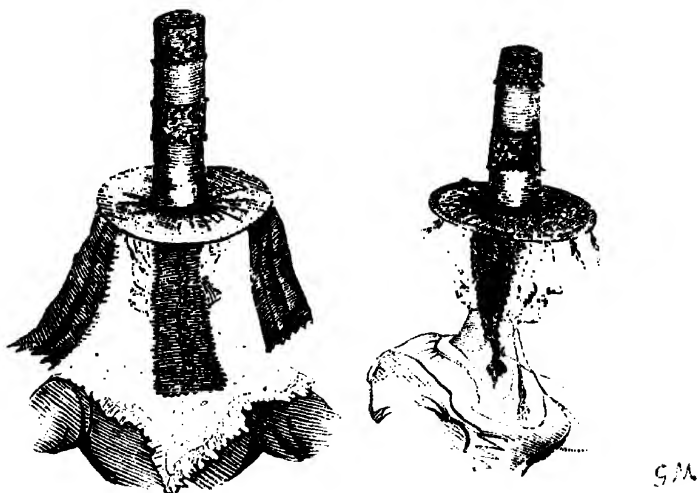
Our train rushed rapidly through the remainder of the space lying between Tournus and Macon. Fertile plains, right and left, comprising about ten small villages situate between the river and the hill country towards the horizon, displayed a beautiful extent of cultivation in which the vineyard outshone the corn-field, the walnut superseded all other trees; and the greenest of pastures, covered with grazing herds and golden coloured flowers which Cuyp and Von Huysum might joyfully have combined to depict, revealed "a land flowing with milk and honey, which is the glory of all lands," and associates the territory of La Bresse with the most comprehensive and charming ideas of fertility, food, and gladness. We reached Macon before dusk; a handsome and interesting old town whose quays (it is hardly too high a compliment to confer,) reminded me of the Arno and Florence; and where the Saone and its splendid twelve-arched bridge are no faint reflex of the feature of that fairest of all the Italian capitals.

We were here again on the site of another of Cæsar's provisioning cities, *Matisco Æduorum*, where Marcus Tullius Cicero held under him the appointment of Commissary General for furnishing bread-stuffs to the adjacent garrisons, and victualling the out-lying army. It rose to celebrity in the course of successive reigns, and comprised many beautiful temples and other monuments of Roman art, but eventually shared the fate of every province and city that

fell beneath the ruthless sway of the barbarians,—rapine, conflagration, and massacre; such as tell the history, in few words, of every town and people on the banks of the Saone, from the date of the invasion of Attila to the close of the sixteenth century. The havoc and ruin wrought here by those senseless bigots the Huguenots, when the Count d'Entragues and Gaspard de Saulx Tavannes contended for ascendancy with the Count de Nevers, have never been wholly retrieved:—The mutilation of numerous fine churches, and many a forlorn spot in the very heart of the town, still exhibiting waste and desolation, indicate too palpably the lamentable extent to which fanaticism and cruelty completed the works of destruction. Two towers of the ancient cathedral and a crumbling remnant of the main structure,—once so glorious, so venerable—still survive; but the injuries sustained by these portions of the genuinely Romanesque Basilica are beyond reparation; and this, and many another melancholy memorial of evil days, makes but too saddening an impression on the mind of the stranger that walks through the tortuous and rough-paved streets of the ill-used city. The sacred pile above-named stood on a high hill or mound, which rises rapidly from the back of the houses built on the quay; and the position of eminence thus retained by the two octagonal towers (a work of the 15th century) is highly favourable in effect, viewed pictorially, in giving a pyramidal elevation to the handsomest edifices and principal features of the place. This is only discernible to best advantage from the Bresse side of the Saone on which stands the lonely range of dwellings and warehouses constituting the suburb of St. Laurent;

and from any one of the front courts of which a charming Canaletti-like view might be painted which would include all the fairest portions of the main city.

From the highest balcony of the Hôtel du Sauvage, near the bridge, a view is attainable, in clear weather, of Mont Blanc and the country spreading downward to Mont d'Or in the Lyonnais; and the vast plains of La Bresse, (noted for its marshes, fish-ponds, poultry-yards, costumes, and hospitality), forming the middle distance. I met two female peasants from La Bresse, as I descended from the site of the Cathedral, and waiting till they came to a stand-still at a shop where they were making a purchase, I proceeded to sketch their costume which, as we say, seemed



as if it had come recently "out of the Ark." The pattern of their gowns, (the waist not above eight inches deep!)

reminded me of the flame and hot-coal coloured garb in which the Spanish victims of the Holy Inquisition used to be arrayed on occasions of the *auto-da-fê*. The hat, which has now prevailed through upwards of five centuries, is of wire-work covered with black lace, broad lappets of which depend from its brim. The latter is from eighteen to twenty inches wide ; and the crown (or steeple, rather,) is from twelve to fourteen inches in height ; about four and a half at its base, and three at its apex.

One of their village markets or fête days, displaying some two hundred and fifty, or three hundred, of these strawberry-pottles in deep mourning, is the most grotesque spectacle among the ruralities of Europe.

The principal trade in Macon consists of wine exportation. The vineyards are remote ; but the facilities afforded by the river and its tributary streams and little canals enable the merchants to transact a fair average amount of business ; though this is not so perceptible, at a glance, as at Chalons. One particular feature, however, cannot but attract the attention of even the most casual observer ;—the passionate fondness of these peaceful citizens for flowers. Many a dull, grey, decaying old house front, throughout the course of an entire street, assumes an aspect of brilliancy from the hundreds of choice roses, clematis, fuschias, and passion-flowers trained with tasteful distribution of colouring and fragrance from the pavement to the roof.

The Hôtel de l'Europe, where I was lodged, is one of the best in France ; and any enterprising, active traveller, who would devote a month to excursions into the opposite

unexplored region of La Bresse, which, from all that I could learn, constitutes one of the most interesting provinces of the country, in respect of its peculiar manners, customs, antiquities, costumes, and cultivation, could not fix his head-quarters in a more convenient or comfortable station.
Experto credat.

CHAPTER II.

Steamboat voyage from Macon to Lyons—Calamitous inundations of the Rhone—Generous sympathy and munificence of the English people on this occasion—Perilous tenure of the mud-built houses—Isle Barbe—Château la Rivette—La belle Allemande—Pierre scise : Marcus Agrippa—State prison—Cinque Mars—De Thou—and Cardinal Richelieu—First appearance of Lyons : with what other cities compared—Origin of the “Perrache” quarter, and of the name of the city—By what Roman Emperors most favoured and benefited—Earliest introduction of the Christian faith among the Lugdunenses.

THE prospects presented to the eye throughout the whole extent of the right bank of the Saone, from Macon to Lyons, are so peculiarly beautiful, as to awaken the English traveller’s astonishment at their not having been more generally spoken of, illustrated, and visited ; indeed, at their having been unconsidered and unsought, while the course of the Rhine, all but tiring the attention by redundancy of similar objects of admiration, seems to be “the be all and the end all” of river scenery attractions. No comparison is here instituted between the Saone and the Rhine, nor, indeed, with the Rhone ; the characteristics of the land traversed by the other principal rivers of France,

and by the Rhine, being too distinct to admit of such assimilation ; but the landscapes of the Maconnais and Beaujolais display greater variety of objects, more lively pictorial effects, more colouring, animation and expansiveness, to meet attention and charm the eye, than are enjoyable on any tidal streams with which extensive travel has made me acquainted.

The enthusiastic mention of such attractions while I was staying at Macon, and the earnest recommendation to proceed to Lyons by water, in preference to the land journey along the railway, induced me to embark at half past four in the morning on board of one of the noble steam-boats that ply between Chalons and Lyons ; and, certainly, the voyage was as pleasurable as a safe and speedy passage through smiling lands of rural beauty and ever varying interest could render it.

Our vessel passed under several suspension bridges of elegant design and structure, the first of which unites the Maconnais districts to those of La Bresse ; and presently afterwards we discerned Moulin-à-Vent and Thorins, two of the most renowned vineyards of the country. Both on our right and left were villas and villages innumerable, glittering with bright green verandahs, trellised flowers, and the prettiest of gardens ; but the material of which either the detached or united dwellings are for the most part constructed is of a most questionable quality ; a defect in durability to which seventeen years ago even entire villages owed their utter destruction. Instead of burnt bricks, the builders employed a mixture of soft, pliant clay, and chopped straw.

Very solid and substantial walls are formed of this com-

position, (as may be seen throughout Devonshire*), but against any inundation of the river, such as in 1840 flooded the country on either bank to the height of two fathoms, they offer a wholly unavailing resistance. The most lowly and the most ornately embellished dwellings dissolved into mounds of clay; and the inmates, frantic with alarm, and overwhelmed by ruin of houses and property, ran for refuge to the first ridge of the country behind, or to the barges sent from Macon and other places for their rescue. Subsequently to this disaster, all habitations on which the said composition has been employed as a material, were erected on burnt brick foundations exceeding by several feet the highest elevation to which the tide had been ever known to rise.

The calamitous event, however, of last spring will be recorded as the most fearful visitation of the great water-flood that ever ravaged France. Some of the finest quarters of Lyons, such as the Place Belle Cour, de la Charité, &c., lay under water from the 24th of May, (1856), to the end of the first week of June; and the mighty stream bore down on its waters vast heaps of wooden-framed houses, barns, stables, furniture, sheep and oxen; the very homes and stock in trade of the land-occupiers within range of the overflow which, within eight and forty hours, assumed the appearance of an overwhelming sea. In the Eastern and less protected districts where nothing in the shape of em-

* Where it is called 'cobb' a composition (often found to be water-proof) of earth trodden down in a little water, by horses or oxen, till kneaded; and then mixed with barley straw. The walls are raised two feet thick, without stone, brick, or wood; and mostly without any sunk foundation.

bankment or obstacle intervened between the plain and the channel of the river, the lives of the horror-struck inhabitants were placed in deadly peril, from which it required the most daring intrepidity and courage to extricate them; and even when every expedient had been exhausted on their behalf, many poor wretches incapable of struggling with the eddies, or stunned by the floating timber, perished. The inmates of the asylum called "*Les petites Sœurs des Pauvres*," were rescued at the risk of immediate destruction, and removed in wagons to the Hôtel Dieu hospital. The directors of the "*Maison du Saint Enfant Jesus*," brought out the children, one by one, on their backs; and the sick were laid on mattresses, and placed on rafts hastily constructed for the purpose, and thus carried into a place of safety.

The details, however, of these, and innumerable similar incidents of wide extending misery were given at length in the public prints of Paris and London; and the commiseration evinced for the sufferers was not limited to Europe or Asia. Hardly any event of modern times has awakened more compassionate sympathy. The French Government voted, as a primary grant, £80,000 sterling in aid of the most immediate distress; and the Emperor hastened from Paris on the 1st of June to the scene of havoc in Lyons, where, next day, wading on horseback through the flooded thoroughfares and squares, and with eyes suffused in tears at the sight of so many hundreds of houseless, forlorn, and miserable families, thus suddenly plunged into destitution and ruin, he distributed in person four thousand pounds, as the first instalment of money relief.

The calamity, however, was only partially manifested in Lyons. Village after village in the course of the Saone

and Rhone had disappeared as the overwhelming tide forced its passage, and swept everything before it in resistless fury ; large masses of human habitations being not only submerged, but annihilated in a few minutes' space of time. Whole rows of houses disappeared almost as soon as the encircling lake, formed by swollen tributary streams and the unrestrained rivers, began to cut off all means of flight from their inmates ; the said houses not falling beneath the shock of rushing waters, so much as *dissolving* directly the walls, resting on a few courses only of brick or stone, became saturated with moisture. This, as above related, was the fate of similar erections sixteen years before, when all the habitations along the low *della* formed by the river, built of earth and raised on two feet height of stone, actually broke asunder like thawing snow, and mingled with the element that destroyed them.

Subscriptions exceeding £35,000 were raised in the several departments within five days after the commencement of this dreadful visitation, by which many hundreds of victims, weavers especially, were thrown into utter destitution ; their looms, household effects, and clothing, being irretrievably ruined, or lost in the universal flood. It was stated that £300,000 would hardly repair the injury sustained in Lyons alone. The damage in other districts where the Saone, the Rhone, and the Loire, had laid the country and, of course, all the forward crops, under water, exceeded £600,000 sterling.

How deeply this afflicting event was commiserated in our country is well known. At the first meeting of the principal merchants and bankers in the City of London, the sum of five thousand pounds was contributed in two hours, and

dispatched by post, the same day, to the Prefect of the Seine. To this first subscription were added a donation of a thousand pounds from her Majesty, and five hundred from the Prince Consort; and two thousand from Manchester; and as the home and foreign mails "came loaded in" with the expressions of British sympathy and compassionate interest, the thousands and tens of thousands, (from India, even, almost as speedily as from our counties and colonies,) accumulated week after week, till upwards of £40,000 were placed at the disposal of the French authorities as England's offerings towards the alleviation of her nearest neighbour's dire misfortune.

The following letter from the Prefect of the Seine, dated Paris, August 18th, 1856, was received by the Lord Mayor after the remittance of £30,600 from London, through the hands of its chief magistrate :

"My Lord,

"I received the letter through which you informed me of Messrs. Rothschild being authorized to pay over to me 165,000 francs, on account of the English Voluntary Contributions in aid of the sufferers by the late inundations in France; which sum brings up the total subscriptions to the exact amount of 765,000 francs.

"I cannot, my lord, find terms adequate to express how greatly I am affected by a sympathy so extensive in its range and influences—I may even say, so unanimous in feeling; inasmuch as all classes, from the common labourer and the boy at school up to your beloved and glorious Queen, have testified their eager anxiety to relieve our unfortunate countrymen. We may now, indeed, address each other as men united by ties of friendship; a position

held by us in peace and in war, in glory as in misfortune ; and, your lordship observes most truly, the alliance cemented in the Crimea is not only a political conjunction of the two nations, but a sympathetic and amicable bond of union, which we hope will never be dissolved.

“ I dwell with pleasure on the circumstance of these generous offerings having been thus transmitted through the hands of an honourable man, whose merits and heart I learned in person to appreciate ; and I pray your lordship to accept the countless thanks which the voice of my country will pour forth simultaneously with my own.

“ I am, my Lord,

“ Your most affectionate and devoted

“ BARON HAUSMANN.”

As regards Lyons and its liability to inundation from the overflowing of two great rivers augmented into an abundance of water which no channel of less than lake-like breadth could confine, when the mountain torrents begin to swell the ordinary tide—the substitution of stone or kiln-burnt brick will, in future, check to a considerable extent, if not entirely prevent, the recurrence of such horrors ; for, as in 1840, the *sun-dried mud material* proved, in this recent catastrophe, the certain cause of incalculable loss aggravated by the direst forms of suffering and death.

Of some such substance, akin to our wattle and “ dab,”* must those dwellings have been constructed which formed the main portions of the cities on the Tigris and the Euphrates. Great Babylon itself must have exhibited a

* Or to the Devonshire ‘ cobb’ already described.

vast accumulation of houses, large and small, for all classes of inhabitants, built with sun-baked cubes; ever subject to decomposition by river-floods, and sure to collapse and crumble, in the course of time, under atmospheric influences, which, on porous matter so ill-calculated to maintain a permanent hardness and durability, must have made almost hourly inroads, and demanded continual renovation. I noticed the rebuilt village of St. Romain, which, on the occasion of a devastating deluge, just mentioned as having occurred seventeen years since, had absolutely dissolved into mud; the church alone surviving the otherwise total ruin.

At Thoissey, in olden time the property of the rich and powerful abbots of Cluny, the broad expanse of the plains lying ever open to the perils of inundation, and the wide spreading level of La Bresse, began to disappear. We were now within thirty-six miles distance of Lyons, and the Saone flowed through two ranges of hills; the face of the country revealing many a pleasant seat of men of easy fortune whose châteaux, parks, villas, or "shooting boxes" superseded the tilled breadths of arable land and the well-stocked pastures through which our course had sped; and from this point, also, we began to glide along the numerous little islands planted with poplars, firs, and arbutus, which rise out of the river like round green baskets fringed with moss, and constitute a peculiarly pleasing feature in the scenery. The modern Belvedere tower of Montmerle, built in imitation of one of the cylindrical donjon-keeps of the Rhine, has an admirable effect; and but for the suspension-bridge, which, of course, is *de trop* in such a subject, would compose a very fair Rhenish landscape. The river bent abruptly here, and

brought the highest range of hills, that had accompanied us along the right bank, directly across the view commanded from the boat's stern, so as to produce in a moment, a most beautiful and startling panoramic scene of encircling mountain heights; and another (genuinely ancient) tower at Chavagneux succeeding immediately to this picture, on the left, followed up by the old castle of Montmelas with its four turrets, round tower and pinnacle, from which, in the wars of the Burgundians, it defied the dukes of Savoy, and maintained long enduring repute as an ancient and redoubtable mountain fortress—constituted a succession of startling objects whose interest, in combination with the most attractive charms of river scenery, kept the attention incessantly on the alert, and the imagination ever active.

As we gaze on these mountains of old name, on the artificial mounds and earth-works, towers and fastnesses that rise and vanish in the prospect, we fix the eye on localities where every plain has been a battle-field; where, for instance, Septimus Severus fought and conquered, even to the gaining of the empire; where Augustus disported in his Antian villa; and many a martial *imperator* of far higher antiquity contended for mastery over a stiff-necked and rebellious people, rendering the fairest of these sunlit territories a barren waste, and the name of Rome a word of terror.

Anse, (formerly Antia), rises like an amphitheatre on the left bank, which here rounds itself into a little bay: an emerald green isle, planted with poplars and larches, stands in the mid current; and, a little lower down, a suspension bridge connects the village of Quincieux with the town of Trevoux, (Triviæ), built upon successive ledges of rock, and decorated with innumerable gardens, all of which

are on terraces, after the Naples fashion ; and as, in fact, may be seen in much closer proximity, at Lyons.

Just about this point we fell in with one of the " gondolas " of the Saone, (small steam-tugs), towing along, against tide, a string of fourteen enormous barges. There is a gondola Company at Lyons whose vessels, employed chiefly in this service, are the most eminently useful craft in the river.

As we proceeded, the villages became more and more numerous, and still livelier and more fascinating in prospect : many a thriving vineyard displayed its ripening grapes on the slope of the hills, now attaining to the altitude of eleven hundred feet, and presented to view several of the sumptuous edifices built in the centre of highly ornamental enclosures on their steep sides. These are the heights designated the Mont d'Or Lyonnais. Opposite, in the far horizon, rose the misty Jura, whose range remained in view throughout the voyage.

Every tract of undulating ground, every little valley, ravine, or dell, assumed fresh beauty. We caught a glimpse of Poleymieux celebrated equally for its vines, and its streams of pure and salubrious water that now gives motion to many an industrious mill-wheel ; but which the ancient Romans, ever duly appreciating the value of that element, regarded in such high esteem as to convey it into the very streets of Lyons by an aqueduct of which some remains are still visible at Couzon, on the right bank.

Just in front of Poleymieux is Albigny, so named from Albinus, once Governor of Great Britain under the Emperor Commodus. As Commandant, also, of the legions raised in this part of Gaul, he had previously built a

splendid palace here. It was in our country that his troops proclaimed him emperor, at the time when Septimus Severus had just been elevated to that dignity by the army serving under him in the Gallic provinces : upon which Albinus and all his forces, hastening from England, sought out his rival on the plains of Triviæ, (the Trevoux already mentioned), and opposing to Severus's fifty thousand an equal number of troops, — all fellow-countrymen, — brought their contested claims to an issue in a sanguinary battle on the banks of the Saône in which he was utterly defeated ; and, being slain, his head was cut off by command of the conqueror and thrown into the river, A.D. 198. Such are the associations attaching to Albigny. These little episodes, the reminiscences of a classical age, impart a certain charm to travel ; and though the first planter of an oak forest or a vineyard, or a breadth of arable land, must, in every period of time, have been greater than he who took a strong city, (the destroyer of communities being contrasted with the cherisher), these records of the ancient masters of the world under whose sway,

“ Imperante Augusto natus est Christus, Tiberio crucifixus,”*

must ever awake curiosity and useful reflection.

At Neuville, not far from Albigny, we entered the Banlieue Lyonnaise ; the town liberties or jurisdiction of Lyons. Here we gained sight of the railway, at about the distance of thirty yards only, and from this point the views on either side became more and more beautiful to look upon.

* Christ was born while Augustus was Emperor of the Romans ; and crucified in the reign of Tiberius.

The Saone here enters a narrow, confined valley, along the course of which living pictures of every conceivable variety of pleasurable features peep out at almost every bend of the river; and many of the little valleys visible from the deck of our boat, were so enamelled with flowers as to admit of the eye distinguishing various sorts, as tints of yellow, red, blue, or lilac, mingled in the bright green plots or gardens.

To our right lay Couzon, already alluded to, whose quarries, long since closed, supplied to Lyons sufficient stone for the greater part of its houses, pavements, and monuments. The bright Roman ochre colour of its numerous clefts and ravines, in the contiguity of the old stone pits, combines charmingly with the verdant masses of shrubs and vines planted on the slopes, between which and Roche Taillée is suspended a bridge of communication, in one span; the effect of which is admirable; as, indeed, may be truly said of all the many bridges of similar construction between Macon and Lyons; they being signalized by elegance of design and peculiarly appropriate locality. Our captain pointed out to me at Roche Taillée the origin of its name,—the cutting made by Marcus Agrippa about twenty-five years before the birth of Christ, in carrying the Roman roadway direct to Lyons. Next came Fontaine, so named from the numerous springs rising at this spot, now one of the favourite places of country residence, and studded with handsome villas, the property of Lyonnese merchants.

Immediately after passing this station, we came upon a cluster of little islands, one of which was exclusively covered with mulberry-trees, to supply a silk-worm-feeding proprietor; and here, at intervals, we began to hear the rumbling

of distant wheels in the vast city; the transit, chiefly, of the large omnibuses plying between the railway terminus and the centre of Lyons; for the Station is nearly three miles distant from the Town Hall and principal squares. In the course of a few minutes afterwards we came alongside that interesting spot the 'Isle Barbe,' faced with perpendicular rocks, between which and the right, or railway side, of the river, a short suspension bridge has now for some considerable time opened free communication. This was a site once exclusively appropriated to Druidical worship. It was then overgrown with dense oaks; and thickets and caves were alone discernible where now the violins, pipes and tambourines, Sunday after Sunday, in summer season, inspire the rustics to dance on the soil ensanguined of yore by the mysteries of Thor and Esus. Chestnuts have superseded acorns; and noble trees they have produced; the descendants of those that encompassed in the year 440 one of the richest abbeys in this part of France, and within whose walls—some portions of which still survive—Charlemagne himself, upwards of a thousand and fifty years ago, spent many a day of ease and relaxation.

This liberal patron of literature and art, whose palace was the asylum of learned men, and to whose forecast and intelligence, as of a man far beyond the age in which he lived, France owed her earliest schools of learning, established in this insulated abbey a valuable library, and heaped many other excellent gifts on the monks till their influence became a sovereignty, and held exclusive ownership of upwards of a hundred and twenty church estates: of all which power and pride of place there remains not

now hardly so much as a moss grown stone to tell where its foundations lay.

Opposite to Isle Barbe, in the Montée* de Cuire, on the left bank of the Saone as it flows into Lyons, is Château La Rivette; a splendid mansion and grounds, of the period of Louis XV., now the property of my highly esteemed acquaintance Monsieur Vidal, with whose family and circle of friends I spent many an agreeable hour before I left Lyons. It is one of those country seats where, by rarest combination, ample fortune and purest taste have accomplished all that can delight the eye and recreate the sense :

‘ The heavens’ breath
Smells wooingly here—”

Orange and lemon trees in blossom, magnolias, seringas, oleanders, aloes, clematis, and many varieties of the most fragrant honeysuckle, precede avenues of clipped evergreens laid out in the style of Versailles, communicating with tiers of terraces on which Grecian statues, vases, and all that should accompany designs of grand and beauteous elegance, are ranged in most excellent order of position. Fountains play at the touch of a spring; and at the intervals of a few paces only between the vistas below the balustrades, are the most enchanting prospects of the river both towards Lyons and Macon, and of the beautiful coteaux or cultivated and inhabited hill-slopes opposite. Beyond the porticoes are noble courts leading to tropical forcing-

* All the steep hill-sides approachable from the river banks are called “montées.”

houses, conservatories, green-houses, fish-ponds, and gardens:—these entrance-courts being enriched by massive grottoes formed of the rarest specimens of granite, rock-crystals, and stalactites, and overgrown with rare creeping plants that mingle their tendrils with the drip of a land-spring ingeniously led into the upper part of the cavity; right and left of which are banks and ledges profusely stocked with the finest flowers of France, numbered from the pages of that splendid work the “*Flora Parisiensis*,” and disposed in classes, with exquisite ingenuity and judgment as to the intermixture of hues and fragrance.

The “*plaisance*” of Château La Rivette is one of the most delectable spots that fine climate and scientific gardening could create for Pleasure-grounds rightly so called; and the *interior* of the mansion, in respect of all its appointments,—of all that can minister to refined enjoyment and home comforts,—corresponds with the perfection attained *without*: a rare feature in foreign homes; but Monsieur and Madame Vidal had visited London, and taken note of what they saw, admired, and enjoyed there.

The acquaintance first formed in our own mighty capital was most pleasantly renewed here; and, as a welcome and favoured guest on the Montée de Cuire, I learned how much of domestic happiness may be enjoyed in the bosom of the highly refined families of France; and how much we lose in knowing so little of them.

Within ten minutes’ walk from this highly-favoured spot, along the heights approaching the town, stands a narrow stone tower of cylindrical form, about sixty feet in height, rising out of a clump of modern building in the

gardens of a small proprietor whose modest mansion is immediately contiguous, if not actually annexed, to its base. It bears the title of "La belle Allemande," and, upon the given assurance of the whole history to which it owes this attractive name being indisputably authentic,

" 'Tis true, 't is pity ; and pity 't is 't is true,"

.(as poor Polonius saith), my steps soon led me to the spot.

In early days it was called the Tour des Champs, and became the property of a Lyonnese who, after having realized a large fortune by mercantile speculations in Germany, and brought home therewith an eminently beautiful bride considerably younger than himself, took up his residence on this charming site, and began to entertain an extensive acquaintance on a large scale of hospitality. Among the gay and gallant that resorted frequently to this agreeable home were many who beheld the fair hostess with marked admiration, till, in a moment of unjustified jealousy and suspicion, he dragged the unoffending, ill-fated creature into a lofty stone cell, and there, with a Blue Beard-like conception of the privileges of the lords of creation, kept her immured in close confinement till, pining away in grief and solitude, she quitted her tower for her tomb.

The history is otherwise related, that while the young lady, (no wife, but a daughter), was thus shut up on one side of the Saone, a devoted but detected aspirant to her hand and heart was under lock and key in the State prison, long since destroyed, of Pierre Scise, on the shore opposite ; that he succeeded in escaping from it, and had

plunged into the river, intent upon regaining access to his beloved, when a wary sentinel recognized the fugitive as he struggled with the tide, and shot him : soon after which most unhappy misadventure the heart-broken captive died. Believing or discrediting this little romance, the traveller must be made of stern stuff who, as his boat glides into Lyons, asks not for the "whereabout" of the tower of "La belle Allemande."

The Pierre Scise, here mentioned, is an immensely high rock originally riven asunder by Marcus Agrippa in continuing the road, for whose undeviatingly straight course he made the cutting at Pierre Taillée already mentioned. It presents a vast and unsightly breadth of smooth facing, quite perpendicular, to the height of three hundred feet from the level of the quay in the immediate vicinity of which it is situate ; and, being used as a stone quarry, has long since ceased to embellish the neighbourhood as in former days, when every abrupt and rugged crag on its irregular form was an ingredient of artistic effect, and served to uplift hanging gardens and flowering shrubs into midway air, till even the dungeons on its summit assumed an aspect of agreeableness.

The State prison, here adverted to, was destroyed by the townspeople in 1792, after having been long time regarded with an evil eye (as village lads glance at the stocks!) as one of the strongholds, and too long enduring vestiges, of ancient tyranny ; and, also, because, under its altered form as a fortress bristling with cannon, it appeared to threaten in its range more than half the streets of the city.

It was on the morn of a cold, inclement day in the year

1624, that a barge was seen to leave the stone stairs descending at the base of this rock to the bank of the river, and glide down the slow and melancholy stream, conveying, besides the boatmen, an armed guard and two gentlemen of rank in the flower of their age; the one habited in white satin; the other in black velvet. The former wore an aspect of chivalrous pride blended with seeming levity, which imparted to his eminently handsome countenance an expression of cheerful and undaunted courage. The latter personage, grave in demeanour, but equally self-confident, exhibited all the bearing of sad, yet calm, resignation. At their backs sat two individuals, dressed, the one in black, the other in crimson cloth:—a priest and an executioner. Cinque Mars and De Thou were being led, by the decree and mandate of Cardinal Richelieu, to the scaffold opposite to the Town Hall in the Place des Terreaux, as parties obnoxious to his despotic policy. Many such dismal processions followed this, in after times, till popular indignation began to overflow, and the day of retribution drew near. It arrived at last; accompanied by terrors till then unknown, and by a storm that shook the world.

After passing by the Quai de Vaise, parallel with the railway terminus of that name, we glided along the wharves opposite, in the Faubourg de Serein; in sight of the largest repository of wine, next to Bercy, in all France. The buildings slightly resemble those on the land side of the West India Docks in London. The landing-stairs, however, at which we were to disembark, were still further up; and before our vessel lay alongside of the Port l'Epine it must have traversed nearly one third, (the least populous), part of the Soane district of the city.

LYONS began to open on the sight as we entered the second bend from this point ; and though it astonishes not by the immensity of breadth and the grandeur of thickly accumulated monuments of art or splendid public edifices, as London, Paris, Edinburgh, and Venice amaze and delight the eye of a stranger, there is a marked peculiarity in this vast city which at once arrests attention, and constitutes one of the most singular spectacles in or out of Europe. It has been compared to Clifton ; for the lofty houses on the quays touch with their backs the stupendous perpendicular rocks behind them, and seem to have no outlet, ventilation, or light in that direction. Others have discovered a close resemblance to Bristol under King's Down ; to Edinburgh, and to the *city* (or narrowest) end of Paris. Perhaps the features of all four capitals,—to which might be added certain parts of the Arno side, as it flows through Florence,—are here in combination ; but the characteristic that chiefly forces itself upon even the most casual observer's notice is the height of the houses, and the close approximation of the front of one row to the back of another, tier upon tier, (all dwellings of seven or eight stories,) ascending the steep overhanging cliffs, the ascent (or *montée*) to whose summits, or to the lanes on their acclivity, by narrow, crooked causeways, (where the surest footed horse can hardly climb without stumbling), is as toilsome as the mule-paths cut out upon Switzerland's most elevated and arduous mountains.

The quays are not so ornamental as those of Paris, nor thronging with merchandize and water-side population like those of Bordeaux or Marseilles, (*we* can hardly say we

have any quays, like those of the Continental capitals, in London), but if my reader has been up the Rhine, and can imagine Amsterdam transferred with its broad wharves and carriage ways to the narrower parts of that river, where the rocks are most rugged and steep; and figure to himself how Rotterdam would appear, arranged behind the sister city, he will begin to comprehend the general scheme of compact building and close stowage on which that portion of Lyons which stands upon the Saone is composed. The other division of the city which is upon either side of the Rhone presents a different aspect; being considerably more enriched with superb buildings and bridges, and displaying a far broader expanse of river, the rapidity of whose stream imparts continual vivacity, and seems to keep every body and every thing upon the stir. It is the quick movement *con spirito* with which the *andante* of the Saone presents the most forcible contrast; but they blend most gracefully at their well-known confluence of the Perrache* and Pont de la Mulatière, and mingle their waters in most admired harmony.

Having been safely brought to shore, I took up my residence at a point between the two rivers, just behind the Town-hall. The Hôtel du Nord is a well conducted establishment; and, though situate in a dark and narrow street, is a favourite resort, owing to its very convenient

* The extremity of the tongue of land dividing the two rivers, and so named from the engineer whose works converted this point, by prolongation, into a most serviceable portion of the city. This wonderful increase of site for one full third of Lyons was only acquired by the formation of dikes, eighty-five years ago. Previous to that date the confluence began two miles higher up.

position which is nearly in the centre of the busiest, brightest, and most lively quarter of the town.

I shall not consider it as a departure from the Avant-Propos of these notes on my Pilgrimage, that I should altogether relinquish the task of entering into any graphic description of Lyons. It would be tantamount to an attempt to pourtray London and its environs in the compass of an average length sheet of letter paper. Those who may be contemplating a visit to it will find the hand-books of England and France infinitely more serviceable for all the purposes of reference than the necessarily brief and concise information attainable from a few paragraphs devoted to the subject in these pages, where I am confident, it would prove tiresome, however superficially treated: and those who entertain not the slightest notion of journeying thither will not care to gain even the limited knowledge thus communicated respecting a capital with which they feel no further concerned than with Tours or Toulouse. My mention of it in the present chapter will be confined to a few brief notices of its earliest existence as a city, and of the destiny it has encountered in progress towards the prosperity and peace it may be said at the present moment to enjoy; though of all such communities of men, it must "rejoice with trembling." The points of history to which I advert render it most interesting to any tourist familiar with the annals and leading personages of ancient Rome and modern France; and give a zest to the enjoyment of every novelty presented to observation in a vast and important city distinguished alike by successes and sufferings, by the crimes and the virtues of governments,

the genius and industry, or the turbulence and excesses of the multitude subjected to control. It will not be necessary to advert to more than what may be termed the phases of its precarious and eventful existence, which thrice began and twice ended, rendering the present Lyons in point of fact the third city occupying the main portion of the present site. An unhappy fatality seems to have attached to it from the earliest periods:—and sixty years ago its final doom appeared to be inevitable: the more marvellous, therefore, is all that we behold in the day that now is, and the more salutary becomes every example afforded by the lives of men who seem to have been raised up, age after age, to contend triumphantly with the most appalling visitations of physical and moral evil, and to pursue and achieve success under the pressure of continued and most disheartening difficulties.

It would be affectation to dwell, in a volume of this nature, on the many reminiscences forced upon any ordinary scholar's attention as he approaches Lyons, whether from the Macon or Geneva side of the country; but, I may, perhaps, be permitted to advert to just such names as are likely to be recognised by the general reader, and the mention of which in this place serves to explain the cause of more than ordinary gratification derived from actual sojourn in such a locality; whether it be a *Magister Artium* verging upon sixty, or a school-boy of sixteen rambling on the scene.

Now Lyons itself was founded by the very *Lucius Munatius Plancus* to whom Rome's favourite poet, *Horace*, dedicated one of his earliest odes, the seventh of the first book, beginning "*Laudabunt alii clarum Rhodon...*"

and whose name is also mentioned again by him in the fourteenth of the third book—as having been Consul when *he* was in all the glow of youthful manhood (“*calidus juventa*”); the poet being at that period only three and twenty years of age.

The ancient name of the city, ‘*Lugdunum*’ is considered to have been derived from *Lucii dunum*; the latter word being the Celtic term for a mountain, and the original site having been on the declivity of the Fourvières, where the Celtic Gauls had built a town anterior to the Roman conquest. On the occasion of Lucius Munatius Plancus establishing a colony here in lieu of the refugees who had located themselves on the heights of Fourvières, after their violent expulsion from Vienne, the new town assumed the prænomen (the first of the three names) of its founder, retaining from its primitive designation, the affix *dunum*; and thus ‘*Lucii dunum*’ by easy transition grew into ‘*Lugdunum*.’ The very roads we cross, whether arriving at or departing from Lyons, were originally constructed by one of the worthiest Romans of the Augustan age,—who, among other benefactions for the embellishment of the then great capital of the world, built the Pantheon, still standing in Rome and inscribed with his name; and from which, as from a faultless model in its style, so many similar edifices bearing its name have in many a succeeding age been copied. The roads just mentioned led respectively into Aquitania; (Gascony) to the North sea coast, by Amiens: to the Rhine, and to Narbonne, or Lower Languedoc.

Lyons is also mentioned by the Roman poet Juvenal, who lived in the reign of Nero,—(contemporarily with St.

Paul and St. Peter)—and of eight following emperors, the last of whom was Trajan: and the diabolical successor of Tiberius, (Caligula Cæsar) whose well-known wish was that all the Romans had but one neck, that he might enjoy the delight of decapitating the whole nation at a blow, established public games here, and a Literary Institute, which might have fostered the growth of polite literature in the land, but for the ridiculous and disgusting penalties attaching to every case of failure among the candidates for distinction: the very instance referred to by the poet Juvenal. Augustus Cæsar's partiality to Lugdunum induced him to build a palace in it, where he occasionally took up his residence; and had, in person, laid the foundation of an Athenæum, or school of philosophy, upwards of a quarter of a century previous to the Academy of Caligula above mentioned; and the Church of the Abbey of Ainay is supposed to stand on the site of these halls of ancient learning:—Ainay being a corruption of the word 'Athenæum.'

Each emperor evinced favour towards the thriving city, which, however important in its extent and appearance, must, nevertheless, have been chiefly built of timber, lath, and plaister; for in little more than fifty years subsequent to the decease of Augustus, it was totally burnt to the ground in one night. This happened during the reign of the monster Nero, who, had he been living in the Augustan palace at that time might justly have been suspected as the incendiary,—considering that about eight years after this event, he set Rome itself on fire, and beheld it consuming after a nine days' conflagration. However, with respect to Lyons, he paid deference to Seneca, his precep-

tor, (subsequently murdered by him) who urged him to rebuild it; and the city, accordingly, uprose from its ashes, in brick and stone, and became in course of time a large and highly decorated capital, holding precedence above all cities in Gaul. Trajan, Adrian, and Antoninus Pius granted, in their turn, many valuable privileges to the citizens, and caused splendid monuments to be erected in different localities;—but, what proved infinitely more beneficial, these monarchs established large annual fairs, and rendered Lyons a mart for the richest productions of Europe and Asia.

This commercial intercourse with the East led at length to the introduction of Christianity, through missionaries who had taken ship from the coasts of Asia Minor, with the pious hope of evangelizing the now civilized tribes of Segusian, and Celtic Gaul; and the Gospel was first preached in Lyons during the reign of Marcus Aurelius, about the year of our Lord 177. As might have been anticipated, the new and intrusive faith drew down upon its propagandists and their converts the fiercest indignation of Imperial authority in the three next reigns; and nearly twenty thousand persons were put to death by command of the Emperor Severus, before the doctrine of the Cross began to prevail, and the word of God's truth to grow among the Lugdunenses.

This brief sketch, however, having brought up the general history of Lyons to about the two hundred and fiftieth year of its early existence, will suffice to show upon what grounds of classical interest the thoughts of a duly reflecting traveller are likely to rest, at first entry into a capital, the lightest mention of whose name is associated

with such remarkable periods and characters of antiquity ; and though he may justly be excused for not taking on board the Saone passage-boat a volume of Cæsar's Commentaries on the Gallic war, instead of a telescope, sketch-book , and two eyes bent upon keeping a sharp look-out, right and left, on the river's banks between Macon and Lyons,—he is sure to see and hear and recall so much of the ancient Romans, from the beginning to the end of the voyage, that it would be spiritless indifference, indeed, when disembarking at the last named city, if, on looking around him, he felt no curiosity to know the first beginnings of its astounding position and greatness, and no interest in remembering that "*such things were.*"

With such feelings I terminated a most delightful passage of four hours ; and, twelve months subsequently, am closing this chapter.

CHAPTER III.

LYONS : brief references to its history from the earlier ages of Christianity to the present era—Its site and features—Immense advantages of the river navigation—Magnificent panoramic prospects—Jacquard's loom—Chef-d'œuvres of silk-weaving.

THE history of Lyons, in the earlier ages of Christianity, became much the same with that of other towns on the Rhone and Saone :—Persecution and martyrdom saddened every home, and filled every mind and heart with consternation and misery ; but few cities in France have been subjected to so many and great calamities arising not only from periodical insurrections and revolutionary outbreak, but, also, from reiterated attacks on the part of those barbarous multitudes by whom, after the decline and fall of the Roman power, the whole of Gaul was overrun, and the noblest monuments of the Augustan age were demolished with indiscriminate recklessness and ferocity. Few, therefore, are the vestiges now remaining of the original settlers from Italy. Some insignificant portions of a palace, a theatre, and public bath are still discernible ; and the

broken arches of the aqueduct that traversed the open country till it terminated its course on the lofty heights of the Fourvières, are not yet extinct; but it is enough to know that Attila ravaged the city with his savage hordes, to feel assured that the work of destruction was complete so early as the fifth century, towards the close of which the inhabitants began to build on the banks of the two rivers, and to occupy the tongue of land dividing them. In 583 an inundation of the Rhone, similar to that of the year just ended, succeeding to a pestilence which had decimated the population, destroyed half the city. An invasion of the Saracens in the eighth century, entailing all the horrors of massacre and pillage, reduced it to the direst extremity of suffering from which the timely accession of Charlemagne to regal power alone availed to resuscitate the forlorn and despairing people; but change followed change, and calamity, in various forms, marked the course of five successive dynasties, between the ninth and eleventh century. The twelfth was a series of contests for temporal sovereignty, waged between the ecclesiastical power in the persons of the Lyonnais Archbishops, (prelates of noble descent who governed the capital from 1173 to 1314,) and the Burgundian and Lyonnais princes, which were only terminated by Philippe-le-Bel re-uniting Lyons to France in 1310, and re-establishing it in all its primitive rights and privileges; from which period the citizens began to recover those energies which had been crushed by the reiterated visitations of adversity, and to anticipate a hitherto unknown prosperity from the arrival of numerous refugee families from Italy, who, fleeing from the scene of civil war at that time desolating their native country, came to

settle in Lyons with a large money capital and silk loom machinery, and to set on foot manufactures and schemes of commerce, to which, throughout the 14th, 15th, and 16th centuries, this extraordinarily fated city owed a celebrity unapproached by any other in the kingdom. In fact, these Italians introduced the silk worm; and from this most timely and providential incident, the prosperity of Lyons, even to the day that now is, dates its commencement and continuance.

The industry and tranquillity of the "operatives" which, in combination, have always made for their wealth, suffered many a disastrous interruption at the hand of their rulers: even Francis the First, who affected the part of a benefactor, having levied such unjustifiable taxes as at one period, (1519), to provoke a general revolt; upon the repression of which that crafty sovereign caused walls and bastions of considerable strength to be built all round the city; and not until 1792 were these fortifications razed. Neither did Lyons evade the fearful calamities inflicted by religious and political feuds in the sixteenth century. The tocsin bell on the eve of St. Bartholomew's day was the signal here, as in other cities from Paris downwards, for the destruction of the Protestants; (that inhuman "Strages Ugonotorum" which the Pope rejoiced to commemorate by a medal inscribed with these two words, and struck for the express purpose of boasting of the deed in after ages), and the atrocities of that murderous onslaught on the doomed adherents of the Reformed Faith were never forgotten through many generations.

Lyons declared for the League, and received Henry IV. with enthusiasm on his visit in 1595, subsequent to his

victorious entry into Paris. He had manifested considerable zeal in favour of the silk-weavers, and in the extension of the growth of mulberry-trees ; a measure to which, with a view to more enlarged resources, his predecessors, (that great and good man Louis IX.,* and, in later times, Francis I., and Henry II.), had already given their most cordial encouragement, and the grant of many valuable privileges confirmed by statutes and royal *ordonnances*. The successful exertions of six consecutive generations seemed to have secured the silk trade as a permanent source of prosperity ; and that enlightened minister Colbert, ever prompt in invigorating genius and industry by his active and generous patronage, had won for the loom-owners a powerful and beneficent friend in Louis XIV., when, in an evil hour, that fickle, thoughtless monarch, revoking the Edict of Nantes, neutralized all this positive good, and scattered the warps and shuttles of the refugees all over Europe ; two-thirds of the twelve thousand looms that had been working in ceaseless activity up to that period, being, within a few months, transferred to London, Amsterdam, Berlin, Vienna, Zurich, and the Rhine.

A dire visitation of Providence in the succeeding reign which, in three tremendously severe winters, destroyed the whole of the mulberry crops, reduced the work-people to starvation, and many fled into Piedmont and Spain, where they were received as the most welcome of immigrants ; and upwards of twenty-five years elapsed before the Lyonnese manufacturers regained the ascendancy enjoyed up to the middle of the eighteenth century. The year 1780, however, was signalized by the products of fifteen thousand looms, and Fortune seemed once more to be redeeming

past losses, grievances, and disasters, when, in 1787, the mulberries were again totally destroyed by frost, the silkworms perished, eight thousand looms were left without hands to work them, and the famishing weavers begged their bread in the streets; a condition of misery out of which the population had only just emerged when the outbreak of the great Revolution paralyzed the hands of Industry, and left Lyons to the raging of that storm which swept the universe.

Before three years had expired, the city was invested by a hostile army of Republicans, and suffered the direst horrors of siege and bombardment till, after an heroic resistance of nine weeks' duration, and the loss of upwards of thirty thousand men, it surrendered to twice that number of the troops of the National Convention, by a decree of which body the whole city was condemned to total demolition; and before the winter of 1794 had passed away, Lyons lay in ruins: all her finest squares, edifices, and streets, that had survived fifteen hundred hours' fire of shells and red-hot shot, being levelled to the ground at an expense of a million and a half of francs paid to labourers employed on this iniquitous scene of havoc and annihilation.

The plea of the Conventionalists was simply that Lyons had assumed an antagonistic attitude, and spurned the liberty (!) proclaimed by the regicides to Europe at large; and therefore she was to exist no longer. The proscriptions and wholesale murders of upwards of two thousand of the citizens, under circumstances of the most diabolical cruelty ever perpetrated in civilized Europe, are matter of history; but the elasticity and life inspiring vigour of the French

mind surmounted these afflictions ; and the city rose, in progress of years, Phoenix-like, from its ashes, to receive its Palladium, and the pledge of happier days to come, in the erection of Jacquard's loom—the most marvellous engine, perhaps, with exception of our “ spinning-Jenny ” that human invention ever devised in aid of genius and industry, and for the advancement of the most perfect designs of art ; producing, as it did, the *maximum* of result with the *minimum* of machinery.

Incredible as it must appear, it is, nevertheless, a fact that this astonishing machinery was so far from being hailed by his fellow-townsmen as a crowning success to which their peculiar trade was to owe the proudest triumphs of native skill and enterprise, that Jacquard encountered opposition and annoyance in every form of hostility. His marvel-working engine spoke for itself ; but the disparagements and detraction of undiscerning prejudice strove violently to suppress its introduction, and to cast upon the inventor all the obloquy of public odium. Hence persecution and affronts, even to outrages threatening his life, were the earliest requital of that almost superhuman ingenuity whose innovating improvements were only regarded as inroads on *routine*, and rude interruptions of a system to which the proprietors of the original loom were determined to cling with bigoted, and only too short-sighted tenacity.

When the whole of industrial Europe had adopted the new frame as a “ God-send,” promising the most brilliant and lucrative achievements in textile art, it was admitted into the work-rooms, floor upon floor, of the weavers' dwelling-houses in Lyons ; and, after the consecutive in-

vasions of France in 1814 and 1815, the manufactories of this great city, whose whole history is a political romance, began to thrive, increase, and multiply, with an activity and renown which astonished the world; and, at this present date, there are upwards of thirty-four thousand looms in the town itself; and six thousand two hundred and twenty in different towns and villages of the department. This condition of things is, nevertheless, most uncertain and fluctuating. The *esprit de corps* is not, and never has been, good; and the fortunes of the weaver are, of all other conditions of social life, most precarious; not so much, of late, from intestine feuds and "strikes," or disputes aggravated into popular revolt, (though in 1831 and 1834, and still more recently while the second empire was drawing nigh, the outbreaks of "La Croix Rousse,"* created no slight alarm and disquietude), but rather from that depression which the uncertainties and hourly increasing burdens of "the war time" have produced throughout the manufacturing community; occasioning slackness of work, paucity of orders, and ruinously high prices for provisions and the commonest necessities of life.† These exciting causes have on many an evil day in by-gone times frightened Lyons from her propriety, and filled the town with consternation, riot, and soldiery. I saw batteries enough, however, on the Croix Rousse and its precincts to sweep

* The mountainous acclivity on which the great mass of the weaving population reside.

† With provident foresight of what might possibly occur under the pressure of destitution and impending ruin after the inundation of the Rhone, the reigning Emperor visited and relieved Lyons, in person, immediately on receipt of the afflicting intelligence in May last.

the largest masses of insurgents from the face of earth ; and to these *dissuasives* the citizens at large are mainly indebted for tranquillity ; but they live and move and have their being on a moral volcano, and, less favoured than the Vesuvian communities, have seldom had warning of approaching eruptions.

There are upwards of eighty-six thousand work-people in Lyons, the majority of whom are exclusively employed on the silk fabrics ; but the dyers likewise retain a vast number ; for this is an art that has been advancing to the highest perfection since the fifteenth century, when the Genoese introduced it at a date anterior to that at which the silk-worm business of Italy was transferred to this capital. Next to this craft succeeds the lace-work ; and, after this, the manufacture of caps, silk-net, hats, and what is by the natives termed “*décreusage*,” or ungumming. Extensive and constant occupation is also found for many hundreds of able bodied labourers required by the traffic on the two rivers’ sides,—that watery highway to the Mediterranean and the outlying world beyond ; upon whose tide the Lyonnese merchants employ steam-boats involving upwards of twelve thousand horse-power.

In combination with these resources the Railway has for some time past proved an invaluable auxiliary, and at no distant date, the line from Paris to Marseilles and the Southern intercommunications will be continuous. The bridge over the Rhone is advancing rapidly ; and all the iron girders, except one, were placed on the piers when I left the town. That over the Saone was not so far advanced, but the single pier in the middle of the stream had passed the level of the water ; and the masonry work on the

two banks was ready twelve months since to receive the cast-iron tubing in which were to be laid down the rails similar to those carried across the Menai straits. The accomplishment of this grand project is anticipated as an event from which Lyons will date the consolidation of her commercial wealth and influence. She will then be placed in unbroken connection with the North and South of France; and her perfected communications with the East, West, and centre of that vast empire, will secure the maintenance of such active and ever increasing trade as shall compensate for centuries of a languishing and precarious existence; and exalt her to one of the most enviable mercantile positions in the world.

I have thus placed my reader in possession of what seems to me just such an amount of information, respecting this very remarkable city, as may serve to render the mention of it in these pages sufficiently interesting to fix attention, and explain the cause of its attractiveness when presenting itself in the line of route; be the traveller's object and sentiments what they may. The compendious view here taken has traced the city from its earliest origin antecedent to the Christian era, through eighteen centuries of most eventful records and touching reminiscences, in which adversity in direst form largely predominated; and in whose issues the communities of civilized mankind may contemplate the triumph of patient, persevering, undaunted industry over difficulties and discouragements that might have annihilated a less energetic people, and expunged their name and city from among nations.

The facilities of communication with distant ports and inland markets afforded by the two rivers and their branch-

ing canals, so peculiarly adapted to all the purposes of a commercial town, were the earliest source of the Lyonnese merchants' prosperity. Surrounded on every side by a fertile country abounding in rich and various produce, the position of this city cannot but strike every one who enters it as most enviable.

Not a channel is wanting through which agriculture and trade may derive hourly accessions of advantage and augmentation; the very deposits of each river's tide availing to manure and fertilize the province, and the immense length of the Rhone's course serving to convey by rapid and easy transports every description of crop or merchandize by which the farmer or manufacturer may wish to profit in a distant market; and this ever ready water-carriage must have promoted, in every age, the exertions of assiduous labour, both in town and country; but the silk-worm, and Jacquard's loom, and steam-power, have rendered secure and steady what was fluctuating and uncertain; the enormous extension of connexions and the multiplicity of frequent, if not of large, orders seem likely, at length, to avert the recurrence of any serious discouragement and reverses; and, next to Paris, the rate at which the pulse of loyalty and contentment beats in Lyons may serve to indicate the state of the public mind of manufacturing France.

I incline to dwell on this mention of the second city of the Empire because, so far as my experience testifies, travellers in general have spoken in a tone of disparagement when recording their impressions as to Lyons. It has been termed a dull, dirty, overgrown and uninteresting city, abounding in ill-paved narrow streets, smoke, fog, and

“radicals :” but this is the language of undiscerning haste and prejudice. The climate is not so hot as might be expected from its latitude,— $45^{\circ} 50'$,—longitude $4^{\circ} 55'$,—nor its atmosphere so dry as in many parts of the South of France ; and this arises from the position of the city in a valley where two large rivers and several tributary torrents meet ; situate, as it is, at the base of a mountain range not absolutely cloud-capped, even in the thickest weather ; but, still, attracting and suspending vapours which render the air humid and, occasionally, very chilly ; and, in addition to this, the fogs that rise from a large extent of marshy land, even now very inadequately drained, to the Eastward, spread the same darkness and cold damp in the autumnal months that obscure and sadden the dwellings of the Londoners. The tourist who visits Lyons at that time of the year would certainly see it to great disadvantage, and make his report accordingly ; and winter season might dispel the charm attaching to the words “ Belle France ;” for the frost which smites the mulberry congeals the river-stream ; and—

——“ the blue rushing of the arrowy Rhone ”

has, ere now, been checked into motionless rigidity by ice ; its waters, as Job would have described them, having been “ hid as with a stone, and the face of its depths frozen.” Nature, nevertheless, has been the chief embellisher of this fine city ; and the eye rests delightedly on the mountain heights that seem to enclose the inhabitants with living walls of picturesque and ever varying beauty ;—an *enceinte* so imposing as to compel and fix the attentive

gaze on its grand and fascinating features ; and so brilliant in what may artistically be termed its *composition* as to impart a grace to all that the hand of man has done since this favoured site was first selected for the place of his habitation : and if Lyons had not a single monument of creative genius to exhibit, beside her magnificent quays and bridges, she would continue to impress the mind of every visitant disembarking for the first time on her river's shores as being one of the most extraordinary and unique cities on the face of earth.

It has been already stated that, in the days of the Romans, a palace stood on the summit of the lofty eminence now known by the name of Fourvières. Contiguous to this mansion which was the residence of the Prefects of the Prætorium, (or Hall of the Magistracy) and the birth-place of Claudius, Caligula, and Germanicus, was a Forum or open space appropriated not only to the purposes of a public market, but, also, to the holding of courts, popular assemblies, and official meetings. There were probably several in the city at large, or, at least, one on each river's bank ; and this, being the earliest in origin, bore the appellation of ' Forum Vetus,' (the old Forum) which two words became by abbreviation and corruption the main components of the modern term ' Fourvières.'

This calcareous and granitic hill rises on the Western bank of the Saone to a height of 630 feet above the level of the river, and 1034 feet above that of the Mediterranean. It is surmounted by several buildings of considerable magnitude, but chiefly by a church dedicated to the Virgin Mary, whose enormous effigy in gilt copper soars above its dome ; and immediately contiguous to this church

is the lofty tower called 'The Observatory,' and erected some years since by the proprietor of the land for the express purpose of realizing a rent from the fees paid by parties for permission to ascend to its topmost gallery, and enjoy the prospect which is of transcendant magnificence and beauty; unsurpassed, probably, by any *coup-d'œil* in France. The formidable chain of the Alps, whose cragged sides and snow-clad summits glisten in the sunshine, at a distance of ninety miles, terminates the horizon on the Eastern side; the commencement of the Auvergne range is visible on the West; and the frontier of the Gironde on the South; while, on the North, the vistas formed by numerous openings on Mont Cindre permit the eye to reach the limits of the Côte d'Or. This is an immense area.

On the morning of my visit, Mont Blanc was distinctly discernible, without aid of a telescope, *at a hundred miles distance*: Geneva lying at about ninety. To have enjoyed this most favourable opportunity was, as I learned from the bystanders, singularly good fortune; and, indeed, when strangers have accomplished the toilsome ascent, in carriage or on foot, of this stupendous height, they consider themselves to have disposed of the main point of interest in Lyons. Many never think it worth while, and are content *to take for granted* that the prospect is fine beyond imagination and well deserving all the praises lavished on it; but confine their excursions and researches to the level of the quays and squares. Idleness and indifference suggest many such omissions in the course of foreign travel; but in no case would there be greater cause of regret than in the disregard of this amazingly beautiful picture. It is not, as many birds' eye views are, too mappy:

the details are distinct and interesting as they are various ; and the use of a six inch lens telescope, on the very apex of the Observatory, enlarges the scope of vision to an astonishing extent. "A stern round tower of other days," thirty miles distant, was thus made to appear within cannon shot ; and the revolving wheels of water mills, and the aspect of fields alive with labour, and of accoutred troops marching at some leagues' distance, came successively before the eye as if only half-way between the foreground and the middle landscape. The serpentine bends of the two rivers, also, crossed by seventeen bridges, form an exceedingly pleasing feature ; and the general aspect of a multitudinous city accounted to have been the most refractory and dangerous, if not the most difficult to govern and to please, in the whole country, — and surrounded by eighteen detached forts within a circle of twelve miles, awakens feelings and reflections of no ordinary nature. From this exalted elevation, also, are seen the great high road to Italy, the mountain peaks of the Jura, Savoy, and Dauphiné ; and, nearer at hand, a Lombardy-like plain of fertile and highly cultivated country, bounded, at one extremity by the river beneath one's feet, and at the other, by the eternal ice of the glaciers, and the limestone or granite summits of the Piedmontese and Swiss Alps. Once beheld, it is a scene never to be forgotten ; and the contemplation of its grandeur at the set of sun, when the snow mountains in the horizon seem to glow in crimson tinted fire, is an ecstatic gaze constituting the fullest and most perfect and enviable enjoyment of human vision.

There is another very interesting view of the city and its two rivers from a platform-like space of open ground

on the acclivity of the Croix Rousse, which I would earnestly recommend all tourists to keep in mind. Looking downward, the spectator beholds, in one glance, the spacious quays of the Saone united by four bridges,* and, on the right bank, the full length of the Cathedral, situate below the mighty hill, just described, of the Fourvières;—and towards the left are perceived the dense masses of buildings standing between the two rivers. Right ahead is seen, most distinctly, the point of confluence (Perrache) where the Rhone and Saone mingle their waters; and all along the horizon is seen the Alpine range already mentioned, undulating in beautiful outline, and suggesting visions of Chamouni, Grindelwald, and Lausanne, or of the Garden of Italy, and the Duomo in Milan, St. Mark's in Venice, or St. Peter's, and the Forum, and the Via Sacra, and the Coliseum, of Rome;—for, as was observed in the mention of Fourvières, the highway to Italy lies right through that mountain range; and the Jura, Mount Cenis, Mount Gothard, Mount Simplon, are all before us “where to choose” as passes into the land flowing with milk and honey; and the temperament must be cold indeed that in the presence of such a picture of living beauty and boundless interest and associations feels no impulse towards these far off kingdoms, names and localities

——— “engraved in glory's dazzling chart;”

and knows no longings to reach

“the soil by patriot champions freed;
To list the tales those alps and lakes impart.”

* There are ten in all, but four only are seen from this point.

As I took occasion to mention, the approaches to this eminence as, indeed, to all others accessible through the "Montées" (or streets built on the steep acclivities,) are very arduous to man, beast, and wheel. The horses that drew my hired carriage stumbled three or four times, each with a knee on the paving stones; and the hinder wheels stuck fast, as often, at sharp turns in the gutters. The stench in the narrower streets was almost stifling; and the kennels *outside* were emulated by the staircases *within* the houses, or *hives*, of these swarming labourers whose *sting* has been so often felt in the squares below; but which, if we may judge by the batteries and bastions meeting one at almost every turn,—built up, *sans cérémonie, sans façon*, with or without leave, among the dwellings—is now at length *drawn*. In fact, one fort in particular, that of Montessay, has been so constructed within the last twenty years as to be enabled to batter down (if needful) the whole of the densely populated quarter of La Croix Rousse in less than three hours!

The weaving community in this formidable quarter which has not inappropriately been termed the Faubourg St. Antoine* of Lyons, will at no distant date benefit by the same process to which their overlooking *cannon* are subjected by the gunners; they will be *sponged well and kept clean*, through the introduction of water into every floor up to the fifth story in each house, from an engine now in process of construction, to which will be attached a large reservoir; and the work of such purification, if the proverb hold true

* With reference to the most turbulent and troublesome district, known by that name, in Paris.

that "Cleanliness is next to Godliness," will accomplish no light amount of physical and moral good in homes where at the présent moment all that disgusts and degrades in the form of squalor and pestiferous impurity precludes the enjoyment of even average healthiness, growth, or vigour : and renders common decency and the conventional proprieties of civilized human beings as scarce as the water which is yet wanting ; and as the fresh air their unwashed limbs and tainted lungs contaminate.

He, however, who wishes to gain any insight into the life and occupation of the Lyonnese weavers, must pluck up courage and mount the stone stairs of many an eight storied ill-flavoured house in the quartier de la Croix Rousse. My obliging French acquaintances gave me several letters of introduction to the chief proprietors of looms, in whose apartments I might witness all the operations of the Jacquard machinery, and be favoured with a sight of the finest and most recent specimens of textile art.

Messrs. Bouvard and Lançon procured for me an *entrée* into the work-rooms of M. Carquillat, whose name stands at the head of the list or legion of honour, as having achieved the most wonderful productions ever yet issued from Lyons. I found this old worthy in the third floor of No. 10, Rue Constantine. Before I began to walk through the work-rooms, I asked him who the artist was whose masterly hand had drawn in crayon the life-size head of Washington, framed and hung up in the ante-room or bureau. It appeared to be on whitest drawing-paper, and resembled a similar chalk drawing of Sir Walter Scott which attracted great notice in London some years since.

“Monsieur,” said Carquillat, “it is no drawing you are admiring there:—It is one of our works.”

To my amazement, it proved to be woven in silk. Familiar as I have been, for fifty years past, with crayon and lead pencil drawings, I was completely deceived by this marvellous work of the loom which I found to be, in the estimation of all judges of such manufacture, beyond all precedent, the most exquisite specimen yet given to the world. It is of comparatively recent date.

Alongside of this was a glazed frame containing what seemed at first glance to be a highly finished line engraving; and for such I should probably have taken it, but for the discovery just made with regard to the other *chef-d'œuvre* above mentioned. This piece contained twelve figures, representing the Duc d'Aumale and his suite visiting the looms of M. Carquillat, in the reign of Louis Philippe, sixteen years since. It was finished in 1844, and would have been sent to Paris ten years afterwards, to win the richest medal, and hold the highest place of eminence among the textile productions of the empire, in the great Exposition, had not the *subject* appeared likely to awaken ungenial reminiscences among the exalted personages to whose gaze and judicial scrutiny it must have been finally submitted.

This self-imposed seclusion was a matter of just regret; for the execution of every single minutest portion of the group, (each figure about ten inches in height), and of the *locale* in which they are represented, surpasses the comprehension of any party unacquainted with the latest improvements in silk weaving, and unlikely to distinguish the intertexture of threads from the impression left by

block-printing, or steel or copper-plate. There was another, in similar style, of the Queen of Spain; and a splendid copy, wrought with inconceivable skill and fidelity of imitation, of Winterhalter's portraits of our Queen and Prince Albert. A portrait, also, beyond all imagination truthful, of JACQUARD, formed a worthy pendant to that of Washington.

"Here," said M. Carquillat, "is a portrait you will recognise with the characteristic loyalty of your countrymen."

And he placed before me what seemed a deep toned and highly finished line engraving printed on white silk, eight and a half inches by five and a quarter, representing "Her most gracious Majesty, Queen Victoria of England," (so ran the inscription) in an evening dress, with the broad riband of the Order of the Garter; the likeness perfect, and the accessories of the first style of portrait painting most beautifully worked up, as with the burine of an eminently talented engraver. It was *woven* in a Jacquard loom, and multiples of it had been sent over to England six years ago; for it had been presented as an offering from the head establishments at Lyons to our Sovereign on the opening of the Hyde Park Exhibition in the year 1851. This specimen, therefore, I was at liberty to purchase; which, as a matter of course, I did; and, as I write, I am contemplating its excellence. But the crowning wonder remains still to be recorded.

In the apartment adjoining to the library in which I am at this moment seated, is a gilt frame containing a square of blue Genoa velvet of the dimensions of six inches five-eighths by five five-eighths, on which is a life like resemblance

of the reigning Emperor of the French, within an oval wreath : the latter, as well as the head, being to all appearances, a very highly finished print, with prominent lights left in white ; and with shadows of different degrees of depth, till “ fined off ” so as to elevate the bust in very beautiful chiaro-scuro ; the whole, in fact, apparently presenting the result of a print transferred by unimaginable art to the velvet. The texture is so close and fine that nothing, except a very powerful lens, (made to examine flesh wounds), enables the eye to perceive any thread, and then only partially ; so that to place beyond all doubt the fact of its being all woven, the frame-maker had my instructions to leave a little practicable door in the back board by the opening of which the reverse side of the velvet is revealed, and the tens of thousands of silken threads employed by the weaver in this most wonderful fabric are at once exposed to view.

It was placed before me, at the close of my visit of inspection, as the *ne plus ultra* of silk velvet weaving ; and I immediately purchased two samples. The weaver, under whose manipulations the Jacquard loom had turned out this marvel, has inserted his name, through the same process, in white silk letters, which seem to compose the word Purinch, or Ferinch ; probably, a Flemish or German name. I saw the loom in which this portrait had been executed, and would here have inserted the sketch I hastily took of it, but for believing that such a *vignette* would be more likely to perplex than enlighten the general reader, whom I must refer to some of those modern Encyclopædias wherein the principle and processes of the Jacquard loom will be found explained *at length* ; as only they can be ex-

plained. The machine worked with a square wooden bar in its uppermost part, rather longer than two feet six inches, and closely resembling a bar of soap: this was covered with card-board pierced with many holes of the diameter of three-sixteenths of an inch, which card lowered itself as the work proceeded, and evidently served to carry out the pattern. I have one of these cards of blue paste-board in my possession. It measures exactly two feet in length, and three inches five-eighths in width; and is pierced with four hundred and sixty-six of the holes here mentioned, after the manner of the card pieces used for carpet weaving in our country.

Monsieur Carquillat took me into a room in which I beheld suspended, from wooden rods, two masses of card strips descending into a loom where seventy-five yards of the richest silk and satin damask were being made for the windows of the bed-room at the Palace of St. Cloud which, in less than a fortnight, was to be occupied by the Queen of England. The pattern was of a large variety of gorgeously brilliant flowers on an emerald green coloured ground, and appeared splendidly beautiful. Each mass of card, (called the *mise en carte*), was ten feet high, four feet in width, twenty inches in depth; and eighteen looms were at work for the completion of this order, which required hangings *en suite* for the room just mentioned; to cover sofas, ottomans, chairs, and foot-stools, and to supply several windows.

Monsieur Carquillat said these rooms in the Rue Constantine were not his own, but hired by him, year after year, at the rate of forty pounds for each "flat," comprising four small work-shops. The old man seemed proud of

the productions of these *ateliers*, but did not lead me to believe they had proved a lucrative investment. The recent order, however, had stimulated the zeal and energy of masters and overlookers, young and old; and great exertions, it was said, must be put forth to complete the required quantity in time for the urgent demands of the Parisian upholsterers.

After an hour's visit to Monsieur Carquillat's wonder-working looms, I proceeded, with credentials *en règle*, to those of Monsieur Dufresne, on the Place de la Mairie. Without these letters of introduction from parties intimately known by them, the proprietors of the principal looms would regard any application from strangers as an intrusion, and little or nothing would be shown; as, indeed, is the case, in our own country, at Coventry, where the riband weaving firms manifest positive disinclination to admit visitors of any class, native or foreign; and where I well remember the workmen laying aside their shuttles when they perceived me to be desirous of lingering alongside their machinery.

Dufresne's hands are principally occupied in imitating gold upon silk; and wonderful indeed is their craft which, at three or four yards' distance, might deceive the eye of a practised embroiderer in metal. The *silk* fringes now used by the decorators of our church pulpits and communion tables, instead of *gold*, are astonishing* enough, as imitations; and certainly ten times more serviceable than the bullion which soon becomes tarnished and unsightly; but the Lyonnese silk I saw on this occasion was of a deeper yellow, more brilliant and glossy; and the original

painting from which the pieces were being wrought had been copied from a bullion device; and the disposition, (the curving and crossing of every thread) being ruled by that of the old embroidery in gold, the counterfeit became more accurate accordingly.

The labour is great. Young hands are taken on at the age of thirteen; and some of the workers are upwards of fifty years of age: and here they sit from five o'clock in the morning till dark, with intervals of two half-hours only in the day for meals; and for the most part in total silence. If these weavers' minds become not cankered by the rust of their own thoughts, their immunity is happily exceptional. Intellect enters not into their handiwork; for they invent no part of it, and almost unconsciously complete the piece set up for execution. The ambition, nevertheless, to turn out a sample that may vie with any *opus operatum* in rival houses, may induce them to give their *mind* to the occupation; and, in that case, the wild wish, the vain imagination, the absurd or vicious thought gains no firm possession; and what the hand findeth to do, it does with might; and so far this is faithfulness, and tolerable security against the perils of indolence. But, what a trial of body and mind, of physical and moral health, is a sitting in one undeviating position through fifteen hours!

The next set of chambers I visited were those tenanted by Monsieur Pons, in the Rue du Mail. Here all the work is in gold and silver thread. On enquiry, I found the greater part of the commissions given to this firm are for the decoration of churches; either in the shape of hangings for the altars, or of vestments for the clergy, statues, &c.

The square of cloth of gold exhibited to me on this occasion was gorgeously magnificent. A rich scroll work in silver thread, blended with crimson and green floss silk, and the imitations of various large flowers, formed the principal mass of embroidery; but interspersed with this were small knobs composed of silver thread *burnished*, the effect of which was precisely that of so many diamonds ("brilliants") set in the midst of the flowers, like dew drops glistening in the morning sun. It was the most costly and magnificent article *sui generis* I had ever beheld; the vestments presented to the Sacristie of Nôtre Dame, in Paris, by Napoleon I., not excepted; and it occurred to me how little aware are the visitants of large churches and cathedrals on the Continent, where such embellishments abound, of the expensiveness of these coverings and robes; each of which, at the lowest computation, must have involved an outlay of four or five hundred pounds.

Monsieur Pons's niece, a girl of about eighteen years of age, was seated at the principal loom, and carrying on the work with accuracy and slow but sure effect, in what seemed to me the most uninteresting shape of occupation; the pattern developing itself, day by day, *out of her sight*; for I was constrained to bend down, and place my head under the woof that lay stretched before her, to see the front side which displayed the pattern in progress; and Mademoiselle Pons beheld nothing, from morn till eve, but the *reverse*! The fair weaver seemed, nevertheless, healthy and cheerful enough; and, like many another young and sanguine expectant, felt certain that all would turn out right at last: and Hector, methought, gave to Andro-

make a word of sensible advice at the moment of that sad parting which has been immortalized in the Sixth Book of Homer's Iliad, when he suggested as a cure for the heart-ache and "untimely sorrows," that she should at once betake herself to weaving!

———— "hasten to thy tasks at home :
There guide the spindle, and direct the loom."

POPE'S TRANSL.

CHAPTER IV.

Shock of an earthquake—Place Bellecour—Hôtel Dieu Hospital—Alligator caught near the quay—Military hospital—Crimean soldier—Troops on march to the East—Bread rations—Benefit clubs—Conversation with a veteran weaver—Hotel porter and the great Germanic Confederation—Enormous barges on the Saone—Bleak and dace fishery for “essence of pearl”—The confluence of the Saone and Rhone—Lord Chatham’s witty allusion to it—Beautiful atmospheric effects at dusk.

HAVING premised that it was not within the scope of my Memoranda to enter into a particular account of the public buildings and palaces, monuments and institutions of Lyons, all which are sufficiently noticed in the guide books, and afford but little amusement, however well described,—I shall confine the subject matter of this Chapter merely to such objects of interest as appeared to assume prominence among things noticeable and curious in the eyes of a traveller taking a leisurely ramble, day after day, among the streets and lanes of a large and important capital. My chief purpose was to see the best looms at work, and to gain the finest view, attainable through a clear atmosphere, of the Alps (and particularly Mont Blanc) from the heights over-

looking the Saone. These two points having been accomplished, my sojourn in the town was rather for the enjoyment of a traveller's rest, than for that routine of ceaseless activity to which every new comer into such a wide spreading and populous district finds himself aroused in every page of his road-book and manual; and there is wisdom, as well as comfort, in thus "taking the thing coolly," when the thermometer points to 80° in the shade, and the ground, agitated by its imprisoned fires, begins to tremble under foot.

On Wednesday the 25th of July, 1855, I fell in with a crowd in St. Peter's Street, which leads into the Place des Terreaux, (the square, of which the Town Hall forms one entire side) every face in which was uplifted towards the frontage of a house whose projecting cornice of stone mouldings had been seen to separate, by a declension of four inches, from that of which it was a continuation, on the house adjoining: and this had taken place at half-past twelve o'clock in the day, about which time two other startling incidents had occurred, in the immediate neighbourhood, which were regarded as confirmation strong of the supposition that a slight shock of earthquake had been felt: as was, in fact, verified by accounts of the phenomenon arriving, in the course of the week, from several towns and villages not only in the East of France, but in the Western frontiers of Switzerland and Italy. A woman standing on a chair, and arranging some linen in a wardrobe, felt herself hurled down on the floor of the room as if some one had pushed her off the chair. Not far from where this happened, a man in the front room of his lodgings heard himself called, to his great astonishment, by

his wife who was lying in the bed-chamber communicating with it, and who had totally lost the use of her voice ever since her confinement in the third week of June. Stimulated, however, by the alarm she experienced on feeling her bed violently agitated, she, in a moment, regained speech, and enquired of her husband *the cause of the sudden concussion.*

I passed through St. Peter's Street daily, but heard of no further mischief ensuing; but the whole frontage of the house of six stories had "settled," as the builders term it, upwards of four inches, on the side where the cornice exhibited the break above-mentioned.

The Town Authorities, emulating the example of the Parisians, are constructing several new streets and squares, one of which is to traverse the entire city in a direction parallel with the Rhone.

The clouds of stifling dust that used to rise from the falling rubble and materials compelled hundreds of foot passengers and carriages to make the most circuitous *détours* in all directions; but the work goes bravely on, and in about three years hence, Lyons will vie with Turin, Franckfort, and Berlin, in its long and spacious thoroughfares. Her celebrated Place Bellecour, the pride of the citizens, is much too large to come under the denomination of what we term a square. It appeared to me more spacious in area than our Smithfield; but it is worth many visits (even if the Head Post Office did not bring strangers into it) for the sake of seeing Lemot's splendid equestrian statue of Louis XIV. in bronze; which, though larger and less compact and life like, perhaps, than that of Henry IV. on the Pont Neuf in Paris,—his own work, also—is a

magnificent specimen of high art, and as superior to Niewerkerque's equestrian statue of Napoleon I., in the Perache Square, as our Charles I. at Charing Cross is to the George IV. near the National Gallery. The horse exhibits all the vivacity of motion; and the weight of metal is balanced in a manner absolutely marvellous. There will be a very handsome square behind the Hôtel Dieu, or General Hospital, whose amazing extent of façade overlooks the Rhone to a distance exceeding the length of Bethlehem Hospital. Opposite to this vast building is the Pont Guillotière, spanning the river with eleven arches, and reminding the Londoner, in some respects, of Blackfriars Bridge.

I made a point of exploring the interior of this large hospital, the earliest institution of which is believed to be as ancient as the days of Childebert, son of Clovis, about the year 530; but the present building has not stood, probably, above three centuries: one portion of it not yet fifty years. The great Hall, (the most modern part) under the dome, reminded me of that at Houghton, the seat of Lord Cholmondeley, in Norfolk; but it is larger and loftier. The wards contain eighteen hundred beds, the occupants of which are tended by two hundred and eleven sisters (*sœurs de la charité*) and twenty helping men. Five priests and twenty-two surgeons reside on the premises: three surgeons *en chef* visit from the town. Eight physicians also attend daily. I saw upwards of a hundred patients walking in the cloisters with their friends and relatives; but the concourse on Sundays between ten and four o'clock is enormous; exceeding 4500 visitants to the various wards. There is a library in the building for

the supply of books to the sick, many of whom I saw enjoying the privilege. Such as are able to leave their wards for an interval attend mass at the great Hall above mentioned, in the centre of which is erected a very large altar ; and in two several sections of the house the wards are so built, in radiating lines, as to enable the occupants of all the beds to see at the same moment the priests officiating at the altar : its situation being so perfectly central as to command the vista of the several avenues. Whether the medical advisers consider exceedingly early rising to be specially favourable to convalescence, I know not ; but matins are sung in the Great Hall at half-past four in the morning ; and many patients, I was told, are always present.

It was half-past ten o'clock when I visited the establishment, and the majority of the sisters were at breakfast (*à la fourchette*) in the refectory. No one is admitted on this occasion except the clergy, surgeons, and assistants ; but, seeing the great door ajar, I venturously peeped in, and was not a little amused at the spectacle of nearly two hundred broad, white, stiffly starched caps, of chimney-cowl pattern, worn by these good women, through the whole extent of three very long tables in the centre, and at the sides of the refectory. The priests, surgeons, and other male officials were seated at a dais or high table, college fashion, at the top.

The sisters appeared to be in full talk, and hungry withal ; and were in as laughing and blithe a mood as so many school-girls at a "breaking-up ;" and those who, seated near the great door, detected my "Peeping Tom" curiosity, almost shouted with merriment, to see the charm of prescribed seclusion so effectually broken.

The lavatory and laundry were admirably constructed. I was conducted up a short flight of steps into a vast pent-house,) resembling that part of a brewery where the mashing process is carried on,) and, immediately below the louver-boarded lofty roof, observed two vats six feet high and fourteen wide, full of dirty linen from which issued clouds of steam. These vats are pierced at the bottom with hundreds of holes through which, by means of a steam-engine apparatus, the scalding vapour is sent in a moment, and penetrates the two yards' thickness of linen till the dense mass is thoroughly saturated; and the detergent, purifying operation is complete. These vats are filled three times in one day, twice in the week, with the bed and body linen of the sick; and once a week with that of the sisters and other inmates of the establishment.

The wringing of the sheets and other articles is effected in a lodge fitted up with two huge copper machines in which a cylinder, revolving nine thousand times in a minute, by means of a steam-engine power applied to a crank, effectually wrings out twenty-five pairs of sheets in twenty minutes; at the expiration of which period they are taken to a drying-room, where the hot flues dry them in the course of ten minutes. The washing for 2100 persons is thus accomplished in four days.

In reply to my inquiries about the wringing apparatus, I learned that it was an invention of some English manufacturer. I conclude, therefore, that I am speaking of no new thing; but for ingenuity and efficacious operation it is worthy of highly laudable mention.

The noise produced by this machinery when in full work resembled, I was told, the reverberations of a powerful

Chinese gong. Unluckily, it was not in use when I was on the premises ; and would not be till after the day of my departure from the town. Three years ago, one of them, owing to excessive compression of air, burst with a tremendous explosion, and killed three men who were standing in the lodge ; but a regulator had subsequently been introduced, by which any such deplorable accident would in future be averted.

I entered the chapel at a quarter past eleven, and saw 120 of the sisters on their knees : a singular and impressive sight ; for nothing in all the head-gear of civilized or barbarous nations can be more preposterous than the unmeaning, useless, “ flip-flap ” breadths of starched calico that encumber their faces and shoulders ; at the same time, no one can question the meek, unostentatious demeanour of piety characterizing their religious and beneficently useful life. Afterwards, being desirous of inspecting more attentively the elevation and construction of the rather remarkable cupola surmounting the Great Hall, I again ascended the gallery overlooking it. I now discerned five beds placed at wide intervals on the pavement of this hall, and learned that they were occupied by patients suffering under highly malignant and infectious fever, to whom this vast space and incessant ventilation was considered likely to prove very advantageous ; independently of the advisableness of separation from fellow patients. Just as we were about to descend, I observed a stuffed alligator suspended in mid air, by a wire, from the ceiling of the dome. It has been preserved in the hospital during two centuries ; for it was about the 11th or 12th year of the reign of Louis XIV. that the living animal had been seen prowling

along the river bank at low tide, to the great amazement and horror of the waterside folks, who, one and all, fled from it, and spread an alarm in the town. The Mayor and others being unwilling to lose such a "catch," but unable to find, in those primitive days, any adventurer hardy enough to attack the "illustrious stranger," promised two capitally condemned convicts the remission of their sentence, on condition of their undertaking to kill the monster, and haul it on to the quay. They succeeded; and their booty has been an heirloom in the Hôtel Dieu ever since; and after the completion of the cupola, it began to occupy its present exalted station. The supposition is, that it had been brought over in some trading vessels from Alexandria to Marseilles, and been sent on board a barge going up the Rhone, from which it escaped at some point of the passage.

From a similar chance several strange amphibious animals were discovered, about seven years ago, on the banks of the Rhone below the Quai de l'Hôpital; on which occasion the police set up notices along the river side, strictly enjoining the people not to bathe as heretofore. However, the "nova monstra" disappeared within a day or two; after having scared the washerwomen and lightermen into terror unspeakable; neither have they, nor any other such ill-looking and suspicious foreigners, appeared since; and any swimmer in the present day who may feel disposed to demonstrate to the population that throngs the quays the manifest tendency of the river's current to convey objects floating on its surface from West to East, rather than in a direct undeviating line from North to South, may commit himself in perpendicular or horizontal *pose*.

to the broad and rapid stream without dread of bite or scratch from these subaqueous intruders. This was most amusingly, if not astonishingly done, a few months since, by one of the best swimmers in Lyons, who had laid a considerable wager that he would cross the Rhone on his back, carrying on his chest, and stomach a small table on which should be placed two bottles full of wine, six eggs on a plate, and four glasses. The fall of any one of these objects would involve the loss of his bet: but he crossed the stream without even displacing the eggs!

Immediately beyond the Hôtel Dieu is another very large Hospital, (La Charité) almost as extensive as its near neighbour; and contiguous to this is the *Military* Hospital. This, too, I entered. It is an admirably conducted institution, and, like many other establishments connected with the French army, owes its efficiency to the combined energies of several highly intelligent subaltern and non-commissioned officers who take each his separate department, and provide for what they term *l'administration*; according to a code drawn up for the better ordering of all the duties of the wards, yards, laboratories and other offices. The servants and others are summoned to their meals by call of bugle. Large and well-furnished rooms, supplied with books, maps, and papers, are set apart for the officers; and covered walks and spacious exercise grounds afford ample recreation to the convalescents. I saw a soldier, one of whose legs had been carried off by an *unexploded* shell, (acting as a round shot) in the trenches before Sebastopol, on the 4th of January, 1855; and who underwent amputation mid-thigh, in the camp. He had left the Crimea on the 17th for Constantinople, where he

remained four months under treatment ; and then sailed for Marseilles, whence he was sent up to Lyons. He had fought at Inkermann, and spoke with kindness of the English as companions in camp ; and emphatically in their praise as brothers-in-arms when in conflict, man to man, with their formidable enemy.

On my return, I passed through the Hôtel de Ville, (Town Hall) a magnificent palace, upwards of two centuries old, forming one entire side of the square called Place des Terreaux ; and here found a detachment of soldiers from the 4th, 5th, and other regiments of the Line, under inspection previously to their departure for Marseilles and the Crimea. They were all armed with Minié rifles : Every other soldier carried at his shoulders three sticks about two feet long ; (some, however, were but a foot long) tied together with small cords. This was the apparatus for stretching a canvas tent, the “tente à l’abri” (carried by three soldiers, whilst on march,) just large enough for two men to lie under. Alongside of these sticks was a ration of bread, evidently apportioned with the most minute exactness ; as, to almost every other half of a round flat loaf an additional piece, weighing perhaps two or three ounces, was attached by a wooden skewer. They all seemed in high spirits, and might have averaged, one man with another, about twenty-five years of age each.

Just as I was leaving the inner court of this superb edifice, I noticed a printed *affiche* at one of the gateways, referring to the Lyonnese Society for Mutual Relief, on behalf of the operative silk weavers of the city and adjacent villages, from the age of eighteen years to that of fifty-two. The rate of subscription was, for a male, two francs a

month ; for a female, one franc, seventy-five centimes : say one shilling and sevenpence-halfpenny, and one shilling and fourpence-farthing : each contributor to such fund or Benefit Club being, moreover, required to produce before the Directors a certificate of good moral character, and of being able-bodied. In consideration of such monthly subscription, they would become entitled to be visited, in case of sickness, by a physician or surgeon, without fee ; and to be supplied with medicines *gratis*. Besides this, a money relief was secured, of two francs daily through the first sixty days of sickness, in the case of a male ; and of a franc and a-half daily, in that of a female ; and one franc, thirty centimes (a shilling) for each of the next sixty days following ; and ninepence-halfpenny, (the franc) for every day beyond that period, up to the expiration of nine months.

Not far from this paper was another, indicative of a highly creditable religious movement ; an Appeal from a Society for the more reverential observance of the Sabbath Day.

In the front hall of the same building is the Office of the City Savings Bank. A large door was set open inwards, and a counter was put up, spanning the width of the opening ; behind which were two clerks sitting to receive the deposits made by parties, whose approach was arranged through four strong wooden barriers, or railed passages, up which they walked in single-file to the top, where, as soon as those in Passage I were dismissed, the individuals in Passage II drew nigh to the counter ; and so on, till those in Passage IV had been duly attended to ; when a fresh party which had been forming in No. 1 came forward.

They manage these things well in France ; as may be seen at the theatres ; even when the concourse is so great as to fill the house, and leave hundreds in the street without a chance of entering the building.

Not long afterwards, I found an opportunity of entering into quiet conversation with a weaver ; a middle-aged, intelligent, -humble-minded man, who gave me to understand, that, bad as the luck of his brethren might appear, the Lyonnese work was the best to take. He said, the average earnings of an able-bodied man at the loom might amount to three shillings and fourpence a-day ; equivalent, when the rate of lodgings and provisions in Lyons is considered, to one pound seven shillings for six days' work.

It is all piece work ; so that the workman receiving pay on this scale cannot depend upon the prospect of seventy pounds a-year ; for, if orders be slack, or any political or mercantile troubles occasion a temporary cessation of business, all pay stops instantly. Each man sets up his own loom in his hired apartment ; keeps it in repair, and takes his supply of raw material, for the completion of the order, from the master manufacturer, whose artist has designed the pattern, and whose card-stamper has arranged it on the paste-board strips already described. In houses where a large amount of common-place productions are wrought, it is not unusual to find two hundred individuals working in four floors. Ventilation is very inadequately cared for ; the foul air and humidity in winter, and the heat and languor in summer, are most baleful in influence on health. Hence, young persons of twenty-three years of age acquire the appearance of those

at six or eight and thirty ; the girls become consumptive ; the youths contract a dwarfish, "old mannish," and decrepit aspect, arising from spinal affection and pulmonary disorders ; and one feeble and stunted generation is succeeded by another. The Sabbath is, indeed, to them a rest and a "delight." They enjoy no other holiday or respite. The loom, like time and tide, stays for no man ; and *fête* days and fasts interfere not with the flight of the shuttle. The work is bespoken ; to be finished by a fixed date ; and the employers know how soon, even to an hour, the piece given out ought to be finished. My informant said that, on an average, the morals of the multitude of work-people were decidedly good, and that a man known to be leading a disreputable life suffered in repute among their body, accordingly ; that there were Circulating Libraries, in each district, kept for the express purpose of disseminating useful knowledge among all classes of the weaving community ; Lecture Rooms were opened, after working hours, for the enlightenment of as many as wished to benefit by instruction in art and science ; meetings were frequent for the practice of singing from note, and of drawing, (especially in the Schools of Design,) and also for instrumental music ; that a lively interest was felt on their behalf by all classes of the wealthier citizens who were continually making vast liberal efforts to befriend and sustain the younger children, and nursing and unemployed mothers ; that shopkeepers gave them very long credit, and served them on terms of kind consideration ; that he, himself, paid his baker's and butcher's bill every half year, and, on the whole, preferred Lyons to Paris ; not only in respect of steady employment, but likewise of health and common

comforts ; that he would rather be a journeyman weaver in the former city than be established in the Capital as a shop-keeper ; that, say what men might of the splendour of Paris, it was decidedly a very unhealthy place for work-people ; especially for those engaged, as weavers and other machinery folk are, in one undeviating course of the closest sedentary labour ; that provisions in Paris were altogether inferior ; and adulteration in groceries, bread-stuffs, and drinks, universal ; the water was very bad, and the wine, (*vin ordinaire*) made of everything and anything except grape-juice ; that, certainly, there was but too much trickery of this kind in Lyons, also ; but, as regarded water and cleanliness, the general expectation of a high service supply of fine water throughout the Croix Rousse had encouraged sanguine hopes of the health of the population in that quarter being most materially improved.

The plan, just adverted to, of Lecture Rooms for the working classes, seems to have established itself, far and wide, in the Continental towns. I well remember the Drawing School at Caen :—It was working admirably. Doubtless, in Liverpool and Manchester, Leeds and Birmingham, Bradford and Coventry, there are many working men whose acquaintance with the political affairs as well as with the productions, inventions, and improvements of Europe, is more extensive than that of their superiors ; but what should we think of a waiter at the “ Hen and Chickens ” in Birmingham, rushing into an elderly gentleman’s apartment in the hotel without hardly knocking at the door, to ask him, open-mouthed, and all excitement, (as if the safety of the building, and the solvency of the

proprietorship were involved in his reply), whether Austria formed, or formed not, a part of the great Germanic Confederation! But, with such an interrogatory, put as if the querist had been maddened by contemplating the issues of such an adhesion, my retirement was invaded, one afternoon, by the light-porter of the Hôtel du Nord, whose fellow citizens, the waiters, couriers, cooks, and other *attachés*, had been rudely calling in question his knowledge on that important and engrossing subject!

On the same day, I sauntered down the Saone on my way to the Perrache, to see the confluence of the two rivers. As I paced the banks of the Rhone, I noticed the very peculiar navigation of the enormous barges, four times deeper than our Thames coal craft, which convey merchandise and agricultural produce, up and down stream. They are managed by two men to each, who "punt" along, fore and aft, with two thick poles, or masts, fifty feet long; not after the manner of rowing, but as we should use a boat-hook. The labour seemed overpowering; but, I suppose, it is not excessive when the barge goes with the tide. Their operations entirely broke up and spoiled the sport of a few patient anglers who had stationed themselves and tackle in a "coign of vantage" commanding the stream; and who would have done more wisely in limiting their venture to the waters of the other river.

I believe it is not generally known that, even within the last thirty years, a considerable traffic existed between the jewellers in French towns, (Paris especially), and the fresh-water fishers in the Saone, the Seine, and the Loire. The scales of the bleak make a wonderful artificial pearl; and, previously to the more extensive introduction of what is

called Roman pearl, from Italy, (formed, I believe, from Oriental and native alabaster, finely powdered), the vast number of five thousand persons used to be occupied, in the Lyonnais Department, in catching this particular fish, and collecting its scales. The cost was enormous ; as it required twenty thousand bleak fish to make one pound of "essence of pearl;" and a purchase was made, in the year 1825, of a quart of scales scraped from *dace*, at the price of five hundred and ninety francs.

The Roman pearl above mentioned, (of which I purchased several necklaces, at Rome, in 1820), is not a glass globule filled with a composition ; but a solid, integral and surprisingly hard mass, requiring the blow of a hammer to break it ; but these bleak and dace scales are worked up into a bright and shining size, or viscous fluid, which is poured into glass globules of various dimensions,—six thousand of which may be blown in a day,—and the resemblance born by these beads to the true and genuine and most precious pearls is said to be beyond conception beautiful. The name of a Monsieur Jaquin was mentioned as the deviser of this most ingenious counterfeit. The demand for pearls, however, true or false, has ceased with the almost general discontinuance of the habit of wearing them ; and the rod and line are now in requisition, not so much for the man of diamonds as for the less refined, though not less happily inventive, cook !

After an interesting walk, I reached the "confluence." This well-known (and how often described and illustrated !) union of two great and important rivers must ever arrest the attention of the tourist beholding it for the first time,

and prove what is expressively termed, now-a-days, “*suggestive*.” The Rhone’s rushing tide comes along, *en grand galop*, like “Old Rapid,” to the point of junction; and, there is met by the “regular slow coach travelling” Saone, whose stream, from that instant, appears to have no option; but, despairing of any alternative, proceeds, as if under arrest, to adopt the pace of her new and uncompromising *compagnon de voyage*, to the gulf. It was to this remarkable blending of unequal paces and powers that Lord Chatham (at that time Mr. Pitt) likened the Fox and Newcastle ministry, a hundred years ago; adopting a passage from Lord Roscommon’s Essay on translated Verse: “I remember,” he said, “to have been taken, while at Lyons, to the confluence of the Rhone and the Saone: the one a gentle, feeble, languid stream, and, though languid, of no depth; the other a boisterous and impetuous torrent.” Lord Roscommon’s lines are:—

“ Thus have I seen a rapid, headlong tide
With foaming wave the passive Saone divide;
Whose lazy waters without motion lay,
While he, with eager force, urged his impetuous way.”

After seeing the Rhone take the Saone “for better, for worse,” till they should enter that tideless sea in which all invidious comparisons of this character would be forgotten, I staid awhile to witness the arrival of two thousand tons of coal, sent up by railway from St. Etienne, the largest town on the Loire, and the most abundant source of that black mineral in all France; and just below the place of unlading lay several huge barges taking in round shot and shells for transport to Marseilles, to *keep up the fire* in a quarter still

more remote. Sebastopol had not yet fallen; but these ponderous iron missives (eighty-four pounders) bade fair to render good service in hastening that event. A fragment of an immense shell which exploded in the Redan is lying on my inkstand.

A cool ramble homeward on the other side of the Rhone, through its splendid boulevard-like Quai de Joinville and Cours Bourbon, up to that noblest of all planted squares, the Place Louis XVI., (from which the Pont Morand led me right across into my head-quarters in Rue Lafont behind the Town Hall), completed a very pleasurable *reconnoitre*. Thousands of the inhabitants were walking to and fro on this Parisian-like promenade, to which few Continental cities, devoted, as Lyons is, to a very active water-side commerce, afford a parallel; and the effect of the cupola of the Hôtel Dieu, rising like the dome of some distant cathedral, in the evening mist, across the superb Pont Guillotière, was as beautiful as that of St. Peter's, on a larger scale, seen through a similar medium, beyond the Ponte Sant' Angelo at Rome.

Lyons abounds with these aerial tints approaching to illusion; and had Studio Van Lint, or Canaletti, after him, with their vivid intelligence of perspective, studied there instead of at Venice, the views that would have immortalized these two rivers' sides, in the seventeenth century, would now have been appreciated as the most beautiful and interesting illustrations of the second metropolis of France.

The heights, also, that uplift terraces, hanging gardens, and many a cottage ornée, and, here and there, a small chapel belfry, towards the clear blue sky, are rendered as

beautifully picturesque as many of the Posilippo and Pizzofalcone promontories at Naples, by the frequent appearance of arches running like viaducts alongside of the natural rock ; or of walls built with bright yellow stone exhibiting either niches or arches bricked up within one course of their full breadth of thickness, which, being partially overgrown with ivy, or tufted with flowering shrubs and evergreens, compose most charmingly, from crag to crag, and require only the sunny sky of “ the sweet South,” and a few stone pines and palms, to convey the idea of those eagle-nest homes, basking in all the genial warmth and aromatic fragrance of the *campagna felice*.

Wilson would have been of my opinion ; and a sketch-book filled by him at Lyons, before batteries began to supersede trellised gables, and when vines and pumpkins were ripening where the necessities of more turbulent times have since appointed the rock-encompassed artilleryman grim guardian of grape shot and twelve-pounder balls, would have given to England and Europe some of the most delightful pictures that could illustrate the Capernaum-like Haute Ville of the capital of the Lyonnais.

CHAPTER V.

The Museum : picture galleries : antiquities—Monumental tablets, tombs, and inscriptions — The “Sub-Ascia” dedication — Final remarks on Lyons.

I MUST not conclude my brief notice of Lyons without a passing reference to its Museum, in the Palace of St. Peter, otherwise called the Palace of the Fine Arts, forming one side of the Place des Terreaux ; with the Town Hall on its right. This noble edifice was founded in the year 1667 by a wealthy gentleman of Avignon, a Monsieur Valsignière, as a convent for ladies of noble rank, but impoverished fortunes ; the Superieure bearing her title as a Lady Abbess, “*by the grace of God.*” However, “*on a changé tout cela.*” The cells, and chapels, and cloistered nuns are passed away for ever ; and this goodly palace, of blended Doric and Corinthian orders of architecture, is now the Louvre of Lyons ; the basement story being, nevertheless, most unworthily disfigured in its exterior by the introduction of shops. The inner court is cloistered on all

four sides, and contains a vast number of monumental marbles, altars, sarcophagi, and tombstones, vases, and fragments of statuary—all of the Roman epoch, more or less; and furnishing whole years of study to archæologists; though it appeared to me that the greater part belonged to the period of decadence of the mighty empire. A noble staircase leads to galleries on the first floor, filled with paintings by the ancient and modern masters, among which “The Ascension,” by Pietro Perugino, is considered the finest work of that old artist in all France.

Another large saloon comprises a highly interesting collection of Antiquities, among which are two bronze tablets of considerable dimensions, engraved with the principal portion of a speech delivered in the Roman Senate by Claudius Cæsar, in favour of the recognition of Lugdunum (Lyons) as a colony: and here, also, are some splendid tessellated pavements that once adorned the houses of wealthy ancient Romans.

Beyond this is a library containing twenty thousand volumes; and a Cabinet, on a large scale, of Natural History. Around these spacious apartments are, as at our Somerset House, the Drawing, and Life Model Academy, the School of Design, the Agricultural Society’s Chambers, the Boards of Physicians and Apothecaries, two amphitheatres for Lectures on Chymistry and Medicine, and a Literary Reunion or Club Room.

The Picture Gallery engaged my attention on two several occasions for many hours. Vanucci’s (Pietro Perugino’s) picture of the Ascension of Christ in presence of the Virgin Mary and the apostles, (size, 10 feet by 7,) was painted in 1495, when he was under fifty years.

of age, for the Cathedral of St. Peter at Perugia; and must be well remembered by such connoisseurs as saw it in the Louvre, at the date of the short peace of Amiens. The French Government, however, just about the period of Napoleon's accession to the Empire, yielded to the earnest entreaty of the Lyonnese, that it might be presented to them, as a *nucleus* for a fine collection to enrich the new Museum at Lyons; a special decree of the Emperor, (bearing date February, 1811,) following up the bounteous concession of 1806 by a further grant in which Lyons received a valuable portion of the two hundred and nine pictures, acquired by military conquest, which were distributed, for the encouragement of the study of Fine Art, among the cities of Lyons, Dijon, Grenoble, Caen, and Toulouse. Cardinal Fesch, also, Archbishop of Lyons, uncle of Napoleon, sent several fine pictures to the new gallery.

When, however, the day of reckoning arrived, in 1815, and the allied sovereigns were occupied in Paris in the work of restitution and re-distribution of the paintings and statues that had been carried, like stolen goods, into the Louvre, urgent demands were made for the consignment of Pietro Perugino's great work to the Tuscan temple from which it had been forcibly abstracted; but Monsieur Artaud, Director of the Lyons Museum, at that period, and Count Roger de Damas, Governor of the City, succeeded in gaining the personal advocacy of the Pope, (Pius VII.) at whose earnest entreaty the claim was abandoned; the venerable old Pontiff condescending to address a letter in his own hand to the Governor, in which he stated that this interference on his part had been prompted by the grateful

sense he entertained of the marked attentions received by him on every occasion of his passing through Lyons ; and of the respect uniformly evinced by its inhabitants for that pure and holy Church over which he presided.

It is a picture of great value, but exhibits all the hard, stiff manner of the artist ; and requires a very lively spirit of connoisseurship to win favour or long enduring attention. Many have maintained that the personage represented standing behind St. John the Evangelist, in the group, is meant to represent the painter himself.

There is a delightful cabinet picture, (20 inches by 16,) by Sebastiano del Piombo, representing the infant Christ asleep in the Virgin's lap ; while John the Baptist and Joseph contemplate him in silent veneration. Nothing could surpass this.

"Abraham about to sacrifice Isaac," by Andrea del Sarto, (7 feet by 4,) presented by the Directors of the Louvre, is also a remarkable specimen of the master. There is, likewise, a splendid portrait, life-size, of a Canon of Bologna, by Agostino Caracci, three hundred years old, and fresh in appearance as when only twenty years old ; and "The Baptism of Christ," by Ludovico Caracci, (6 feet by 4,) exquisitely painted.

"The Assumption of the Virgin," by Guido, (7 feet by 4,) is a superb work of art. Two cherubs in the composition are inconceivably fine.

"The Circumcision," by Guercino, (13 feet by 7,) is a glorious piece of colouring and general arrangement, but seems marred in effect by the too close proximity of other pictures of extreme brilliancy.

I think it may be affirmed that these are the most

remarkable of the forty-five paintings illustrative of the Italian School. In the Flemish collection there is a magnificent picture, by Rubens, representing "St. Francis, St. Dominic, and several other saints, screening the World from the lightnings of the wrath of Christ," (16 feet square,) a gift from the Government. It hung for many years in the Louvre. A nude figure in the foreground might be mistaken for living flesh; but the whole conception is ultra-papistical, monstrous in ideality, and at variance with even the crudest tenets of Christian faith.

Not far from it is another and far more impressive picture by the same great master, representing "Christ on the Cross," in solitude, (3 feet by 2,) and, some paces further on, "Two Heads, a Study, by Van Dyck," (18 inches by 12,) of the highest order of excellence.

A "Christ on the Cross," by the same great painter, (3 feet by 2,) and a "Cupid" of most beautiful conception and colouring, (4 feet by 2 feet 6 inches,) are also precious samples of this world-wide celebrated pupil of Rubens whom, in my judgment, he surpassed in all his most remarkable productions; not only in correctness and gracefulness of form, but in elegant and poetical conception of character.

There is a "Tavern Scene" by Teniers, small cabinet size, exhibiting all the excellences of his genius, and an exquisitely fine head by Eeckhout, (cabinet size,) and a splendid portrait of himself by Peter Mignard, (Kit Cat size,) equal, if not superior, to the most admired productions of that ennobled painter of the Court of Le Grand Monarque.

There are, in all, two hundred and eleven pictures, a large proportion of which are of first-rate merit; but in this brief mention it may suffice to particularize these few; not, in point of fact, to record that there are but fifteen or sixteen eminently fine productions of the principal Schools of Painting; for there are more than fifty, the value of which is considerable; but the selection here made would introduce a traveller to the most prominent perfections. Among contributions from the modern French artists is Granet's "Interior of the Choir of the Capuchin's Convent on the Piazza Barberini in Rome." It has only recently been added to the gallery through the interest of M. Wäisse, a Counsellor of State. I remember having seen it soon after it was finished, in 1820, at Rome; since which date it has been repeatedly copied in various ways, both on canvass and stone, wood and steel. It is a beautiful picture; and, if I be not mistaken, Granet painted a duplicate of it for George IV.; for I saw its counterpart in Carlton House, at a Levee, in 1823.

There is a small supplementary collection of Lyonnese artists' paintings, evincing, decidedly, the beneficial influence resulting from familiar acquaintance with the *chef-d'œuvres* that have tended to cultivate taste and talent among the townsmen; and establish a high standard for the regulation thereof. Among these modern productions is a life-size representation of two Capuchin monks that might be placed alongside of a Guido, and a little picture, (dated 1797), by Berjon, representing a dish of grapes and other fruit, superior to the best specimens of Van Huysum.

It was distressful to the eye to have to contend with the

cross-lights. Windows have most injudiciously been left to glare where they should have been curtained into darkness. The result is, one can hardly see some pictures at all. This is the more remarkable, when it is considered that the rooms here described were constructed expressly for the exhibition of paintings, by the demolition of three stories in the South wing of the original building. Not but that the Louvre Gallery itself exhibits some of its magnificent treasures under such disadvantage from cross-lights as to make one regret and deprecate the injurious treatment received by so many time-honoured masters at the hands of their *hangmen*; and almost wish for the distribution of the still matchless collection into various but judiciously illuminated apartments, as in the Pinacothèque at Munich, rather than to leave so many master-pieces to be sacrificed to the prestige of *one room a quarter of a mile in length!*

The Lyons Picture Gallery reflects great credit on the taste of the town authorities and their advisers who, fifty years ago, were in possession of no more than ten or twelve very indifferent paintings that hung in the Infirmary of the Old Convent of St. Peter. The Mayor of the City, in 1806, Monsieur Fay de Sathonay, and Monsieur D'Herbouville, Prefect of the Rhone, first conceived the idea of forming the present collection, and appointed as director, Monsieur Artaud, one of the most intelligent artists and archæologists among the young aspirants to distinction rising, at that period, into public notice at Lyons. Napoleon, with that intuitiveness which was so brilliant a characteristic in his genius, foresaw that the study of painting and the establishment of drawing aca-

demies in Lyons would conduce to more ornate and artistic style in the patterns traced for the looms ; and favoured the project of forming a picture gallery in Lyons by lavish donations from the hoards accumulated in the Tuileries, where many a capacious cellar was at that time filled with cases containing magnificent pictures taken *vi et armis* from Italian and Spanish churches, monasteries and palaces ; and it was from Warsaw that he transmitted the code of regulations by which the new Museum at Lyons was to be henceforth managed : just as from Moscow, some five or six years afterwards, the Committee of Direction, sitting in the board-room of the Théâtre Français in Paris, received a set of precise rules drawn up by the Emperor for their special guidance in conducting the affairs of that establishment. It was not without permanent benefit to the peculiar manufactures of Lyons that this institution in favour of the Fine Arts was thus founded : for by infusing a taste for the highest excellence in colouring, and affording ample opportunities for drawing from the best masters, — (a study which would insensibly inculcate the principles of harmonious combination, and teach the art of grouping with happiest effect), — the draughtsmen resorting to this high standard established, at length, a school of design to which the finest productions of the loom were indebted for their brilliancy of tint, pleasing arrangement, and tasteful composition.

The Metopes of the Parthenon, preceded as they were in this country, by Sir William Hamilton's illustrations of the Etruscan vases, and by "Hope's Costumes," and Flaxman's Homer, have, beyond doubt, indoctrinated our workers in the precious metals, on the subject of Alto and

Basso Relievo, Mr. Behnes most admirably illustrating the Grecian frieze : and the Arabesques of Raffaelle, in the Loggie of the Vatican, have probably done more, in this way, towards elegance and refinement in patterns (especially where elaborate scroll-work is predominant) than any other source of instruction from which decorative art has profited in the course of the four last centuries. When the pattern designers of Lyons had become familiar with the highest order of pictorial excellence displayed daily before their eyes in an extensive gallery dedicated to illustrative art, the looms were observed to throw off the fetters of mere mechanical skill, and rose gradually into the region of genius.

After reviewing the pictures, I took a leisurely survey of the sketches, drawings, and curiosities preserved in the rooms adjoining. Here are Poussin's first sketches for "The Seven Sacraments," the pictures painted from which are in the collection of the Duke of Sutherland. I remember having seen them in Stafford House thirty-five years since. The most remarkable objects among the antiques are four squares of tessellated pavement. One, (18 feet by 12) represents a Chariot Race in the days of the ancient Romans. I noticed that one of the competitors (driving) was represented in a light-blue kind of *blouse* without sleeves, and confined around the waist with a crimson girdle. Another was represented in green : a third in a dark-red tunic. A fourth was sprawling under his overturned chariot. These several colours, like those of our jockies' jackets, served, doubtless, to distinguish the rivals. This pavement was found in some excavations made at Lyons fifty years ago.

Another, (nine feet square ; originally twenty-two) represented Orpheus, surrounded by birds and beasts, arranged in twelve octagonal compartments around him. There were originally fifty ; but they were so imperfect that the artist employed in the restoration of this specimen found himself compelled to retain twelve only.

The third, (32 feet by 15), represents a contest between Pan and Cupid. The fourth, (19 feet by 10), bears reference to the same subject. This also was found at Lyons, in 1676.

I observed a few good casts from our Elgin marbles : the "Theseus," and two other *torsos* occupy a prominent position. There is also a magnificent cast from the Baptistery Gate at Florence, in ten panels, twenty feet in height, and fourteen in width.

Close to this is a little table or stand, on which are deposited the Eagle and Cross of the Legion of Honour, with the riband by which they hung on the every-day coat of Napoleon. The order of the Iron Crown of Lombardy was, also, annexed ; and near these stood a silver soup bowl, the lid of which was surmounted by the imperial eagle in solid silver. This was the very article served up daily on a tray to the Emperor, whenever he called for *le potage* ; and was presented to the Museum, with the orders, by old Count Bertrand, the most devoted of all his adherents, the companion of his exile, and his friend and confidant until death. I could not discover the count's portrait or bust in any of the rooms : but Marshal Suchet's is there. *He* was born at Lyons in 1772, and commanded the French troops sent to cover the city, and

to defend the approaches of the Eastern Departments, on the approach of the Austrians in 1815. Here also is the bust of a Governor of the Mauritius, whose name is immortalized in France by the commonest and most useful of all spices, POIVRE, (pepper!) which he was the first to introduce into the culinary code of his native country. There is, or was, a celebrated Carbonaro general; (indeed, there were three brothers,) whom I well remember having seen commanding the insurrectionary forces at Naples, in 1821, and whose name in Italian signified the same with "poivre;" Pépé. The people applied to the three generals the several words, white, black, and red, with reference to their complexions and temperament; and, if I recollect rightly, the first was the favourite; but they were all gallant, fighting rebels, "men of renown," and lived by their good swords.

Apropos of swords, among the armour and weapons of the middle ages exhibited in this Museum, I observed a tremendous double-handed sword, perfect as when it left the hands of the cutler of the thirteenth century,—the hilt of which was fourteen inches long; the guard fourteen inches, also; the blade four feet six inches long, and nearly three inches in breadth. "My strong imagination" beheld Philip Augustus wielding such a monster weapon at the siege of Château Gaillard, the bulwark of Normandy; and scaring King John's knights and champions with the very shadow of its ghastly dimensions!

I have yet to add, as an interesting appendix to this sketch of the Museum and its acquisitions, a few inscriptions selected from the *Recueil Lapidaire*, or collection

of nearly eight hundred archæological curiosities, principally tombstones, sepulchral coffers, or stone-*coffins*, vases, statues, fragments of ancient temples, pavements, mouldings, &c., discovered at different periods by excavations in and about Lyons, illustrative of the life and manners, religion and civilization of the earlier occupants of the soil; from the Augustan age down to the seventeenth century. These remains of antiquity are admirably arranged in the cloister (in England we should term it the Piazza) of the Great Court of Entry, where they may be leisurely examined, day after day, and studied as reminiscences and relics of every generation that spoke and wrote Latin, between the days of Livy and Justinian; and as rare and curious fragments of the era of transition, between the “*ultimi Romanorum*” and the last of the Franks.

I will insert one only in the original language, copied exactly from the stone, as it stands; a letter, here and there, defective. This affecting memorial was found forty years ago by some labourers employed in digging foundations for a new church very near to the present railway terminus on the West side of the Saone. It is the first in order among the many hundreds thus exhibited, and has been regarded as a remnant of the days of the first Cæsars; the Latinity evincing great purity of style.

D M
ET MEMORIAE AETERN
E SECUNDI OCTAVI TREVERI
ACERBISSIMA MORTE DE
FUNCTI QUI CVM EX INCEN
DIO SEMINVDVS EFFVGIS

SET POSTHABITA CVRA SALVTS
 DVM ALIQUID E FLAMMIS ERI
 PERE CONATVS RVINA PARIE
 TIS OPPRESSVS NATVRAE SOCIA
 LEM SPIRITVM CORPVSQUE ORI
 GINI REDDIDIT CVIVS EXCES
 SV GRAVIORE DAMNO QVAM
 REI AMISSIONE ADFLICTI
 ROMANIVS SOLEMNIS ET SECVN
 DI IANVARIVS ET ANTIOCHVS
 CONLIBERTI MERITA EIVS
 ERGA SE OMNIBVS EXEMPLIS
 NOBILISSIMA TITVLO SEPV
 CHRI SACRAVERVNT ET
 PRODILLIVS IN MODVM FRATER
 NAE ADFEC IONIS ET ABIN
 EVNTE AETA CONDISCIP
 LATU ET OMNIB BONIS ARTIBVS
 COPVLATISSIMVS AMICVS ET
 SVB ASCIA DEDICAVERVNT.

I translate it, as follows :

To the Divinities, Guardians of the Sepulchres of the Dead,
 and .

To the immortal memory of Secundus Octavius of Treves, snatched from this state of existence by a death of the most saddening circumstances ; who, after having escaped, half naked, from a fire, rushed, regardless of his own life, into the flames for the purpose of saving, if possible, for its owners, a certain portion of property, and was crushed by the fall of a wall ; and thus gave up again to Nature his kindly spirit, and his body to its original elements.

Sorrowing far more for his death than for the loss of their

possessions, Romanus Solernis, and Januarius, and Antiochus, freedmen of Secundus, have, by the inscription on this tomb, placed on sacred record the noble qualities of which he had afforded them so many proofs in every particular of conduct; and herein have they been joined by Prodillius who had been associated with him by ties of, as it were, fraternal affection; having been his schoolfellow from their days of infancy, and intimately uniting with him in all his tastes as a lover of useful arts.

They have dedicated this monument *sub ascia*, (under the axe).

This dedication “*sub ascia*,” under the adze or chip axe, is a form of common occurrence in the funereal inscriptions brought to light from tombs and burial places excavated in that part of ancient Gaul in which modern Lyons is situate. On all the stone or marble bearing these two words at the close of the inscription, a figure is usually



SM

found engraved at the top, between the letters D and M, which has been regarded as the representation of the *ascia*. There is none in the instance just quoted, but the next exhibits one.

Many treatises have been written with a view to eliciting the true signification of the symbol and of the expression; but the archæologists are far from being agreed. Some think it is a tool used by masons; others attribute it to the carpenter's craft; and it has, also, been pronounced to be an instrument employed in primitive agriculture. Among these conflicting opinions that of Muratori, no ordinary authority, has been chiefly accredited. He thinks the introduction of the instrument here shown, and the words "sub ascia"—, are tantamount to the well known Roman prayer, or religiously expressed wish, "Sit tibi terra levis," ("may the earth rest lightly on thee:") and that they bear reference to the diligent and tender care exerted by the ancients in keeping the graves of their kindred and friends free from defilement and decay; plucking up weeds, nettles, and briars, and preserving the approaches and immediate contiguity to the last resting place in all neatness and decency of appearance. The engraved representation of this pickaxe or road tool, as we should term it, was, in all probability added to remind the surviving relatives and friends of the deceased, of the pious duty devolving upon them.

The *sub ascia* dedication is not to be found among any of the inscriptions in the Street of Tombs at Pompeii. Doubtless, there must be some vestiges of it in the immense variety preserved in the Vatican Galleries; but six and thirty years have sped since I studied there, and if it fell under my observation, I have forgotten it.

Here is another inscription, in which the *grave* and the *ludicrous* are unconsciously intermixed: for the

composer intended, no doubt, to be emphatically affectionate and impressive !

D ET M
MEMORIAE. AETERN
&c. &c.

(Translation).

To the Divinities, Guardians of the Sepulchres of the Dead
and

To the immortal memory of Blandinia Martiola,
one of the most innocent of girls
who lived eighteen years, nine months, and five days.
Pompeius Catussa, a citizen of one of the Sequanian*
states,

Plasterer, raised this to the memory of his
incomparable wife, who ever testified
towards him all that was kind and affectionate.
She lived with me in unimpeachable goodness
five years, six months, and eighteen days.
He caused this monument to be erected
during his lifetime ;
to become a memorial of himself as well as of his wife
and dedicated it *under the axe*.

Do thou who readest, go and perform thine ablutions
in the Baths of Apollo ;
As I did, in time past, with my wife ;
And as I fain would do again
Were it in my power.

* Now Burgundian.

The introduction of the first person speaking of himself as the partner of this best of wives indicates plainly enough that the poor plaisterer dictated to the stone-cutter the whole of the inscription: and his loving reminiscences of the bathing, which, if we may judge by the last words, seems to have had no charms for him when he became a widower, are amusing enough. She must have been married at the age of thirteen years, two months, and twelve days.

The above was discovered at Lyons in 1815.

The next in order among my memoranda is much the same as regards sentiment; but I have selected it on account of its concluding word of invitation:

(Translation).

The Salutation of Modius.

Hail, Gemina!

To the Divinities, Guardians of the Sepulchres of the Dead,
and to the immortal memory of

Septicia Gemina,

a woman of most devout life

who was only once married.

J. Modius Annianus

erected this monument

to honour his most dearly loved wife

who ever testified towards him a devoted affection,
and lived with him in the marriage state
thirty years.

He also designed, while living, that this
should be hereafter a memorial of himself.

Friend! sport, and amuse thyself, and come!

This was found in a garden at Champvert, within the
liberties of Lyons, by a Monsieur Dupré, who presented it
to the Museum.

On the site now occupied by the new church which is
situate behind Fourvières, and which was dedicated to the
memory of St. Irenæus, the martyr, some vestiges were
discovered of the original town of Lugdunum, but few
worth preserving, except the stones bearing monumental
inscriptions; and among these the excavators employed in
laying the foundations, some two and thirty years since,
dug up the fragments of a tomb bearing the following:—

(Translation).

D Hail, amiable Nistio! *M

To the Divinities, Guardians of the Sepulchres of the Dead,
and to the eternal repose of Tertinius Vossius,

* There are several letters wanting in the original, at this part, which
would have explained, probably, who Nistio was.

a veteran in the 8th Augustan Legion,
 and of the amiable Tertinia,
 a Greek by nation,
 sometime resident in Nicomedia, —
 my well-beloved wife,
 most affectionate and most virtuous,
 my fortune in this life,
 who never on any occasion gave me offence,
 and never caused me the slightest uneasiness of mind.
 She lived with me in the married state
 eighteen years and twenty days,
 in union most perfect,
 and which knew no interruption.
 She was taken from me after only three days' illness
 by a very sudden death
 while I was absent on a journey.
 Wherefore I have caused this inscription to be prepared
 (not only to record her decease, but, eventually, my own),
 while I am still living ;
 and to serve in like manner to commemorate
 the deaths of my surviving descendants.
 And I have dedicated it *under the axe*.

Here is a fifth. These Roman citizens seem to have been signally blest in their wives.

(Translation).

D

M

To the Divinities, Guardians of the Sepulchres of the Dead,
 and to the immortal memory of

Marcellina,
 Daughter of Solicia,
 a most pious soul,*
 a woman of very rare merits
 who lived with her husband during the space of
 twenty-three years, five months, and four days,
 in a union that knew no interruption,
 and in purest integrity of heart,
 deeming it happiness to have preceded her husband
 in descending to the tomb.
 Martinius her husband
 took upon himself the charge
 of erecting this monument to the memory
 of his dearly loved,
 and
 with a view to the record of his own demise,
 and dedicated it as above *under the axe*.

The last I shall here mention is, in more than one respect, the most remarkable of this selection. The inscription is in hexameter and pentameter Latin verse,—a very rare occurrence,—but the two last lines are composed in utter disregard of the rules of prosody, and indicate either gross ignorance of poetic measure on the part of the executor of Rottio, or of Rottio himself, (mentioned at the close of the dedication), or utter inability in the purveyor of tombstones and funereal monuments to distinguish prose from verse; and thus he may have set up the stone and

cut the letters from a rough draught intended to be reduced into metrical order ; but which from the mason's unacquaintance with the quantities, long or short, of syllables, was left without any such scholastic revisal and arrangement, to be copied off, straight, by some mere artisan or journeyman, on the stone ! It has been exhibited for upwards of thirty years in the Museum court ; but was discovered upwards of three centuries since in the vicinity of Lyons.

But for my reluctance to encroach upon the patience of the general reader, I would here insert the Latin inscription, as it stands ;* such interest, however, as the language involves is appreciable in the translation which renders the sense as follows :

To the immortal memory of L. CL. RUFINUS.

Cl. Rufinus consecrated this Inscription, during his life-time, to the Shades on the Styx, in anticipation of the period when, after this life shall have terminated, he will be laid here ; that it may bear record of his having existed, when, by the common decree of fate, this dwelling-place of stone shall have received his body ; and as these letters committed to stone retain my voice, so will my voice speak again in that of whatsoever individual shall read aloud these lines.

Here is interred Rottio, endowed in the season of his youth with the gift of extraordinary bodily strength. He

* It may possibly appear in the Appendix.

erected this monument, on his own behalf, and, furthermore, to honour the memory of his nurse, Marciana, and also of his foster-sister, Verina, and dedicated it *under the axe*, through the superintending care of his Patron Cl. Sequens.

There is every appearance, here, of the latter part of the inscription having been annexed to the first portion after the lapse of some period of time. The stone in which Claudius Rufinus had, as he fancifully conceived, deposited his own voice, may have met with some injury requiring an entirely new erection, which Rottio (a kinsman, probably,) may have piously cared for; and, in so doing, have made available at a future date for himself, Nurse and foster-sister. There were no appearances on the face of the stone, so far as I could discern, to indicate this; but without some such explanation, the closing passages of the inscription would contradict the statement made in the opening.

With these extracts I close my notice of Lyons. It displays none of the magnificence, and affords none of the amusement, that recreates and astonishes the traveller on every side in Paris. It bears an aspect of less importance than is conspicuous at Bordeaux; and its quiet, plodding, agonizing industry would appear like laziness, contrasted with the din and exciting activity of Marseilles; but it is one of the most beautiful, and, to those who know how to appreciate it, one of the most interesting capitals in

Europe; and, as is frequently observed of individual character, those only are likely to think and speak of its many excellent points in the spirit of kindness and admiring regard, who have taken due pains to become acquainted with them, and consequently know them best.

CHAPTER VI.

Short excursion down the Rhone—Smoky Givors, and the coal-pits—Vienne—Absurd traditions respecting Pontius Pilate—Philippe de Valois' tower and Mont Salomon—Cathedral of St. Maurice: beautifully sculptured capitals in the choir—Return to Lyons—Voyage up the Rhone into Savoy—Lac de Bourget—Aix-les-Bains—Chambéry—Grotto (or tunnel) des Echelles—Inconceivably beautiful coup-d'œil—Queen Hortense—St. Laurent du Pont—Dreadful conflagration in 1854—Preparation for ascending the Val Ombré, or Chartreuse Wilderness (Dauphiné).

BEING curious to obtain a passing glimpse of Vienne, which was a thriving town in Old Gaul long before Lyons was founded, and is but a short railway ride distant from that city, I took a return-ticket to see the remains of this ancient capital of the first kingdom of Burgundy; and I can assure my readers, the excursion will well requite the tourist's time and trouble, whether on terra-firma or on the water. The line bore me through valleys lying at the base of the most beautiful of all green hills, on whose broad sides the intermingling crops of corn and wine-

growing husbandry combined to make the landscape most interestingly rich and varied. The numerous ravines and defiles, and, what in the Isle of Wight would be called "Chines," were crested with ancient timber trees; the glades and glens basked in genial sunshine, whose heat was ripening, hour after hour, the innumerable vines that alternated with the broad acres of arable land awaiting the entry of the reapers; for the appointed weeks of the harvest were past; and the golden produce was evidently suffering diminution from want of active hands to gather it. The natural loveliness of the scenery was dignified, so to speak, in many a spot, by the occasional presence of majestic grey rocks on whose soaring eminence stood round or square towers, some of which must have frowned over the precipice in the days of Philippe le Bel.

We rushed through Givors and its glass houses and metal foundries

——— "lacrymoso non sine fumo"

half stifled and duly blackened by the Bristol-like smoke which, notwithstanding its high chimneys and other preventives, entered the carriages on either side. Glass bottles are blown here by the million; and coal-pits producing the fuel indispensable for the many manufactories in this begrimed but money-making little town, abound in all directions. The very fruit baskets in which pears packed for Paris were deposited at the station, were hardly cleaner than those used in coal wagons. My jaunt was soon ended; and the din of busy hammers in the iron forges, and of the wheels and flatting-beams in the serge, and paste-board,

mills of Vienne, gave note of active, industrious occupations. A very extensive trade is carried on here in those large glazed or hot-pressed milled boards in general use among printers for pressing, and among printsellers for preserving in perfect flatness the more valuable class of engravings. The Lyonnese silk merchants and master weavers employ them, also, in vast quantities, for the safer packing and conveyance of richly wrought productions of the loom.

My chief object, however, was merely to set eyes on a locality to which tradition, true or false, has attached interest in affirming it to be the spot where Pontius Pilate ended his days; and I limited the employment of an hour of fine weather in Vienne to a sketch of the Rhone, showing the viaduct by which the railway debouches on a very fine quay at the foot of exceedingly steep hills, on the principal of which (called Mont Salomon) stand the picturesque ruins of a castle of the fourteenth century, pointed out, *quand même*, as having been the prison to which Pilate was consigned, when recalled in disgrace, by Tiberius Cæsar, from his fateful administration of the office of governor of Judæa! In full view of this mediæval relic, I stationed myself on the Suspension Bridge connecting Vienne with the suburb St. Colombe, that I might make a better drawing of an old tower, built by Philippe de Valois, after the battle of Crécy, to form the head of a bridge which stood here till the year 1651, when it was destroyed by an inundation of the Rhone.*

The recent inundation of the river (in May, 1856) flooded all the

This is the tower which the Viennese, to point the moral and adorn their tale, used to proclaim to all Christendom to be the identical building from whose turret the conscience-smitten and despairing judge, already alluded to, threw himself down headlong, and so died.

It is idle to dwell on such legends; but not easy to cast one's eye on the object with which they are so intimately mixed up, and feel no interest or amusement in the fond, but most foolish, inventions of these *bons Catholiques* expatiating so fluently "above that which is written." If the square mass of substantial stone and brick-work had been ancient beyond all conjecture as to date and origin, (and these are *morceaux* very rarely set before us) I would have given it the honour of a page illustration in this volume, for the sake of the record above-mentioned and *disposed of*; but as the reader is fully aware of its being, like the Salomon Castle, merely five hundred and eleven years old, I think we may as well agree to let my drawing remain among other gleanings of the *picturesque only* in the yet unengraved, unedited collection that fills the sketcher pilgrim's portfolio.

Let the tourist, however, who reaches Lyons, make a point of seeing Vienne. It was an important town when even ancient Lugdunum was not in existence: had risen to opulence and rank in the fourth century; and was regarded as the earliest nursing-father and champion of Christianity in the West. The carving of the capitals of the pillars

manufactories in the suburbs of Vienne, and stopped work for a fortnight.

in the choir of the cathedral (St. Maurice) is as delicate as if the material had been wood or ivory.

Having accomplished this little excursion, *par parenthèse*, down-stream, I proceeded, on returning to Lyons, to make another *upward*; and two days afterwards embarked on board a magnificent steam-boat which would land me on the soil of Savoy.

It was a pleasurable voyage; with the brightest of blue skies overhead, and lake-like breadths of the Rhone reflecting it. The distant peaks of mountain barriers upon the frontier of Piedmont soon revealed an outline of brilliant summits on which the quartz and mica glistened in the early morning sun like snow. Near at hand, on our right, uprose grey and deeply furrowed rocks, tufted with dense masses of young timber trees; tinted interspersedly with lilac heather, or indented by ravines and channels as ancient as the Great Deluge, and picturesque as if nature had in kindness introduced them into the scenery to perfectionate its ever-varying, ever-charming beauty. The vineyards were still our companions, right and left; but grander features soon cast them into shade and insignificance. From time to time vast Switzerland-like hills seemed to encircle us, and formed a stupendous amphitheatre of blending acclivities, on whose swelling sides, uplifted to a midway altitude of four or five hundred feet, lay verdant terraces of rich loam covered with grain, pasture, and grapes, in succession, till some bold granite

interloper arrested their course, and threw up a rampart eight hundred feet high, surmounted by a dense, dark clump of firs, and laving its base in the rushing river's stream.

This description of country formed itself into series of views, sometimes on one side, sometimes on the other; either opening wide or closing in; revealing a very remote distance, or encompassing our liquid causeway as if one-third of an entire province was encircling us; and then, in a moment, the sun-lit limestone peaks of far-off mountains would dazzle the eye like a sunbeam. The suspension bridges were numerous, and elegant in design; but, as on a former occasion, I felt them incongruous with the scenery, and intrusive.

Where natural splendour, God's own workmanship, abounds in such continuous magnificence, the noblest works of art seem petty and insignificant. I make an exception in favour of the "Sault du Rhone" double-wheel water-mill which our boat all but touched. This exquisitely picturesque object derives its name from the rapids formed by a ridge of stone crossing the river at its full breadth; and the whirlpool that foamed and raged around the rocky islet, where the revolving mill-wheels cast forth the maddened waters, actually made our vessel lurch as the spray dashed across our bows.

Beyond this point the vineyards descended in one long diagonal slope from the hill-top to the water-side. Where these ceased, the intervening mighty rocks appeared to be built up in their everlasting strength by buttresses innumerable. This effect was produced by furrows, the work

of centuries, during which water-courses had worn the perpendicular surface of these natural ramparts into perfectly straight cuttings or channels of fifty or sixty feet breadth. One of the most startling features of this river Diorama is that all of a sudden the rocks will disappear. On the right hand is flatness ; on the left, gigantic hills, and *vice versâ* : and occasionally one comes abreast of a chine or ravine whose two sides are each seven or eight hundred feet high, and through whose length, extending for a mile, perhaps, inland, are perceived masses of grey rock so like old feudal castles that, but for accurate knowledge of the *locale*, the eye would be deceived while gazing on

“ The wild rocks shaped as they had turrets been
In mockery of man's art——”*

The same illusion presents itself in the form of stone ramparts, (a common occurrence on the Rhine, also), some of which, had they been surmounted by a few red-coats, or regimentally clothed occupants, might have deceived Buckland or Lyell himself ; and have been regarded as imposing military stations, instead of astounding specimens of living rock and wonder-fraught geology.

Some of the headlands are of exquisite beauty, unsurpassed by Bingen itself.

At about two o'clock in the afternoon we found ourselves surrounded by singularly picturesque rocks whose strata of many colours blended most charmingly with the vegetation abounding on their surface ; and by the windings of

“ Childe Harold.”

the stream the two sides of the country were made to move around us in a circle, and our boat seemed to have entered a vast basin three quarters of a mile across, two-thirds of which were hemmed in by this mountainous *enceinte* : and here, in the very centre of the river lay extended a vast flat island, projecting hardly six inches above the surface of the river stream, and presenting the exact resemblance of a spacious cricket ground ; level as the top of a table ; and so far covered with grass as to be entirely green throughout. The effect was not a little extraordinary ; but this, and many other almost numberless changes, as sudden and unlooked for as they are beautiful, constitutes one of the most pleasing characteristics of the voyage. At twenty minutes to four (we had started from Lyons at half past six) we came within full view of the strong fort of Pierre Châtel, about as high above the Rhone as Dover Castle is above the sea beach. Here the rock scenery is splendid beyond description. The rampart shapes, above mentioned, abound.

The Rhone contracts, but appears, in consequence, to gain in rapidity : scene succeeds to scene with enchanting variety, owing to the serpentine course the river begins to take at this point ; but, whether looking forward or backward, the eye is almost overpowered by the accumulating pleasure of such a gaze. The stupendously high rocks seemed, every now and then, to be about to oppose an impassable barrier to our further advance, as the vessel rushed onward and approached within four or five yards of their rugged and wide-spreading bases ; but the steersman's turn of the guiding wheel led us aside, and we left them in our

wake, to behold the perfectly flat face of a hundred acres of massive stone descending, with strata ranged in the angle of twenty-two degrees, right down into the water. At another bend this disappeared, and we were contemplating, on the left, vineyards, orchards, and coppices of young timber trees; and, on the right, longitudinal valleys at right angles with the river, extending three quarters of a mile inland, and then met by grey perpendicular rocks, nearly a thousand feet high.

At a quarter past four o'clock we were just under the fort, situate on the summits of two vast sister hills separated by a gorge, across which is thrown a short viaduct leading into the citadel. This is the frontier of Savoy; and at this point, with imperial France's boundary on our right, and the territory of the ancient Allobroges on our left, we turned off from the noble tide, that had thus far borne us, into a channel so narrow that the carriage road, winding along the base of the rock that descends from the precincts of the fort, is cut out like an open gallery in the solid stone, to leave the water-course just wide enough for the navigation of vessels of narrow beam, barges, &c.

The sailors threw out a rope to eight men who, on the slackening of our engines, towed us gently along the path on our right, where they had been awaiting us, till we entered the Canal of Savières which communicates with the Lac de Bourget. And here we parted from the Rhone, which is separated from the lake by an elevation called Mont du Chat. On our passage up to Chanaz, where the Custom-house is situate, we were accompanied by a running and tumbling troop of upwards of twenty little ragamuffin

boys and one girl, who had scampered off from the harvest, fields to the canal side, where they thronged the towing path to the great hinderance and annoyance of the men who held us in hand in the tortuous and extremely narrow channel.

The passengers, however, had fully expected to fall in with them ; just as, some forty or fifty years ago, travellers between London and Welling, or Dartford, used to be met by ragged boys on Shooters' Hill, who, with the hope of winning a halfpenny, went round and round on their hands and feet, like wheels, alongside the coach or carriage, from the bottom to the top of the then most arduous and, in more senses than one, unsafe acclivity. Several of my French fellow-passengers threw handfuls of copper-money on to the slippery path, where the scramble was incessant, and I fully expected to see a third of the children immersed in the water as they fell down, head over heels, with their feet very often over the bank, within three yards of our paddle-wheels.

"Pas un sol ! Messieurs ! pas un sol !" was their only cry.

In these "Hard Times" one would have supposed the heavily taxed French would entertain a very lively sense of the value of *sous* in their own pockets ; but this, on the other hand, would make them consider it all the greater charity to part with them ; and the young Savoyards reaped the benefit of such reflections, though they had run away from the reaping of the large crop of Indian corn that lay behind them.

Every now and then we were brought to a check by the

winding of the rope around short oaken posts set up expressly for that purpose, to stay the progress of the vessel. The aspect of the surrounding country was far from being tame or uninteresting. Except on the shore of the Lake of Constance, I had never seen such an extensive growth of the finest walnut-trees as exhibited its dark and magnificent foliage within a very short distance of the canal, on its right bank.

Vineyards were still visible, and a long vale of fully cultivated slopes on the left, at the termination of a plain covered with maize, hemp, and vines. There was sufficient to recreate the eye on all sides till we reached the Douane, at which point the Custom-house officers came on board to search for contraband articles. Hereupon, the captain, drawing from his pocket a list of names, began to read them off, directing Messieurs et Mesdames to open their trunks, valises, and carpet-bags, and then go on shore, across a plank, into the Bureau.

Having nothing but a sketch-book and a few articles of clothing in my capacious overcoat's pockets, I was exempted from inspection or interrogatory, and left to contemplate at leisure a very beautiful scene realizing one of Lee's and Cooper's best pictures. A ferry boat was conveying across the narrow canal three little low four-wheeled carts laden with manure, clover, and barley, to which were harnessed some very diminutive dun and cream-coloured oxen, hardly larger than calves. Alongside of these stood several peasant girls and women with red bodices, blue and green skirts, and very broad brimmed straw hats, on the top of which were immense sheaves of wheat—all fully reflected in the

water, over which the sun's rays (it was now seven o'clock in the evening) were casting the mellowest of amber tinted lights, glazing the picture up to the tone of one of the finest Claudes.

A few village girls with long plaits of hair hanging down their backs, blue hose and wooden shoes, and carrying hay forks and rakes, were looking on with such of the children (the *sol* gatherers !) as had " companied " us to the ferry and Custom-house ; and among these stood two or three gens-d'armes in blue and yellow uniforms, and as many of the guardians of Victor Emmanuel's revenue, in dark green, and four cassocked priests, wearing hats that would have been considered *ultra* in dimensions even at Salamanca ; and pacing up and down as they coned their breviaries and the vespers psalms. Altogether, it was a group which might have supplied Berghem or Both with the best of foregrounds ; land and water, sunlight and summer radiance ; nor was there a characteristic feature wanting ; for, at the opposite bank lay three of the very peculiar barges of the district, the prows of which rose to the height of nearly fourteen feet above the water-line, like those of the galleys of ancient Greece ; and from whose sterns were projected the long masts, already mentioned, (Chapter V.) used as steering poles. Over these hung the branches of the pale willows planted on that side of the canal, but which were at this moment bathed in the golden flood of light that illumined the whole scene, and realized the most exquisite compositions of the Flemish or Italian School of Painting.

It was worth making the voyage of twelve hours to see

this alone. At length, the Custom-house ceremonies having terminated, our paddle-wheels began to revolve again, and we pursued our way towards the lake; the Savoy mountain-range being right a-head. The channel lay through a long valley, the flat portion of which was exclusively cropped with maize, (Indian corn), amidst which were hundreds of standard peach trees. Vines were also growing here, trained along slanting hurdles; and where the flat began to undulate and gradually rise into slopes towards the hills on either side, half a mile distant, the predominant growth seemed to be hemp and clover. I noticed here a most extraordinary natural feature. In various parts of the meadows forming the dead level of the area of the plain that precedes entry into the lake, were large stacks of grey rock rising abruptly from the soil to the height of about fifteen feet, and interspersed irregularly, like so many barricades. Had there been a number of stone buildings on the site in by-gone times, and these the masses surviving their decay and ruin, the appearance would have been identical; but it is the spontaneous growth of the soil, resembling, in some respects, the masses of rock at Tunbridge Wells, but far less picturesque in form.

At a quarter to eight we entered the Lac de Bourget, a miniature waterpiece, a mile and three-quarters across; but the mountain heights and cultivated slopes surrounding it compose a charming picture on which the rising moon, reflected in the blue surface of the water, shed ineffable beauty. We soon reached the landing-place, and making the Omnibuses plying thereat carry double the regulation number of passengers and packages, at the

imminent risk of springs and bones, we were deposited at Aix-les-Bains before dusk, after a voyage of thirteen hours and a half, of which I cherish recollections to the full as favourable as any attaching to three previous excursions up the *Rhine*.

We arrived just in time to learn that all the hotels were full, and all the cooks' casseroles and larders empty. I obtained a bed, however, for the night ; and limiting my inspection of the place (which resembles Leamington Spa in the days of its infancy) to an early promenade in which I was jostled by, at least, twenty chairmen carrying invalids wrapped up in blankets and seated on uncouth "kitchen chairs" on their way to the hot-baths, I mounted the public conveyance starting for Chambéry. Aix-les-Bains is becoming a very popular rendezvous for summer excursionists within fifty or sixty miles' distance ; and if one's acquaintances in it become numerous, and social enjoyments be easily attainable, may prove as delectable a *locale* "for pleasure and relaxation" as any between Turin and Lyons, Avignon and Geneva. The Lyonnese and other French, and many of the Swiss, visit it as a gay, lively, little watering-place ; just as the Germans travel to Bad-Kissingen in Bavaria, irrespectively of any physical necessity of being bathed, boiled, or drenched in the hot wells. These are resorted to chiefly for chronic rheumatism, *tic douloureux*, and skin diseases ; the treatment for which is mostly in what is termed (here, as well as in France) the *douche* form of appliance ; that is, a stream of the sulphuretted water, which rises at the temperature of 110°, is directed violently, after the manner of fire-plug hose,

against the limb, or joint, or muscle, in which the pain is chiefly felt. After a quarter of an hour's subjection to this process, which is described as being very fatiguing, the patient is completely enveloped in the folds of a large and very thick blanket, and *chaired* to bed again, where the repose obtained is not a little needful. The spectacle of some twenty of these muffled fellow-creatures being borne along helpless, in so many rough-looking chairs, conveys, at first glance, the idea of some terrible accident, (a boiler burst, or a wall or floor given way) in the little town, and of these being the individuals "come to grief" and picked up out of the mass of killed and wounded.

The clock was striking seven on the morning of the first of August, when, leaving the mineral springs (which were altogether *de trop* in my individual case,) and the gaming-tables, of which the Sardinian government have recently formed the same opinion with regard to the well-being of the Savoyards, (for they are now peremptorily abolished,) I proceeded on my way INTO DAUPHINÉ, over broad white roads skirted by the electric wires that transmit intelligence between Paris, Geneva, and Genoa. The wheat harvest was nearly finished hereabouts; but the grapes in the vineyards were hardly formed, and the maize, bean, and potato crops were still in a state of considerable backwardness. The valleys rose, as usual, into slopes; and the slopes swelled into mountainous hills; all fully cultivated. Even here "kind nature's hand" supplying the absence of apples and hops, is seen to scatter the riches of many a superior vintage. The wines of Mont St. Jean and Mont Mélian, grown in this district, are of high repute. The

expedients adopted for the training of the plant are numerous and singular enough. In some localities are plantations of the wild cherry-tree, set out like those in a newly laid-out orchard, but much farther apart, merely to serve as props or standards to which the running vine-branches may be conducted and secured : as, among the ancient Romans Virgil says it was the custom

“ ——— ulmis adjungere vites ”*

(to train the vines to the elms,)—

as I have often seen in Tuscany. In other vine plots young maple trees are similarly reared for the same purpose where the soil is favourable : even willows are employed in like manner. The boughs are permitted to grow for three seasons without pruning or shortening, and, when they begin to incline downwards, are stretched out laterally and interlaced with small cords or strong twine, till guiding lines begin to form an unbroken continuation from tree to tree, and act as trelliswork in carrying forward the tendrils and young branches which, in process of time, are thrown out by the horizontally growing stem. The appearance of the standard maple trees completely invested with vine-leaves, as if *in domino*, was very singular. We mask dead trees with ivy after the same fashion, in England. I was assured the plan here mentioned was ten times more economical than that of keeping up poles in a vineyard ; as any hop-grower would readily conceive.

* Georgic I. v. 2.

The hill-sides in this part of Savoy are of eminent beauty ; being so widely cultivated, and presenting so many different tints of colour according to the distribution of crops. Their outline, also, against the sky, is of never-ceasing variety : and the distance glistens with snow-clad mountain summits, suggestive of Switzerland and her Alps, Chalets, Ranz des Vaches, Tell and Gessler, Rutli and Liberty, Chillon, Romance, and *Albert Smith* !

Being once again in Savoy, after the lapse of five-and-thirty years, I looked with an eye of friendly recognition on these well-remembered barriers, and on the dark prolific soil lying invariably at the base of the hills of lesser altitude, which screen so effectually the orchards and gardens of land-occupiers in these districts. As in observations made in times past, the "Savoy cabbage" so familiar to our market-gardeners and green-grocers, was the rarest object to discover ; and such cabbages as are cultivated hereabout are almost exclusively for the cattle. Pears and plums were growing abundantly, though the crop of the latter had wholly failed in France ; but they were the dread, it was said, of every commune ; and in 1854 the authorities, apprehending the return of cholera, actually bought up and destroyed the whole of the season's produce of that particular fruit, which they well knew was consumed in vast quantities, year after year—often in a half ripened state—by the labouring population.

CHAMBÉRY lies in a beautiful valley ; and a traveller with ample time and an active imagination might, I dare say, while away a day in it and its vicinity ; but in a cursory view of its streets and general features there appeared

hardly anything to encourage a long halt. The most remarkable object in a stroll around the town was a fountain erected in the present century by a merchant who had realized considerable wealth by successful trade in the Maharatta district of India, and on his return to Europe and Savoy commemorated his prosperous career by this highly fantastic monument. In the centre of a circular basin of considerable width, in very excellent stone masonry, stands a square pedestal from whose sides project the heads of four elephants, (in bronze) life-size, from the probosces of which the water flows continually into the basin underneath. The pedestal sustains the stem, in sculptured stone, of a palm-tree; and this stem (which is leafless) is surmounted by a capital on which is placed a statue; I believe, the effigy of the old trader himself. The effect is more startling than agreeable; for the heads of the elephants are too bulky and overpowering in proportion to be compatible with the scale on which the general design was executed; and though such a fountain would be most appropriate on Choultry plain, or among the Ghauts on the banks of the Ganges, it seemed *bizarre* and out of place in plain unpretending old Chambéry,

My journey onward lay through steep hill-sides and many a picturesque spot reminding me of those still and secluded hamlets in which the wide projecting roofs, and the tethered and bell-bearing cows, and the broad straw-hatted peasant girl tending them, were wont to compose the legitimate Swiss picture, and bespeak the traveller's approach to the Alpine highlands. Dark pine thickets and other plantations skirted the causeway, at intervals;

and here and there, as I noticed in the commune of St. Thibaud, a winding path revealed the way to a substantial farm-house, perched on some table-land bearing wheat and barley crops at an altitude of four hundred feet above the road. Occasionally, the carriage seemed to be about to thread a defile; the perpendicular rugged rock projecting with triple peaks, like broken cones, right into the causeway; and then I perceived we were proceeding along the embankments made partly by the former dukes of Savoy, and partly by Napoleon, fifty years since, in constructing the line of approach to the great tunnel which pierces the mountain at the pass known by the name of 'Echeltes.'

Here, too, again, appeared the enormous walnut-trees; and, at intervals, still larger oaks, under whose shade, when they were nearly a hundred and twenty years younger, Rousseau might have sate, (while not occupied in teaching music at Chambéry), in ignoble companionship with Madame de Warens; for now we were close upon the Cascade of Charmettes,—as exquisite a bit of rock scenery as ever embellished the solitudes of nature, or the landscape of romance.

I came upon it wholly without preparation; for I had no Road Book or Tourists' Manual for Savoy; and this enhanced the gratification. There was no very remarkable quantity of water falling; yet enough to startle the ear with the sound of its turbulent arrival from on high in the deep-worn channels one hundred and eighty feet below, whence it pursued its course among boulders and fallen fragments of rock, till it entered an artificial duct far below the surface of the road, and dashed forth again from the side of the

steep embankment to swell the torrent that brawled fifty feet lower down, in the direction of what must have been, two centuries ago, the original road : and a dreadfully bad one, too.

The rock scenery in the vicinity of Charmettes is magnificent ; and the rushing streams that force their way through every time-worn channel and moss-grown crevice resound above and below, and penetrate many a dell of troubled waters amid ravines and gorges overgrown with chestnuts and oaks, and through stony beds and brooks by which their murmuring course may be traced for several miles.

Beyond this point we came upon a long continuing growth of forest timber, interspersed with occasional breadths of arable land on the slopes of the less precipitous hills, or mountain sides ; but it was through sylvan and rocky regions that we reached, at length, the far-famed Grotto des Echelles, cut through the entire thickness of a vast mountain of limestone and flint to an extent of nine hundred feet.

This " pass " is one of the most remarkable objects in the whole range of the frontier. For ages past it had opposed the most formidable impediments to free communication between Lyons and Chambéry. Muleteers and travellers effected a passage sometimes at one, sometimes at another point of the seemingly insurmountable barrier that here parts France from Savoy and Dauphiné. Pedestrians were compelled to use ladders in order to reach a safe ledge where they might begin to climb the acclivity. Hence the name it still bears of ' Echelles,' — (ladders). Mules and other beasts of burden were led along sheep-walks, traced

from the valley on the Dauphiné side, till some tortuous path would be made available for their progress with ever so light burdens to the opposite side.

At length, about a hundred and eighty-six years ago, Charles Emmanuel II., Duke of Savoy, employed the ablest engineers in his sovereignty on a "cutting" along an inclined plane of upwards of a thousand yards' length, undermining, hewing down,* and splitting asunder some of the most stupendous portions of rock till a defile was made through which, by aid of many yokes of oxen, a carriage or wagon, drawn by four or five or six horses, might manage to accomplish the transit. In the immediate contiguity of this was the ancient grotto where the ladders were kept for the scaling of the precipice. The ascent was so steep and arduous that carriage passengers, of whatever rank and quality, were invariably compelled to alight and walk to the top; and the descent was equally hazardous and alarming.

Pope Pius VII. went through it, poor man! on foot, when travelling to Paris, in 1804, for the coronation of Napoleon; on which occasion he was accompanied by upwards of five thousand men, women, and children, natives of the district, eager to behold the features and receive the benediction of the earthly Head ('Christ's Vicegerent') of their Church. A stone monument, five-and-thirty feet in height, records the Duke's spirited undertaking; but that enterprise was limited to a steep and perilous defile in which travellers incurred the hazard of ponderous masses falling down from an immense height on to their heads. The way by which I went into Dauphiné

lay through a tunnel. I will translate, nevertheless, for the édification of my readers the Latin inscription, of the seventeenth century, engraved upon the monument :—

CHARLES EMMANUEL II.

Duke of Savoy, Prince of Piedmont, King of Cyprus,
earnestly studying the convenience of every individual in
the community,

when the State had at length begun to enjoy Peace,
threw open this Royal Road,
rendering communication between country and country
at once more expeditious and more secure.

Closed in on every side by Nature, to such an extent
that even the Romans made no attempt to surmount such
a barrier,

and all prospect of accomplishing such a work
having been deemed hopeless by the moderns,
this passage was effected

by exertion of powers that mastered all the impediments
opposed by the solid rock,—

that levelled every crag and ragged projection,

and brought down to the earth beneath,

even below the foot-tread of the passenger,

the summits of stupendous cliffs

which had so long threatened to crush him from overhead,

till a way was cleared

through which nation might traffic with nation

in uninterrupted commerce

to the end of time.

ANNO MDCLXX.

Encompassed with dangers and limited as to its practical utility as it was, this new passage was regarded as no insignificant success ; and the royal road-maker was hailed as a benefactor to his country, and to his puissant neighbour France :—

“ Here was a Cæsar ! When comes such another ? ”

The month of May, 1805, brought “ Le grand Laboureur ” to this spot. Napoleon was on his way to Milan, to receive the iron crown of Lombardy. The terrors of the “ Pass ” seemed in his opinion too fearful to be suffered to remain in perpetuity. The barriers thrown up by nature between France and Italy must be levelled here as elsewhere. He decreed, at once, that the mountain should be pierced in continuation of the direct line of road approaching it from the French territory, and that a tunnel should be completed on a scale of breadth admitting of two loaded ‘ Diligences ’ (the largest carriages in the world) being driven abreast throughout its entire length of three hundred and twenty yards ; and in that same year, in the dawn, only, of his wonder-working power, when execution followed swiftly on command, and even on suggestion, — the gigantic undertaking commenced. It occupied eight entire years ; and then, the day of inauguration being arrived, an inscription declaring the *opus operatum* of Buonaparte cast into shade the memorial just quoted, as the subjoined translation sheweth. I introduce it in this place previously to stating the particulars of the opening of a subterranean way which, in those days, antecedent to the construction

of railways, was considered one of the most wonderful feats of civil engineering on record.

 NAPOLEON THE GREAT,
 First Emperor of the French,
 The safeguard of his country,
At a period when the people were restored to happiness,
and the boundaries of the Empire had been extended
 beyond the Alps,
caused this Roadway to be constructed
 by dint of Engineering Skill
that pierced the entire breadth of the Mountain.
A passage through this formidable rock of impediment
 had been effected
 a hundred and thirty years previously,
with an effort of never-to-be-forgotten labour,
and at a vast consumption of treasure
 expended in averting the dangers
continually apprehended from the then overhanging rocks.

 The superior convenience and far greater security
 of the existing causeway,
demanding the gratitude of all ranks and conditions
of the people of this province,
prompted this testimonial
 of their sense
 of
 such an achievement.

ANNO MDCCCV. IMP. I.

CHAMPAGNY, Minister of Interior,
CRETET, President of Board of Works,
POITEVIN MAYSSEMI, Sub-Prefect,
MONGENET, Chief Engineer.

Mongenet, the chief engineer of what was then termed "the Department of Mont Blanc," (Piedmont and Savoy being, *volentes volentes*, regarded as part of the French territory), richly merited the prominent mention here made of his name; and acquired considerable renown as the conqueror of hitherto insurmountable difficulties. The length of time, indeed, sufficiently indicated the arduous nature of the work; for it was not until the end of August, 1813, that the miners, labouring under his direction, reached the extremity of the gallery.

The first opening and ceremonial was to have taken place on the Emperor's birthday, (August 15th), but an unforeseen accident having rendered this impracticable, the Committee of Directors decided on awaiting the arrival of Queen Hortense de Beauharnais, mother of the present reigning Emperor Louis Napoleon,* who was on her way into Savoy and Italy from Aix-les-Bains.

Accordingly, the day and hour of her approach having been duly ascertained, the Prefect of the Department and all the Engineers and Directors—assembled with a numerous company of friends and acquaintance at the entry of

* And daughter of the Empress Josephine by her first husband.

the Tunnel to pay their respects to her Majesty, and to conduct her from one extremity to the other. The beautiful daughter of Josephine, accompanied by the ladies and nobles of her suite, and by a number of torch bearers, walked forward into the darkness. They had proceeded along the extent of three hundred and five yards without perceiving any outlet whatever, or the least glimmering of daylight, when a sudden explosion terrified the illustrious party into a belief that the vault was about to fall, and thus bury them alive.

The instantaneous disappearance, however, of the sole remaining thickness of rock left by the excavators as a partition, not exceeding six inches, between darkness and the brightest sunshine, apprized the delighted spectators that the small mine, charged with powder just sufficient to disperse this slender screen of living stone, had done its work most effectually: the torches were immediately extinguished,—the splendour of the sun of August streamed in, and all parties rushed to the exit thus happily effected: the last portion of intervening rock had fallen outward in hundreds of fragments: a way was completed, a free passage gained, the two countries were placed in a state of unimpeded communication, and Napoleon's decree was fulfilled. All hearts beat high, all eyes gazed in extasy as they at once looked down upon a valley that might form a second Eden;—on a scene, the breadth and length, and depth and height of whose loveliness is without a parallel in this world.

I shall not attempt to describe the indescribable by elaborate word-painting, where even the finest production of

the pencil and palette would prove an unsuccessful effort of art, if intended to make the reader comprehend the infinite beauty of the panorama opening on Queen Hortense and her party on this occasion; and on my own eyes forty-two years afterwards; but, before we proceed, it may be worth while recording that the glorifying inscription which had been temporarily displayed on a stretched canvass at the entry of the Tunnel, and which was to have been transferred immediately afterwards to long-enduring marble or bronze, shared the fate awaiting many other trophies and monuments at that period, when Austria, having just declared war against France, overran Piedmont and Savoy with her armies, and proceeded to restore those provinces to their legitimate rulers. Hence, this gigantic causeway, which was to have been thrown open to the public at large, two months after the ceremonial of its inauguration, remained closed and useless for *seven years* from that date; and not a word of inscription has ever met the eye to tell of Napoleon's improvement on the old Ducal route. The people, however, one and all, point to it with just admiration; and ascribe to him all the credit due to the projector of such a permanently useful work.

The view obtained on emerging from the tunnel, at an elevation exceeding twelve hundred feet above the level of the plain below, is of an almost circular area of the richest conceivable tract of country, mapped out into thousands of compartments all radiant with colours as various as the produce raised from diversified cultivation; and exhibiting, also, every feature of attractiveness that can render *spontaneous* growth beautiful in a compass of about five or

six miles square. This is encompassed by an amphitheatre-like range of mountains emulating "the *Emerald green* isle," and cultivated for the most part from the base to their summits. Interspersed among coppices, orchards, gardens, and running brooks are the little spires and bell-fries of village churches; and just so many home-steads of farms, stacks, sheep-pens, and dove-cotes, cottages, and water mills as compose most pleasingly in purely agricultural districts and rural landscapes; beholding all which, as he suddenly quits the overarching rock, the traveller

"gazes on a work divine;
 A blending of all beauties; streams and dells,
 Fruit, foliage, crag, wood, corn-field, mountain, vine!"*

Believing I should to a certainty find either in Grenoble or Lyons, Moulins, Orleans, or Paris, some truly artistic illustrations (in lithograph, probably) of this matchless valley, I thought it superfluous on my part to devote an entire day to the delineation of such scenery by pencil of mine; but I regret that decision most bitterly;—not a single publisher in any one of these cities having even heard that there was any living picture of such celebrity in the Department; and believing it to be an "*ultima Thule*" or *bout du monde* that no one cared for! I believe I was the first Englishman that had come along the St. Laurent road by Echelles for upwards of eighteen months. I am speaking of St. Laurent du Pont, on the stream called "*Guiers mort*," which I reached in about three

* "Childe Harold.

quarters of an hour after my survey of the plains that take their name from its vicinity.

I had been led to expect in the little bourg of St. Laurent du Pont a close resemblance to some genuinely Swiss village. My horror may be conceived when I found myself in the midst of crumbling ruins and sorrowful countenanced masons and carpenters endeavouring to find materials for the re-building of the entire town. It reminded me not of Altdorf or Sarnen, but only too forcibly of the villages destroyed by the burning lava of Mount Vesuvius. On inquiry I learned that, exactly eleven months previous, (August 31st, 1854) some children playing in a barn, and igniting a match which one of them happened to have in a tin-box, set fire to a quantity of hay and straw, wheat and barley, which had been laid up, a few weeks before, at the termination of the harvest. Having tried in vain to extinguish the fire they had thus suddenly kindled, by trampling upon it, the affrighted group rushed out into the street; leaving the door wide open, and thus increasing the draught of air to such a degree as presently to envelope the whole of the building in flame. A waggon, loaded with hay, which was standing just outside, without horses attached, caught fire immediately; and some of the inhabitants having begun to drag it away from its position of danger unfortunately extended the conflagration to both sides of the way; as the burning hay, borne aloft in air by a slight breeze, began to fall upon thatched roofs and wooden outhouses, and ignited them instantly. The result was that between eleven and two o'clock in the day, one hundred and fifty houses, including all three inns, were laid in ashes. They were built with stone; but the roofs

falling in, bore down the floors; and the joists and beams tore down the walls in which they rested.

The whole population, amounting to fifteen hundred souls, fled distracted from their homes without having been able to rescue hardly a change of clothing; for the whole line of houses in the main street, and in the two streets crossing it, blazed like a furnace; the excessive heat of the weather having rendered all wooden material as dry and highly combustible as oakum. The sufferings these helpless people had to endure in the open field, day and night, from heat and cold alternately, without tents, huts, or even carts to shelter them, were aggravated by there being no straw left to lie on; nor any corn or fruits to resort to for immediate subsistence;—all produce having fallen a prey to the fire. A munificent grant of six thousand pounds from the Department afforded prompt and substantial relief, for the sustentation of the families left houseless, and for the rebuilding of their dwellings: but the funds of the Fire Insurance Company, in whose office the principal houses had been assured to the amount of seven hundred and twenty pounds, proved wholly unable to fulfil the terms of their policies beyond three hundred and twenty; and the distress was universal.

The innkeepers saved not a single article of all their stock; for, like their neighbours, they fled for their lives; and the first house that caught fire was a small hotel kept by one Tartavel. Tirard's, his brother victualler's, immediately shared the same fate; and Cadot, the third in order, narrowly escaped with life; the conflagration being so rapid and the street so contracted.

Tartavel and Cadot subsequently united their means

and built a very neat and respectable little inn, bearing the sign of the "Two Swans," where I halted for two hours, and falling into a long conversation with Abbé Varnoux, incumbent of Chavanoz, learned all these particulars. The aspect of the whole village was most saddening. The church alone escaped. The trees in the little gardens were in many places still standing, reduced to mere charcoal; and even the saw-mills had been scorched and blackened to the level of the water that turned their wheels.

These mills had only just partially recovered from an equally devastating occurrence of three years' previous date, on the occasion of a tremendous inundation arising from the stream of the Guier being swelled to such an extent by an almost diluvial rain of a hundred and twenty hours' continuance as to rush from the heights in a broad irresistible torrent, which bore down every object in its course, and overwhelmed that part of the village in which the Scieries (saw-mills) were situate. These buildings, consequently, were all entirely new when they were burnt down in August 1854; and several of the proprietors were reduced to insolvency and destitution accordingly.

It was a melancholy spectacle altogether; and the sketch I secured of its principal features might be easily mistaken for one of the illustrations of ancient Pompeii.

CHAPTER VII.

The Chartreuse Monastery—Ascent from St. Laurent du Pont—Conjecture as to the origin of the name “Chartreuse”—St. Bruno, the founder of the Order of Carthusians—His eventful life—Raimond Diocrès: dismal and mendacious legend concerning him: how connected with St. Bruno and the establishment of the Brotherhood—Varying fortunes of the Monastery through eight centuries.

To travel from Devonshire into Dauphiné, and omit visiting Valombré, and the Monastery known throughout all Europe as “La Grande Chartreuse,” would be like making an excursion for the first time from Middlesex to Greenwich, in the County of Kent, and, when there entering neither the Park, nor the Hospital, or Observatory; to which, unitedly, that ancient town owes its celebrity. Accordingly, after a light repast in the hottest day of the Summer, (thermometer pointing to 115°.) and on obtaining a note of special introduction from the reverend Curé of Chavanoz to Father Dom Garnier, Procureur of the Monastery, (in our colleges I think we should call him the bursar, if not the Vice-principal) I mounted one of the

mules kept by Monsieur Cadot for such pilgrimages, and set off with a boy as guide, or rather horse-keeper, towards this house of silence, solitude, and desolation, surrounded by mountain peaks and cheerless deserts at an elevation of upwards of four thousand three hundred feet above the level of the Mediterranean, and at about eight miles' distance from St. Laurent du Pont. It is approachable by five or six other routes; but coming from Chambéry, that of St. Laurent was the one I selected as a matter of course.

Enthusiasts and Poets, Philosophers and Theologians, Moralists and Sentimental Travellers have, in different ages, and amid conflicting theories and opinions, expatiated on the merits, or the folly, of this ancient and most extraordinary brotherhood.

The Author of "An Elegy in a Country Churchyard" penned a Latin ode upon the regions of loneliness and horror, through which, accompanied by Horace Walpole, he reached their palatial domicile, a hundred and eighteen years since and the author of 'Vathek'* roamed and raved, according to his own voluminous account, like "one possessed;" when threading the defiles that led him to its precincts, and leaping from crag to crag in their wild mountain *terrain*. All these lucubrations were "well enough," as we say, in those days; but to a traveller familiar with all the Alpine passes, and with the perilous gorges and precipices of Switzerland, the Tyrol, and Sicily, the ascent from the plain at St. Laurent du Pont to the cloud capped ridge of mountains and dank, dark, forests that shroud the Monastery of Saint Bruno in Valombré, could not appear

* Beckford of Fonthill.

formidable. Still, I cannot recall to mind any tract of European mountain scenery more saddening in its gloominess, more forlorn in its solitudes, more sublime in its beauty, or more impressive in its natural features and moral and religious associations, than this precipitous defile through which I followed a perilous track to the verge of the present boundaries of the Establishment. It was at the risk of a broken neck, rather than of a fit of hypochondriasis or misanthropic musings, that I held in hand the most *unsure* footed animal that ever placed a fearless rider in jeopardy. Its shoes had not been *roughed*; and the result was that it slid and rolled and stumbled alternately over every smooth round projection of flint or granite as if it had been crossing the Mer-de-Glace, and I more than twice resolved to send the beast home again, and find out the paths and passes alone. There would have been more of Romance, but less of convenience in carrying out that notion; so, preferring to be practical, I went floundering upward in silence and endurance worthy of a Carthusian. The narrow path, cut out with almost incredible labour in the solid rock on which we entered after the defile began to close in, brought us, at the end of the first mile, to the well-known forges of Fourvoirie; a living Ruysdael of unsurpassable beauty.

Three bridges, each seen through the other, as the eye looks upon the ravine, here span the width of the Guier's channel with a single arch, beneath which the torrent rushes through moss-grown masses of fallen rock with the irresistible violence and distracting din of a cataract. The accumulating foliage of innumerable trees, beech especially,

covering the sides and branching forth from the ledges and crevices of the stupendous rocks that are hardly sufficiently wide apart to admit sunlight, renders this spot more than ordinarily picturesque and beautiful: and the old smoke-blackened forges, and the rudely constructed wooden troughs that used to serve as conduits of water to set in motion the machinery within the decaying and charmingly dilapidated buildings, constitute features that have already attracted the travelling artists of France and Switzerland, through successive generations, to this particular *locale*, and rendered it a standard, or *beau idéal*, of sylvan gorges and mountain torrents.

The natural stone walls that begin to soar in perpendicular height beyond these bridges to such an eminence that the upturned eye fails to distinguish their summits, close and hem in the passage more and more straitly; rendering the general aspect gloomy and depressing: the distracting noise, however, of the river as it struggles and rages among the millions of scattered boulders and fallen masses of earth, with here and there a shivered pine or beech tree damming up the channel, resounds like the working of some colossal hydraulic engine, amidst which tumult the voice of the muleteer warning the horseman of some new danger, or directing him to avoid or adopt a certain path, is hardly audible.

A noble bridge, at length, resembling that which was built up in close proximity to the ancient Teufel's Brücke in Switzerland,—spanning the hollow with one arch,—enabled us to diverge for awhile from the side to which my hesitating, hobbling mule had clung, with many a scrape

and slip and scratch, as if shuddering at the chance of rolling down into "the hell of waters" below; and after passing three black stacks of charcoal, to make which the burners construct large kilns in the hollows and damp melancholy glens created by occasional wood-falls, we climbed a far steeper acclivity, to surmount which I almost altogether surrendered the bridle-rein that the mule might keep her nose on the path; any attempt to keep her head up being sure to occasion a fearful fall. At this time there was a gulf on my right, eight hundred feet deep. Salisbury Cathedral spire would have appeared like a mere flag-staff in the hollow had that venerable edifice been placed in the ravine below, whence the rush of a torrent whose tide was swelled and maddened by the down-pouring streams that issued, after the manner of cascades, from clefts and caverns in the overhanging rock,—threw up a mist like that which floats at sunrise on the Highlands. These rapid and overarching streams, mere rivulets in their origin among the pine woods, but gathering breadth and impetus as they unite with the land springs, percolate the calcareous mountain sides till they form retorts like reservoirs or mill ponds, and overflow, after rain, as when a canal breaks through its banks, and then gush out with a violence overwhelming, crushing, and impelling onward every thing in their course, and fret and wear the rugged road and the precipice at its margin into furrows innumerable: these again crumble and throw out masses of stone, or fling forward some deeply rooted tree, whose displacement brings down with it countless tons of the strata in which it had been wedged for a century; and thus, as ledge follows upon ledge, along the

dread declivity, these prone descending floods strike and disperse in spray, or intent on reaching the profundity of the abyss,

“ From rock to rock leap with delirious bound,”

till, merged in the invisible, but ever raging, cataract beneath, they drive it in inundating torrents to the plain, scaring the herds and hinds with dread. The rushing of such floods, and the prodigious devastation wrought by the mighty element where nature seemed to forbid all stay or boundary, struck me as one of the most impressive features of this “midway air” wilderness. There was but a thunder-storm wanting at the moment to testify what fire, water, earth, and air could make manifest to mortal eye in dread-awakening scenes and sounds of terror; but Thomson’s language is too appropriate to be overlooked at this moment:—

“ Wide o’er the brim, with many a torrent swell’d,
And the mix’d ruin of its banks o’erspread,
At last the’rous’d up river pours along :
Resistless, roaring, dreadful, down it comes,
From the rude mountain and the mossy wild,
Tumbling through rocks abrupt, and sounding far ;
Then o’er the sanded valley floating spreads
Calm, sluggish, silent ; till again constrain’d
Between two meeting hills, it bursts away,
Where rocks and woods o’erhang the turbid stream ;
There, gathering triple force, rapid and deep,
It boils, and wheels, and foams, and thunders through.”

Such is the course pursued by the Guiers from its source in the summits of the Carthusian ridge. It is called the

Guiers *mort*, contra-distinguished from the Guiers *vif* which rises at St. Pierre d'Entremont, and flows into the Rhone below Pont de Beauvoisin: for in very hot and dry seasons the channel of the former is all but dry; hence the term "mort" (or, dead).

But, as I have already stated, the river in itself is insignificant enough; the tributary streams and torrents give it an impulsive force which through such a steep descent and frequent interruptions becomes, at last, tremendous.

It was absolutely cheering to espy in one of the shady hollows of a forest which succeeded to this precipice, a large saw-mill through whose machinery one of the largest of the brawling brooks that skirted the wheel had been turned for the purpose of working it. Its presence in that dreary spot bespoke security, and was welcome: for a more genuine "Wolf's Glen" was never "got up" by all the machinists that have supplied to our theatres the scenery of "The Freischutz."

Wolves and wild boars were no strangers among the sable shadows of these forests when the passes were closed and guarded, and communication with the lower region was rare: as it was up to the beginning of the eighteenth century.

The trees darkened the track I was pursuing, and the air became positively damp and chilly; though, only three quarters of an hour previously, I had begun the ascent in a temperature of fever heat: and such trees! The shortest pine in the dense plantation, above which the steep cliff was gradually leading me, could not have been less than a hundred and twenty feet in height. At a sudden turn, I

beheld a deep dell where there had been an extensive fall of timber, and presently I heard the sound of an axe. We were now beyond the roar of the frantic stream, and the rushings of the waters that lashed it among myriads of rocks into madness; and about thirty or forty yards below me, on the right, were two woodmen felling fir trees. One of the stems appeared to be of such preternatural length as induced me to inquire of them, by raising my voice to its highest pitch, whether they could tell me its dimensions:—

“Soixantè-sept mètres,” (upwards of two hundred and three feet); but they had cut down one, “beaucoup plus grand et plus beau,” last week, which was sent down to Marseilles,

———— “to be the mast
of some great ammiral”——*

no doubt. *That* had measured seventy-five metres, (nearly two hundred and twenty feet). These proportions assimilate those of the trees of the New World. The pines of Oregon, that fill the forests along the sea shore, are considered as the kings of all this race in the universe; their diameter being often *fifteen feet*, and their height sometimes surpassing three hundred and ten; but such growth as this is limited, I believe, to America. Except in Fontainebleau Forest, where I measured oaks of nine feet diameter, I had never seen such trees as made daylight dubious, and the air unhealthily humid in the melancholy wilderness of this mountain range. I now began to reflect with mingled feelings of astonishment and pity,—more nearly allied

* Milton, “Paradise Lost.”

to contempt than to sympathy, — on the motives that could, in any age, and under any circumstances, have induced a Brotherhood of Christians to select such a miserable region for their sojourn in this world : but, horrible as it seemed, they were still far off, — though the disjointed cliffs and muddy ruts, over which we were toiling, exceeded an altitude of three thousand four hundred feet above the level of the sea ; and I found it indispensably requisite to throw the rein loose over the mule's neck, and trust to her sagacity alone for safety, among blocks of granite on whose surface all indications of any path were entirely extinct ; and amidst barrenness from which the eagle over head seemed to be flying in despair.

Yet, near this very spot, in earlier times, was a gateway so completely closed in by the narrowness of the defile as to block the passage against all further advance. This natural barrier, nevertheless, not being deemed sufficiently obstructive without a company of ten armed soldiers who were constantly quartered in the den-like lodge. Beyond this point no *female* was ever permitted to set her foot ; for reasons which will be stated in due order of mention ; but a change has passed over the spirit of the monks' exclusiveness which, in their day of wealth and power, beset these rugged and fearful paths with as many stumbling blocks and forbidding denunciators as 'Christian' and 'Faithful' are represented as combating in "The Pilgrim's Progress ;" and though, as I witnessed, they suffer not one of the gentle sex to cross their threshold, no active opposition is offered to young or old ladies' inspection of the *exterior* of the monastery ; and, with some degree of expansion in

human feeling, they have of late begun, also, to widen the road that was in progress of construction four years since to the right of the repulsively perilous platform on which we were now scrambling: an improvement on the original plan which will eventually lead to the introduction of light carriages up to a certain point of the ascent.

We soon lost sight of this work of civilization, and plunged into a cold, dark, mouldy thicket, whose rank vegetation emitted effluvia closely resembling those of a charnel house; and emerging from this we began to climb yet steeper ledges of limestone than those which had already threatened a fatal fall over the precipice on the other side of the old gateway-defile. The overhanging mildewed cliff on my left dripped green and fetid water on the bones of some dead animal, putrescent in corruption, that lay in the miry furrows beneath; and two large hawks whirled round and round, on whom it was no illiberality to affix the charge of having murdered, (or proved accessories, after the fact, of murder committed on) the dog, goat, or badger whose skeleton bore ghastly witness to death inflicted on that spot. The loose stones and drifted leaves and decayed and fallen boughs rendered the abrupt and tortuous track more and more arduous to maintain, and every now and then a chilling mist came on the wind, which wetted horse and rider like small but continuous rain. Then we threaded another thicket, and, splashing through a rapid brook, found the roadway so collapsed by the action of a landspring as to leave barely sufficient width for the mule to be led, with extreme care, into the line of safety: six gigantic firs had been uprooted by the landslip, and hurled down a ravine a thousand feet below;

and a charred stem, blasted by lightning, lay only just beyond the verge of the mule-track we were cautiously, and I may add, most painfully pursuing; for now there was a gleam of sultry heat, and the low murmuring of thunder hinted the possibility of a storm, and thorough drenching, in these forlorn and sullen solitudes; but a few drops only fell, and the sun's rays illuminated, for a moment, the obscurity of the distance still intervening between us and the summit towards which, in musing wonderment and interest, I longed to find myself much nearer than I was; but we were now upwards of four thousand feet higher than our starting-place; and in about a quarter of an hour's time, I ascertained that the white glistening mountain peaks and the black masses of forest in their immediate neighbourhood lay on the further side of the Monastery. The road began, hercabouts, to widen and improve; and, presently, at a sudden turn, I was nearly overthrown by two mules heavily laden with wooden cases, and some stone jars filled, as I subsequently learned, with liquors, medicine, and honey, elaborated by the bees and their fellow workers in this wilderness,—the Carthusian fathers and brothers.

At length, as my eager gaze began to rest on a crescent shaped agglomeration of forest trees, and a range of rampart-like grey and white rocks to the right of them, which descended to a prodigious depth, till it reached a valley of hundreds of acres covered with grass of luxuriant growth, brightening in still richer verdure as it sloped, mile after mile, towards the lowlands,—I espied

“The horrid crags by toppling convent crown'd”—

the roofs and pinnacles of the Monastery.

It was the second I had in my lifetime visited among such lofty mountains : (The Hospice of St. Bernard is three thousand, nine hundred feet higher,) and I intend it shall be the last : but I rejoice in having made acquaintance with it. My readers may conceive some idea of the seclusion of 'La Grande Chartreuse' by supposing a mass of building, with courts, cloisters, gardens, and vast offices, built in the style of a county hospital on a very extensive scale, in a rocky, wild, and solitary region, at an elevation exceeding by more than seven hundred feet the peak of Snowdon ; or nearly a fourth of the altitude of Mont Blanc. Within twenty minutes after gaining the first glimpse of this Escorial of Dauphiné, I was at the portal, and, crossing the large quadrangular court, entered the mighty building.

Having at length brought my reader with me into this most renowned of all existing monasteries—(and, if a *lady* reader,—in direct violation of its most stringent law!) I shall venture upon a few pages relative to its earliest origin which, whether we confine such mention to sober fact, or admit into it a portion of traditional and legendary narrative, is singular enough to prove an excuse for its introduction.

The word 'Chartreux,' as explained by the most authentic dictionary in the French dominions, signifies :—Firstly ; Carthusian, Carthusian friars. Secondly ; A bluish-grey cat. 'Chartreuse,'—Firstly ; Carthusian Nun. Secondly ; Carthusian Nunnery. Thirdly ; Solitary Counting-house. Fourthly ; (in culinary terms) "Chartreuse : mixed vegetables." The word "Carthusian" is but a Latin, or Anglo-Latinical, rendering of the French term.

Its geographical position involves no interpretation of the term; and the allusion here made to "mixed vegetables" is, undoubtedly, referrible to the diet of the monks. Thus if a French invalid, or fanciful valetudinarian, were to restrict himself to a diet of mixed vegetables, his friends would say, probably, he had begun to dine *à la Chartreuse*. The first monastic occupants of the lone territory here referred to found no mixed vegetables there except moss and fungus! And the "cat a mountain," or wild cat, where not white, is, for the most part, of a dun colour: and even were it bluish grey, its occasional appearance in the locality would not have conferred the name here quoted! 'Chartre' signifies, strictly, a prison; but in biblical style only. It also expresses all we mean by the word "Charter," or an old title.

Now there are no maps, however ancient, in which, previous to the eightieth year of the eleventh century, the rocky mass of twenty-five miles' length and nine miles and a half of breadth, in this part of Dauphiné, has been designated 'La Grande Chartreuse.' That range of mountains is bounded on the East and South by the beautiful valley of Grésivaudan, (the largest and finest in France,) and by the Isère: on the North and West by the declivities of La Placette, the plains of St. Laurent and the Duchy of Savoy: seven miles N.E. of Grenoble, East longitude $5^{\circ} 5''$, North latitude $45^{\circ} 20''$.

The centre of this tract was the side originally bestowed, by gift of a competent donor, on the founders of the community; and this became their freehold, otherwise their Charter Land: *leur terre Chartreuse*; and as the im-

portance of the Establishment increased, and the brotherhood began to institute similar communities in various parts of Europe, the primitive house acquired the distinctive epithet of *Grande*, and retains it to the present day.

I venture to offer this as my own elucidation of a title which seems to invite such enquiries ; but I cannot find it anywhere accounted for : though probably there are sources from which the real meaning may be elicited. The British Museum catalogue, for instance, might throw light on the discussion.

The foundation of this Religious Order was cœval with the decease of Mathilde, wife of William the Conqueror, — that is to say, in 1083, seventeen years after the Norman Conquest, when it derived its existence from the ascetic zeal of an ecclesiastic of the name of Bruno, at that date fifty years of age.

He was a Prussian : a native, that is to say, of Cologne on the Rhine, and would in those days have been designated a German subject, born between the Duchies of Juliers and Berg. His parents lived in the enjoyment of high moral and religious repute, and of easy, if not affluent, fortune. At an early period of his youth, he went to the College at Rheims, where he distinguished himself as a scholar, and won the high esteem of Gervais, archbishop of the diocese ; but returned to Cologne, and shortly afterwards entered into holy orders.

After a brief interval he was recalled to Rheims by letters from Gervais requesting him to take the appointment of supreme director of the schools of that city and diocese, with the title of Canon in Theology. At the decease of his

friend and patron, an obnoxious personage, named Manassez, found means to thrust himself into the vacant see, and, drawing down upon him the extreme displeasure of the Pope, was speedily cited by the legate of His Holiness to appear before the Council of Autun. This occurred in the year 1077.

Bruno, accompanied by the Provost of the Schools and another Canon, attended this Council, and materially contributed to procure the condemnation of Manassez, who was sentenced to be suspended from his usurped functions. Bruno's zeal, however, awakened no light degree of animosity among the partisans of the deposed ecclesiastic; and finding himself subjected to harassing attacks and persecutions, he formed the resolution of quitting a world which could so basely requite his exertions in the cause of truth and integrity, and dedicating the residue of his years to monastic retirement.

• Previous to this determination he had baffled all the enmity and intrigues of his calumniators; and finding it no longer desirable to remain in obscurity, reappeared with his fellow dignitaries in the Cathedral at Rheims, the see of which was soon afterwards offered for his acceptance; but he withdrew from that city, and, intent on the accomplishment of his pious but self-sacrificing design, went up to Paris, where he hoped to organize all the measures, ways, and means essential to its completion. So far, in respect of the motives impelling him to adopt such a course, has authentic history enlightened us. Now, for a while, Tradition enters into the narrative:—monks and traditions, we know, being inseparable.

It would appear, herefrom, that Bruno became intimately acquainted, while in Paris, with one of the most distinguished professors of the University, by name Raimond Diocrès. This learned doctor had lived, in all good conscience and public esteem, as a man of eminent piety, and died in 1082. His funeral exequies were solemnized in the church of "Nôtre Dame" amidst a vast concourse of spectators; many of whom, being fellow divines and familiar friends, (Bruno among the number), attended as mourners, and encircled the bier as it stood in the nave. The Office for the Dead was being recited; and at the moment when the officiating priest had pronounced the words beginning the first lesson of the Second Nocturn,* "Answer thou me, how many iniquities and sins have I?" the body of the defunct doctor, suddenly re-animated, began to move, and, sitting upright, he exclaimed from the coffin, "I am accused by the just judgment of God." Three times the ministering priest attempted to chant the Lesson from Job; and thrice the body raised its head out of the coffin, putting aside the lid and pall, and repeating the same words.

As might be expected, this marvellous incident has been variously related, and the most circumstantial version is the most startling; therefore, the reader shall not be stinted in enjoyment of its "harrowing interest,"—as the phrase is. The sacerdotal legend saith that, at the first utterance, the resuscitated corpse exclaimed, (after two deep groans which

* "Answer thou me, How many are my iniquities and sins? Make me to know my transgression and my sin."—JOB. xiii. 22, 23.

terrified the bystanders into speechless horror), "I am cited before the tribunal."

An awful interval of silence ensued, interrupted by the muttered invocations, "Jesu Maria!" "Dominus nobiscum," of the pale and trembling spectators of the scene; and then, renewing the most piteous moans, the "dead alive" doctor exclaimed, "I am at this moment at the bar of divine justice."

The whole of the bystanders, priests, mourners, attendants and congregation fell prostrate in deprecating prayer, crossing themselves, invoking all the saints, and beseeching that the earth might not open at that moment and swallow them up alive, when the appalling voice was heard again, calling aloud:

"I am doomed for evermore by the just condemnation of God."

And hereupon the body resumed its former position and remained lifeless. We will resume the tale of accredited history.

Bruno, the intimate and most confidential friend of the deceased, was overwhelmed with dread and consternation; and grieving inconsolably over the supposed perdition of his late companion, vowed to forsake the world and the whole community of mankind for ever. He first retired, with a few friends who fully sympathised with his feelings and determinations, to a little town near Chatillon-sur-Seine, called Molesmes, where there was a recently established Benedictine monastery; and there they at once began to conform to all the usages of monastic life. Within a short period of time, he proceeded into Dauphiné,

accompanied by four ecclesiastics and two lay brothers. Before their departure, Bruno held with them a grave and lengthened discourse, strengthening their minds by the emphatic expression of his own convictions; and when they had withdrawn for the night he continued till daylight in prayer.

Before the sun rose he had fallen asleep; and in a dream he saw three angels who announced to him the divine approval of the step he had taken, and promised the blessing of Heaven on his future labours. On waking from these slumbers and visions he revealed to his devoted followers all that he had thus seen and heard; and the whole party lost no time in setting out on their journey into Dauphiné. Their first step on arriving in this district was to proceed to Grenoble; the bishop of which, afterwards known as Saint Hugues or Hugo, had at an early period of his life attended Bruno's lectures at Rheims.

Admitted to his presence, they threw themselves at the reverend prelate's feet entreating him to grant them, in some mountainous district of his diocese, a site so totally secluded and secured from intrusion, and so permanently cutting off all intercourse with mankind, as might enable them to devote their lives henceforth to the service of God; and continue in profound religious retirement without hindrance or distraction of any kind.

At sight of Bruno and his six companions, Hugo recalled to mind, in no little amazement, that only the night preceding, he had noted seven stars, (Query, had he not his eye upon the Pleiades?) advancing in the direction of a wild and hitherto unapproached tract of land in the moun-

tains above Grenoble. The thought arose that these strangers were Heaven-sent, and that their mission was decidedly providential. With every favourable disposition, therefore, on their behalf, he immediately granted the prayer of their singular petition; but previously to sending them forth into the solitudes thus made over to them as their own, he felt it incumbent on him to depict to them, without any reservation, the actual features and characteristics of the spot.

“ You will find yourselves,” he said, “ entering a region which may truly be called one of horrors; the haunt of wild beasts; the clime of protracted and most bitter cold; rocks of vast altitude, and melancholy forests of impenetrable depth. Not a single species of fruit ever grows there; the earth exhibits not one solitary spontaneous production for the sustenance of man. The roar of torrents resounds in its vicinity; but the silence of those forlorn wastes is perpetual,—and every single object that meets the eye there is hideous and terrifying; everything, in fact tells of withering desolation and death. I will give you safe conduct into the territory; but ponder on what I have told you; reflect seriously on the decision you are about to form; for you need nothing short of superhuman virtue to feel no temptation to return to the world.”

This melancholy exposition, which makes one shudder even in imagination of such a state of existence, dissuaded not the seven pilgrims from their project. On the first of July, (sacred to the memory of St. John the Baptist), they reached that wilderness where their successors, in the day that now is, “ live and move, and have their being.” The

recluses, praying and fasting there at this moment are participators of the same vow that bound the first occupants of the consecrated ground : they maintain the same customs, comply with the same ordinances, hold the same tenets, and observe the self same rules with those established by the founder of their community ; and stern enough, not to say useless enough, they are. But upon this point I shall offer a few observations hereafter. At present, I will proceed to relate the progress of Bruno, and the destinies of his followers. He was designated by them “ Dux Ordinis,”—otherwise, the General of the Order ; a title which has descended through upwards of seven hundred and seventy-one years to the Superior of the Monastery living in the present day.

The fearless little band first took up their station in a cleft of the mountain, at about a mile's distance from the site now occupied by the monastery. Here they set to work making huts with the wood supplied close at hand by the pine forest ; erecting, in the first instance, their tabernacle in the wilderness, or a sort of oratory in which they might assemble and pray. This, and Bruno's hut, was set up on an insulated mass of rock which is now surmounted by a diminutive building called St. Bruno's chapel, and surrounded by dense pine woods. The bishop, however, of Grenoble, in admiration of their zeal and fortitude, was intent on befriending these adventurous enthusiasts, and assigned to them, by formal conveyance, (to which I have already adverted under the explanation of the word “ Char treuse”), the whole of the forests and mountain slopes, including a vast extent of elevated meadow land, by which

their forlorn home was surrounded; and, himself, took a journey to the spot for the purpose of consecrating in person a more seemly church than the primitive tabernacle; which building, designed under Bruno's superintendence, he, as their diocesan, had raised at his own expense, and ordered to be dedicated to the Virgin Mary and St. John the Baptist.

At a subsequent period he sent masons with materials to construct durable stone cells for them in lieu of the wattled cabins they had contrived to frame out of the branches of the contiguous fir trees; and, finding them staunch in their resolution, the same considerate friend went the length of supplying funds for the erection of a substantial edifice presenting all the features of a Religious House or Monastery. As time sped, Bruno and his co-mates and brothers in exile began to receive applicants from various quarters, beseeching admission and initiation in a home where they might live and die in total seclusion from the haunts of men; and from such beginnings of increase, and gradual accessions of strength, numbers and wealth, (for many devoted their entire revenues to the monastery), the order of St. Bruno or of La Chartreuse, became eventually most illustrious, till its flourishing brotherhood began to exercise a corresponding influence in every country of civilized Europe.

Bruno, however, himself was not destined to remain any length of time in his mountain cell. Six years had hardly elapsed before Pope Urban the Second, who had studied under him at Rheims, and well knew his private worth and intellectual endowments, summoned him to Rome: a bid-

ding he could not refuse ; and forthwith (like a man returning from the grave into the world), he left the wilderness for the Vatican, where he was welcomed with every mark of esteem and affection, and lodged in the Quirinal Palace !

The life, however, of distracting excitement and continual intrusions to which this undesired eminence exposed an individual whose heart was dead to the world and yearned for solitude, proved too ungenial to be long endured ; and when, upon quitting the Eternal City, and declining to be consecrated Bishop of Reggio, he formed the resolution of setting up some still more effective barrier between himself and the scene of active life, he retired to La Torre in Calabria, and founded a second convent in all respects identical with that in Dauphiné. In this undertaking he was munificently aided by Roger, Count of Calabria and Sicily, from whom his newly established retreat received donations of vast territory in that district of Italy. However, in the eleventh year following his departure from Rome, Bruno quitted for evermore this sublunary state and all its distracting cares, its sorrows, and temptations ; and, surrounded by his holy brethren of Calabria, died on the 6th of October, A.D. 1101 : a representation of which event, by the hand of Le Sueur, at the Louvre in Paris, has been made the subject of many an engraving.

Leo the Tenth bestowed on his name the honours of canonization in the year 1514 ; and Gregory the Fifteenth, in a mandate (dated 1628, and addressed to the whole of the Romish Church) decreed to him all the homage of Saintship ; appointing the festival of Saint Bruno to be

held in *perpetuum* on the sixth day of October, the date of his death.

Thirty-two years after that event, and in the forty-ninth of the institution of the Carthusian Order, the chapel and cells of the original Chartreuse were overthrown by an avalanche of snow from the mountain ridge above; and six monks and a novice perished in the ruins. The prior determining to preserve, at least, a *church* in the wilderness, reconstructed a place of worship lower down, on the very spot occupied by the present buildings: the said church being built up in stone; but the cells and offices in wood. The identical church survives in the chapter-house of the actual monastery.

Saint Anthelme, seventh General in succession after Bruno, and Bishop of Belley, in the twelfth century, laid the foundations of the Grand Cloister; but it was not finished till the fifteenth century, when Margaret, Duchess of Burgundy, furnished ample means for its completion. The institution, marvellous in its origin, and equally so in its growth and influence, has had to strive in many an age against the direst visitations of adversity which have rendered very questionable the assurances received by Saint Bruno in his vision at Molesmes!

Between the eleventh and sixteenth century the premises were destroyed seven times by fire: so that Hugo's seven stars might have prognosticated as many conflagrations! and an incendiary fire, kindled by the brutal Calvinists, when searching in the monastery, in 1562, for supposed hidden treasures, left the walls blackened with flame. An accidental outbreak of the same fearful element destroyed

the building almost entirely, in 1676; upon which Masson, General of the Order, restored it in its present form. The vast edifice, therefore, now extant, has stood a hundred and eighty one years only. The Monastery was then in the zenith of its fame and influence. It held sovereign jurisdiction over two hundred and sixty cognate establishments in various parts of Catholic Europe: its wealth was princely: its estates immense: (our London Charter House formed one of them) but the rigid rule of primitive discipline remained unchanged; and the bulk of their revenues after defraying liabilities accruing to each house, was expended in distributions on behalf of the Church, and of suffering humanity.

The great Revolution; however, breaking forth in 1789, left not unscathed the home and successors of St. Bruno in the wilderness:—

“Quæ regio in terris nostri non plena laboris!”*

might truly be said of the work of havoc executed by the frantic legions of democratic France. The horrified and despairing monks pleaded the inoffensive tenor of their lives, and their non-participation in the abuses or delinquencies of many other large ecclesiastical fraternities; and besought the clemency and forbearance of the new rulers of the nation, praying to be left undisturbed in their sad and unobtrusive retirement: but the *fiat* was gone forth: Monastery, of all institutions, perhaps, was the “Carthago

* “What realm on earth tells not of our work!”

delenda” of those days of root and branch extirpation of abuses and superstitious vanities; and in October 1792, after upwards of seven centuries of eventful destiny, the brotherhood were compelled to share the fate of all other monastic establishments, and were cast upon the wide world, scattered and proscribed, thrown into prison, transported to remote countries, or slaughtered on the scaffold, till persecution and misery, in every form of suffering, had left them neither a local habitation nor a name.

On their dispersion, the woods and forests and all the estates once belonging to the Grande Chartreuse

— “ So late their pleasant (!) seat,—”

were seized by the State; an agent was commissioned to take charge of the vacated premises, for the better preservation of a large quantity of furniture and effects which were subsequently sent down to Grenoble and sold: the archives of the House being at the same time laid up at the Prefecture of the Isère: all the books and manuscripts, a large and valuable selection, were presented by the Government to the library at Grenoble: the altar and stalls of the Great Chapel were set up in the Cathedral of that city. The dispersion was total; and the General of the Order, at that date, Nicolas Geoffroi, retired to Bologna, and afterwards to Rome, where he died in 1801. Three or four fugitives lingered in a Carthusian house at Part Dieu in the diocese of Lausanne; and the interests of their institution, which had become little else than nominal, were supposed to be vested in three Vicars-General, and held in

abeyance for three-and-twenty years, till, on the restoration of Louis XVIII in 1815, Romuald Moissonnier, Vicar-General, earnestly advocating the cause of the monks, and representing the cruelty of leaving such an enormous pile of buildings to decay and ruin, obtained permission from the Government to re-occupy the deserted Monastery, and to re-assemble the remnant of its former inmates who had found refuge in Switzerland and other countries; and on the 25th of June, 1816,—that is to say, one year after the battle of Waterloo, which restored the legitimate monarch and revived the hopes of Catholic France, Moissonnier, tottering with extreme age and infirmities, quitted the Helvetic Retreat for Grenoble, which he reached on the 4th of July. Four days afterwards he arrived at St. Laurent du Pont, whence, surrounded by the entire population, their magistrates, and priests, he set out, in a procession, (singing hymns and canticles, in all the fervour of religious joy and thankfulness,) which wound along the self-same paths already described as the track of my own pilgrimage up to the Valombré solitudes; and, as they advanced, their thronging multitude was met and augmented by similar crowds that had penetrated the defile by devious approaches from such villages as lay scattered around the Chartreuse boundaries, till the march of three thousand persons of all ranks and ages, in exultation and jubilee, assumed all the appearances of a triumph, in the enthusiastic enjoyment of which Moissonnier and his *confrères* reached those cloisters where silence, desolation, and decay had marked the fallen fortunes of the House throughout the last quarter of a century.

The strenuous old ascetick survived this final effort of exhausted strength eleven days only ; but he had acquitted himself nobly in his term of office, and had served his brethren with all devotedness : he had spoken for them to the King : he quitted a safe and placid retirement to live, or lie down to die, among his own people ; and the restoration of the Carthusian, as of the Bourbon, was completed. He died within the walls of the Monastery on the 19th of July, 1816.

Such is the history of this remarkable and still perseveringly eccentric and exclusive community. The flame of their zeal, as anchorites and recluses emulating the example of the first founder, is not extinguished. Their candlestick is not removed from its place ; but the day of their power and the influence of their existence as a religious body are past for ever.

So far from retaining possession of any of their original estates, they are not even the proprietors of the building and its dependencies, but pay dues to the State as tenants at will ; not only for the premises in which they are lodged, but, also, for all the saw-mills where the timber is cut in coppices allotted for their use ; and for certain pasture land adjacent. Their revenue is insignificantly small ; arising mainly from the sale of fattened stock, and of certain liqueurs and elixirs which, as expert distillers thoroughly conversant with the properties of all the wild flowers found in the woods and meadows around them, they compound, and export to distant parts of France, and even Italy and Germany. They realize, also, a certain amount of income from the gratuities left in the refectories

by strangers visiting the Monastery, and passing a night or two within it.

More remains to be described in the next chapter; and some few records of by-gone and better days may prove more interesting than the particulars already noted; but the history of La Grande Chartreuse, though not much unto edifying, is not without point or moral; and the vicissitudes encountered by these most unsocial and impracticable of all devotees, age after age, through a period of nearly eight hundred years, seems, in my humble opinion, to call for this brief and comprehensive digest of their annals.

CHAPTER VIII.

The interior of the monastery: life of the inmates: their costume: cells: diet: religious services—Ceremonies of probation: discipline: occupations: grazing and breeding of cattle—Making of liqueurs and elixirs, &c.—The vespers and matins—Eucharist—The study or practice of music forbidden—The result of such a *veto*.

At the first sound of the bell which my young muleteer rang at the gate, the porter, habited in a dark-brown monastic garb of coarsest cloth, not very unlike that worn by Capuchin monks, bade me enter the court-yard, which is about six times the size of that of our Admiralty; and while the mule was walking off to the stables, I stepped into the lodge. The stables are on a large scale, and could accommodate ten times as many horses as are brought to the premises; but considering that in less than an hour the animal might reach St. Laurent du Pont, my order was given that it should return thither, and come up in the forenoon of next day, and remain at the monastery till I required its services. The Porter's Lodge resembled

a watch-house, and was fitted up with a short counter behind which a second porter or lodge-keeper transacts a little business, day after day, in selling medals, chaplets, and relics, after the Romish taste, as keepsakes for the pious; many of which are bought, like those at Loretto, by travellers wishing to take home to their families and acquaintances at home some characteristic reminiscences of the spot. Here, also, are sold bottles and flasks of the liqueurs and medicinal elixirs made by the monks. While I was glancing over these unconsidered trifles, the porter rang a bell which brought a lay brother, habited like himself, across the court; and by him I was conducted into the main building, at the entrance of which the eye ranges through the whole vista of a cloister three hundred and eighty-two feet in length. This vestibule or entrance-hall communicates by two passages with the spacious wings wherein, in early times, the priors, from cognate secondary communities, resorting to the General Chapter, used to be lodged; but where now all strangers are supplied with "sleeping accommodation" for two nights. Four doors in this hall, two on either side, open into as many distinct rooms, of very large dimensions, originally intended for the exclusive occupation of the priors; and above the architrave of each door is a blue coloured label inscribed in gilt letters, severally: "Salle d'Italie, d'Allemagne, de Bourgogne, d'Aquitaine." Accordingly as they admitted of being classed, under these distinctive allocations, these dignitaries were ushered into the saloons appropriate to them, and entertained with all due attention and observance during the whole period of their stay.

Two French gentlemen, one of whom had travelled much in England and Scotland, had arrived upwards of two hours earlier than myself, and were seated in the Burgundy saloon, into which the groom of the chambers, as we may call him, conducted me without reference to tribe or nation. I might have thanked him for an introduction to good and agreeable company; for, as new comers into strange, very strange quarters, we speedily were on the best of terms, surveying, and wondering at, many things in common.

On the right hand side of this long cloister or corridor are the cells of the officers of the Order: on the left are the chapel and church, the entry into which, for the *religious* inmates of the house, is through a door on a level with the pavement of the cloister. Strangers are never admitted into the chapel or church, but ascend a flight of about twenty stone-steps which lead into what is called in France a 'tribune,' but which exactly resembles one of our singing galleries in country churches; though of highly superior style and structure. From this elevation they look down into the ante-chapel from which the church is parted by a very high panelled screen, as in the university chapels; and thus one-half only,—that is, the altar end—is visible from the tribune. The kitchen, larder, and pantry, and the refectory are, also, on the left side of this cloister; but unless under special application, which I ascertained it was not worth while making, these offices are not shown in the ordinary promenade through the premises. The principal table in the kitchen is of marble, and twenty-five feet long.

At the extremity of the cloister, on one side, are the apartments of the Reverend Father General: on the other, the library containing six thousand volumes, the greater part of which have been contributed by the monks as they severally joined the community, and are of no great value. Let me except Canon Selwyn's "Horæ Hebraicæ," on the prophecy of Isaiah, presented by himself to the Carthusians. The original library, now incorporated with that of Grenoble, was regarded as very precious, and comprised three hundred volumes edited in the first year of the invention of printing.

On the same elevation with the chapel tribune is the map gallery; a curious exhibition of all the painted and decorated ground-plans and elevations of every Carthusian house built since the foundation of the Order, up to the eighteenth century. I endeavoured to find a true and particular delineation of the snug quarters occupied *apud Londinenses* by the predecessors of Venerable "Master Hale;" but the paintings were so dirty, and the lights so dim, that I failed to find *our* Charter House in the collection; though, doubtless, it is there. Beyond the gallery is the Chapter House; a noble apartment,—the cornice of which is adorned, or more properly speaking, fitted up with a double row of wretchedly executed portraits of all the Generals of the Order, from the days of St. Bruno: and below these are two and twenty very tolerable copies, in oil, of Le Sueur's pictures illustrative of the life of St. Bruno, as recorded in the legends already quoted. The originals are at the Louvre; but these copies were made, it is said, by an inferior artist under the eye of Le Sueur

himself. When the monastery was stripped in 1792 they were all sent to the museum at Grenoble, but were restored in 1821.

I need hardly say they depict all I have already related respecting Bruno. The third in order represents Doctor Diocré speaking from his coffin !

The name of Eustache Le Sueur must be familiar to any one conversant with the early school of French Art. He was born in Paris in 1617, nine years later than Nicholas Mignard, the Court painter. Happening to kill an adversary in a duel, he took refuge in a Carthusian house that then stood on the site occupied by the present Luxembourg Palace Gardens; and where, I have lately heard, a statue is about to be erected to his memory. In this retreat he painted the twenty two pictures above mentioned; and, having effected a reconciliation with the family of his deceased antagonist, commenced an active career as an historical painter, but returned from the house he had taken in Paris to the monastic domicile, worn out by application to his art, and sinking under the debilitating influences of constitutional malady. He died among the Carthusians in the year 1655, at the early age of thirty-eight years.

Having seen the most remarkable objects in the upper part of the monastery, I descended to the Great Cloisters; the most extraordinary covered ways, I imagine, within walls, that are to be found in Europe;—both being nearly seven hundred feet long. They are on a gently inclined plane, owing to the position of the buildings on an impracticable slope; and receive light from a hundred and

thirty windows. It is impossible to recognise any individual, however intimately known, if beheld at the extremity of the distance, where the dimness produced by the perspective and diminishing light makes the length appear even greater than it really is. As was stated in the last chapter, these cloisters consisting of two extremely long sites and two comparatively short, were not completed under one architect, nor according to one original design; and the architecture is varied accordingly, but not disadvantageously.

Along this cloister are the doors of entry into the monks' cells, thirty-five in number. Each cell (they are called "Cellules," but it is a misnomer) is, in fact, a separate house, built up in a row, containing two apartments lighted by three windows. These comprehend a small closet for private prayer; a study of the same dimensions; and a bed-chamber. Below are a work-shop or laboratory, and a wood-house; and through these is the entry into a little garden, walled on all sides to the height of twelve feet, and separating its cultivator entirely from his neighbours. All intercommunication and converse are rigidly interdicted as a violation of solemn vows!

I entered one of these habitations. It was the very concentration of coarse and abasing poverty; in the self-imposed endurance of which a common mind would contract more and more, daily; and a finer spirit degenerate. And this I believe to be the influence, with rare exceptions, of such austerities and abnegations of the ties of social intercourse:—the effect resulting from a system which "gives the lie," as it were, to that declaration wherein we are

taught that *it is not good that man should be alone*. Outside each door, in the passage, was a square hole penetrating the thickness of the wall, and opening or closing with a panel on hinges, through which an emissary from the kitchen introduces provisions, at meal times, into this covert of stint and mortification.

Leading out, also, from this great Cloister are the Chapelle des Morts and the Burial Ground, in the centre of which stands a stone cross twenty feet high. The graves of the Generals, only, are designated by small stone crosses at the head; but even these have no inscription; and not a letter is annexed to tell of the departed, who die, each in his turn, as he lived,—“the world forgetting, by the world forgot.”

Every time the monk leaves his place of habitation, his eyes glance on the plot of ground where his remains must lie when this “show of wisdom in will worship and humility and neglecting of the body” shall have ended.

The Trappists are reported as digging each day with their own *hands* a portion of the pit into which they must descend when their unprofitable career shall have closed. The Carthusian may be said to be daily

“Taking the measure of an unmade grave”*

with their *eyes*.

There are, at the present time, thirty-nine Monks, called Fathers:—Ecclesiastics that have taken the vows, for life:

* Shakspeare’s “Romco and Juliet.”

and twenty-four Brothers or Friars, (Frères). When the Poet Gray and Horace Walpole visited the monastery, in 1739, there were a hundred of the former, and three hundred of the latter; but the Great *Revolution* has done its work in the Great Chartreuse since that date.

The Fathers wear a whitish woollen cássock, resembling the flannel gowns in which we see hospital patients moving about when first able to quit their beds in the ward: and over this is a gown of the same material without sleeves, and open to the extent of twelve or fourteen inches all the way down from the tip of the shoulder to the foot, except at about the height of twenty inches or two feet, perhaps, from the ground, where a connecting band, shaped like "the king's broad arrow," points downwards, uniting the fore part of this gown to the hinder. It is surmounted by a cowl, (to be drawn on, or backward, at will) very closely resembling a jelly bag of large dimensions; for the peak rises considerably above the back of the bald pate of the wearer, and imparts, as much as any portion of this most unbecoming and derogatory costume, a thoroughly old-womanish appearance to the whole *man*. I was assured it was a garb of remotest antiquity; even of the period of the ancient Gauls, as illustrated in several remains of Roman sculpture bearing reference to the *aborigines* of Dauphiné and several of the adjoining provinces: and that it is still to be traced in the common dress of the mountaineers in the province of Vivarais, Department of Ardèche. In fact, the agricultural labourers of Dauphiné, Franche Comté, Languedoc, and Provence, were habitually clothed in garments closely resembling it up to the thirteenth century.

His Holiness the Pope's crest is the cross with the motto "Pax." The Carthusian banner exhibits the cross with the motto "Stat crux dum volvitur orbis;" and these words are inscribed over the doors throughout the building. They admit of various interpretations; but that which seems most consistent with the spirit of these recluses is—

"The vain distracting world whirls round :—
The Cross unmoved maintains its ground."

There have not been wanting keen and sarcastic expositors whose version would render it somewhat less charitably than my distich has : Thus, for instance—

"While all the world in light and knowledge speeds,
The monk in darkness stands, and tells his beads!"

which many of my readers will, probably, think, with the Abbé Lacordaire, is the matter of fact construction of this relic of monastic Latinity.

Just as I entered the long corridor first mentioned, I saw the Fathers issuing from the door, on the left, which led into their chapel. The vesper service was concluded. Each seemed, as they turned off in all directions, to betake himself to his silent, sullen retreat without exchanging word or look with his fellow recluse; and they speedily disappeared. No *Brothers* appeared in the throng. The Brothers are laymen received into the Order, as individuals engaging themselves to occupy all their time in the work indispensably necessary for carrying on the concerns of the

Establishment within and without doors. This often involves the most menial labour.

The noviciate of the Brothers lasts nine years; during which period, not being bound by any vows forbidding it, they may eat flesh, *without the walls*; and may withdraw at will from the community, or be dismissed, on sufficient grounds shown for such expulsion. On week days they are habited in the brown woollen garb already mentioned. On Sundays and festivals they wear a dress made after the same pattern, but white instead of brown. Those who have taken the vows wear the same costume with the Fathers, shave their heads, and let their beards grow.

When an individual desiring to be admitted as a Carthusian Father, makes application, with that object, at the monastery, he is strictly questioned by the superiors with a view to ascertain whether his motives, principles, and opinions be in accordance with the spirit of the original founders; and if the result of such scrutiny be encouraging they consign him to a set of vacant rooms (on the scale already described) where he must remain for a month; it having, however, been ascertained, preliminarily, that he is a proficient in the Latin language; as each Father, being the occupant of a choral-stall, and in Holy Orders, must be competent to assist, and, if need be, officiate in the ritual.

During this month of probation, he conforms to all the rules of the Community, and attends at Divine Service in his peculiar habit, but enveloped in a cloak. At the expiration of the month, the Fathers deliberate on the propriety of permitting him to assume the habit; and, if the

majority of the Council be in favour of his admission, he is invested accordingly, and enters on his noviciate, which continues through the space of two years. In this interval he wears a black cape, instead of the white cowl above-mentioned. An inspector, or, as he is called, Master of the Novices, has the over-sight of such candidate during the whole period; and, as the last month approaches, the novice asks the consent of the Fathers, in chapel assembled, to his enrolment among their number. This formal application is made three times; and then, on the first festival next ensuing, he pronounces his vows at High Mass, and becomes a Carthusian Father till death. He leaves the world for ever.

The regimen and routine of these Monks is as follows :

They meet daily in the chapel for Divine Service: the order of attendance being—Matins at a quarter before twelve, midnight, till a quarter to two. Early service at seven in the morning till half-past eight, or a quarter to nine. Mass at eleven. Vespers at three in the afternoon.

On Sunday they take their meals together in the Refectory; on which occasion, one of the Fathers reads a lecture unto edifying of the brethren; but not a word of conversation is uttered.

On week days each eats in his own room.

Once in the week, (on Thursday; the day on which I quitted their dismal home), they all go forth in company for a walk of three hours in the mountains; on which occasion they are permitted to converse freely. A similar

indulgence is conceded on festivals. This walk is called the "Spaciment;" a term derived, possibly, from the Italian "Spassamento,"—"a recreative diversion." There is another Italian word "Spassegiamento," signifying "a promenade, or walking out."

With exception of these set occasions, they never leave their rooms, except for chapel attendance, or a few minutes' resort to the opposite side of their cloister, or a brief call on the Superior and other officers.

Their vows impose on each a course of study for the mind, and of labour for the hands, by which solitude may be beguiled. They are required to read spiritual books, (such dreary, dreamy tomes !) to peruse the Daily Office ; to address the Almighty in mental prayer, and to meditate on Christian faith and duty. Their notions on active Religion must be somewhat confused and contradictory.

Cleanliness and neatness are enjoined by the Code, for the preservation of health and propriety in their lone dwellings ; no ornaments of any description, or decorative arrangements, are tolerated. Those who have a taste for drawing or painting are not discountenanced in their cultivation of such art : Those who are gifted with no such accomplishment must betake themselves to something more commonplace. They are expected to keep their gardens in comely trim and full bearing ; and to cleave and saw wood for their fuel. *This* must prove a never-failing occupation in such elevated and cold regions ; and reminds me of a counsel given to a friend of mine, (when a very young curate, living in a dull, secluded village,) by his aged, and matter of fact rector : " Always set yourself something

to do, sir. If you don't like sermon writing, *saw and cut up wood!*"

Some of them have a turning lathe; and many of them do a little "in the carpentering way." Others are expert in binding books, and classifying plants and flowers, medicinal herbs, &c. In the latter mystery, several attain to great proficiency and acumen, and superintend the operations carried on by a section of the brothers continually occupied in the laboratory; where the liqueurs, and Elixir are made; the repute of which may be said to be almost European.

Of these liqueurs there are four varieties :

1. The Elixir (special) of the Chartreux; bottles of which are put up in wooden cases turned (at the lathe above-mentioned,) in bottle-scape, and sold, according to quantity, from eighteen pence to four shillings and ninepence, English money.

The first named sum purchases a little flask containing about six or seven ounces. The last is the charge for a pint and a half. It is used almost exclusively as a stomachic-medicine.

2. The "Liqueur Verte," as strong as Scotch whiskey; a pint and a half of which is sold for three shillings and eightpence.*

I brought home one of these bottles. The liqueur is as potent as Curaçoa: but has no flavour of Orange. I believe its aroma is derived from Angelica plant, Thyme, and sweet Balm mint; though these are compounded with

* Sold in London for fifteen shillings, as I have recently ascertained.

numerous other fragrant productions of the genuine *Convent Garden*.*

3. The Liqueur Jaune; similar to the preceding, but not so strong, nor so sweet. Perhaps this is the best; though the pint and a half is sold for two shillings and sixpence only.

4. The Liqueur Blanche; called the "Balm of the Chartreux."

The pint and a half is sold at the lodge for three shillings and eightpence.

Upwards of fifty plants, seeds, and flowers are used in the fabrication of these liqueurs; the chief basis being the first shoots of the pine tree; wormwood (absinthe), mountain-pinks, mint, balm, &c. They are sold in the principal cities of France, and are sent into very remote provinces, where tastes, of course, as well as men, differ. It is a rich and rare compound, highly prized. Still, so far as judgment has been pronounced on the sample I selected as a *Chasse Café*, the objectionable "but" has arisen from a slight "physicky" taste in the generous fluid—

"With spirits of balm and fragrant spirits mixt."

The breeding, fattening, and general improvement of stock, is another favourite occupation among the brothers, under the superintendence of Dom Garmier their reverend purveyor and bursar. It also contributes very materially towards the funds of the community. It appears they

* Our Covent Garden was so named from the site having been formerly that of a convent and its gardens.

have succeeded (by judicious "crossing,") in sending down, for exhibition, some of the finest bulls and cows yet seen in Grenoble, Valence, or Avignon; and won annual prizes at the Agricultural Meetings of the Department. It does not appear, however, that any specimens reached Paris for the Agricultural Exposition of last June. The range of out-door employment is varied and extensive; for it is a main point to be as little dependent as possible on the Low-lands; and though their abstinence from meat exempts them from the necessity of keeping shambles on their *enceinte*, the monks are bakers, brewers, distillers, confectioners and druggists, cullers of simples and compounders of chymicals; besides doing a large amount of upholstery, tailoring, laundry work, and other such business connected with "Miscellanies chiefly Domestic."

Among the *nostrums* to which more than mere local celebrity seemed to be attached is what they term the Boule d'Acier, or steel ball; a hard substance, about the size of a billiard-ball, resembling black-lead mixed with pumice-stone, and made upon the principle, as I imagine, of our Magnetic Razor Stropps; but, far from being soft and yielding, it is hard to the touch. They sell it as a specific for bruises, and I saw it in many shops at Grenoble.

The fifty cows belonging to the monastery are all milked by friars, and all the dairy-work is in their hands; all the cleansing, scouring, washing, mangling, ironing; but in France, where men are so much more commonly employed to clean floors, "empty slops," and make beds, than

women are, these avocations are not so inconsistent as they would appear to be in our country.

I was much disappointed in not finding any musical instruments among the brethren. There was no organ in the church, nor music of any kind in their devotions. The study of music, or any indulgence whatever in the concord of sweet sounds, is strictly interdicted by the laws laid down, for perpetual observance, by the founders. So I took back, untouched, to England, the ancient Latin Lauds of the Christian Church which I had hoped to introduce with some *éclat* ; and to hear sung by divers alti, tenori, and bassi, among the holy men.

Their discipline enjoins spare diet (such as *we* should consider fasting) through eight months out of the twelve ; a total abstinence from animal food, even in illness ; and from fermented liquors. Their supper seldom exceeds two eggs and a lettuce, or root of endive, or whatever other vegetable may be in season. They dine on broth, eggs dressed in various ways, fish, (when procurable,) vegetables, pastry and fruit. They never sleep between linen or calico sheets, but lie on straw, covered with their blankets. All their clothing, shirts and stockings inclusive, is woollen. Their heads are entirely shaved ; not as the Capuchin monks are seen, with a circlet of hair left round the scalp, but shaved so as to be entirely bald : their beards are cut twice in a month. Throughout the year they go to bed between eight and nine o'clock at night, and rise after four hours' rest. A bell is then rung, at the sound of which they begin to rehearse the Office of the Virgin, in their room ; and three quarters of an hour afterwards it is

rung again, to summon them to the church where they chant the Canonical service enjoined for midnight. I understood them to call it their "Matins."

Determining to see what this midnight service might prove to be, I went to bed, at half-past nine, in (No. 15, Provincie Franciæ,") the cell allotted to me. My hostess at St. Laurent du Pont had stored my wallet; premising I might find but queer caterers for an Englishman's taste, "up in the mountains and clouds;" and I lay demurely enough, not even venturing on "forty winks," till I heard a bell, (strongly reminding me of Brazenose College, Oxford,) ring at a quarter to twelve. I rose; struck a light, and stepped forth into the dormitory passage, where a Friar had placed an oil lamp on the ground, as a guide to further progress; he having learned from me, some hours previously, that I intended to be present at Matins. On my way down to the corridor, leading to the chapel entry, I met one of the French gentlemen who had arrived the day before, and whose *curiosity* was equally on the alert, and, as he said, much stronger than his *relish* of these vigils. We soon found our way to the Tribune already described; and a cold *sederunt* we had of it! A single glimmering lamp depended from the lofty vaulted ceiling of the ante-chapel into which we looked down, the light from which barely sufficed to reveal any form that might present itself below. It faintly illuminated a small white cross surmounting the partition-screen which divided the ante-chapel from the choir; and around that cross was a white, slender scroll like the tendril of a vine interweaving in its bends seven stars, commemorative of those declared by

Hugo of Grenoble, to have been seen by him in the vision already related. This cross surrounded by stars is the adopted emblazonry of the Grande Chartreuse, and is frequently superadded where the motto "Stat Crux" &c. is inscribed.

In about ten minutes' time we heard a door open below, and, looking over the ledge of the gallery, could with difficulty distinguish two of the Fathers proceeding towards the door in the partition. Each carried a long lanthorn, four or five times larger than our policemen's; which lanthorn he placed before him on the ledge or book-desk of his stall, where, after a short prayer, on entering, he ensconced himself, drawing his cowl quite over his head. Though in the height of summer, the night air was exceedingly keen. Three novices next entered, similarly habited, with exception of the cowl; in lieu of which they wore black capes. These, also, bore lanthorns. About thirty or thirty-four individuals, perhaps, passed through.

Presently, three or four voices began; and then all the rest, seemingly, continued to chant the service. I think I have never heard any sounds so unharmonious, harsh, and repulsive since, teaching psalmody in Sunday schools, and quelling discords in singing galleries, I laboured with considerable loss of time, breath, and equanimity to make young people comprehend that fifths are not thirds; and old ones believe that growling and roaring do not constitute singing. The nearest resemblance to the intoning in that Carthusian chapel that rose to memory was presented by vivid reminiscences of certain bellowsings I had heard in England, at no great distance from our own Charter House; in Smithfield,

for instance, on market morning, when two score calves, in narrow and crowded pens, were clamouring at the loss of their parents and pastures, and wailing over the injurious treatment received at the hands of the drivers, when their tails were twisted to make them close up in one direction, and their flanks goaded to compel them, the next moment, to take another.

I affirm in the words of truth and soberness, that the lowing of cattle was the only sound that the earth owed where these white-flannelled asceticks sate chanting in the dead of night. Nothing could be more wearisome, flat, or unprofitable;—less like “reasonable service” of God, or less conducive to the rise and progress of religion in the soul.

There was just sufficient light from each monk’s lanthorn to enable us to perceive that at certain periods of this most cacophonous chorus “before the morning watch,” they drew on, or off, their cowls; at sight of which it was impossible to avoid thinking of those German weather-glasses called “Friars,” in which a Capuchin is represented holding a barometrical tube, and wearing a cowl, which, moving on a slender axis, either wholly or partially covers his bald head; or lies back on the nape of his neck, according to the dryness or moisture of the atmosphere.

I staid shivering in the “nipping and eager air” of my watch from a quarter to twelve till ten minutes to two; that I might behold and hear all that was to be said, sung, or done.

About seven times during that interval, they so placed their lamps as to be left in almost total darkness. This

must have been effected either by the drawing of a slide across the glass, or by turning the illuminating side towards the panelled wainscot in front of the stalls. At certain periods, also, the monks disappeared entirely;—the three or four nearest, at least, were alone discernible. On these occasions they threw themselves into a position of ease at the bottom of the stalls which closely resembled the attitude in which we often see the stone effigies of saintly divines, or time-honoured sages and statesmen, placed on their tombs in the aisles of some mediæval abbey. Each lay on his right side; with his head reposing in his right hand; (the other hand being applied to his chest) for an interval of breathless silence, during which one might count fifty. On rising from this posture, which, at my instance, one of them subsequently explained to me and imitated, and which, it seems, was enjoined to them by the canon set forth by the primitive founders, as a position of easement best suited to profound meditation,—(with the eyes closed and the world shut out,)—they recommenced the dismal howl already described.

As I have stated, the study of music is forbidden in this monastery; and here are the consequences;—God is grudged the glorification that might have been offered by the best member (as the Psalmist of Israel designates the tongue) that they have; and after two mortal hours of vociferation, they can but say, in the words of Jeremiah “they have made *a noise* in the House of the Lord.” I have heard “thanksgiving and the voice of melody” in beautiful combination at the barefooted Capuchins’ chapel in the Roman Forum, the vesper chant of whose predecessors in

the Temple of Jupiter, on the 15th of October, 1764, first suggested to Gibbon, as he sat musing amidst the ruins of the Capitol, the idea of writing his "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire."

I also well remember one of the Augustine monks stationed on the frozen summit of the St. Bernard Alp, showing me, with delight, a pianoforte in his "snuggery," the gift of some kind-hearted English lady; and employing me to play a "Sanctus" on the chapel organ, while he left the instrument to go and receive the Eucharistic sacrament at the altar. He and several of his brethren, he told me, cultivated music as a delightful resource in their solitude, "and to improve the services in the chapel." Indeed, he had a critical ear: for I saw him wince, as he began to complain of the junior priest singing the whole of the "Angelus" half a note too flat! This was in the year 1820.

These alternate prostrations, bellowings, and lamp screenings continued till about two o'clock in the morning, when they dispersed; each carrying his lanthorn as when he went in: and then I repaired to my cell. The French gentleman who had entered the gallery with me left it in the course of twenty minutes; having, as he said, *enjoyed* a sufficiently long opportunity of appreciating the beauty of their "fonctions:"—"un charivari, Monsieur, à faire rire!"

At seven o'clock, the bell rang again. Believing it just possible I might witness some interesting variety in the service, I resumed my place in the gallery; but there was scarcely any difference, except in rather less noise. I saw

the prostration more distinctly ; but as there was no Communion this morning, I had no opportunity of observing the ceremony usual on that occasion. In this sacramental rite their custom differs from the general practice of the Roman Catholic Church. The communicants receive in both kinds. After taking the wafer, they pass the Chalice from one to another till all have drunk of the consecrated wine. This, doubtless, was the primitive custom of the Catholic Church ;—and the Carthusians have retained it.

At these celebrations of the Lord's Supper, the monks stand in line before the steps of the altar ; and directly the Creed is begun by the officiating priest, they all throw themselves forward, and assume the position I have already described, and remain in it for ten minutes. This motionless prostration of nearly forty individuals, clad in the light stone coloured garb of their Order, must resemble a group of statues collected from the shrines and monuments of some ancient abbey : not that the Carthusian costume is purely ecclesiastical : it is, strictly speaking, that of the indigent classes of the population of Dauphiné, and the adjacent provinces, if not of the whole of France and Germany, at the period of Bruno's institution (he, himself, being a German), of the Order ; and was adopted by him as an indicative mark of self-humbling, self mortifying poverty.

The Morning Service terminated at half-past eight o'clock. I saw three Capuchin monks within a few yards of my seat in the Tribune, who, though I could not distinguish any clearly articulated sounds of speak-

ing or chanting voices, seemed to evince deep interest in the ritual. One of them was the handsomest man wearing the habit and tonsure of his order I had ever beheld. They had, probably wandered hither from Italy.

CHAPTER IX.

Description of the cell occupied by the author—Carthusian breakfast pottage—A comparison—Shylock's determination emulated—Restrictions imposed on visitors—Dom Garnier described—Affecting incident in the early life of one of the monks—The Carthusian houses extant in Europe—The lady visitors' quarters—Bruno's interdict against womankind—Shrewd question raised hereupon by a *fille-de-chambre* in the present day—Rumour of George Sand—Some account of the travellers' Album formerly kept in the monastery—Meals supplied to strangers: how paid for—Reflections on the absurdity and inconsistencies of this Order of Monachism.

As I was not at all aware of the kind of entertainment that might be afforded at the monastery,—for, “Bolton Abbey in the Olden Time,” must not be regarded as a specimen of monastic diet and larders in the nineteenth century,—my hostess at St. Laurent du Pont had, in a very small compass, provided me with all that was needful for a non-conforming visitor's supper; and my *compagnon de voyage* spirit lamp, doing its best with fire and water, rendered me altogether independent of the boiler in the unseen, unapproachable Carthusian kitchen. Accordingly,

I did not form one of the party of six travellers who ate an evening repast in the "Salle de Bourgogne;" but, with somewhat of the recluse, just for the nonce, supped alone *in my cell*.

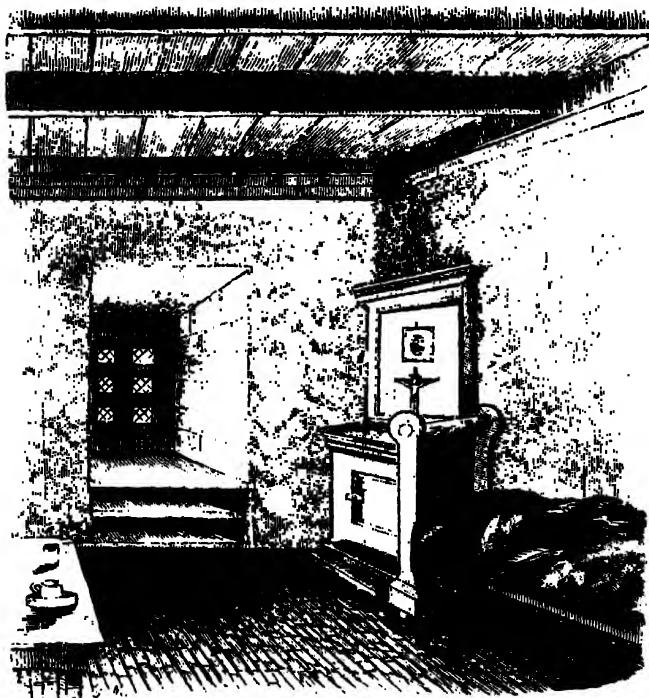
This was a homely room about fifteen feet long, ten wide, and fourteen in height; the outer wall being thirty inches in thickness; the floor of red brick; the walls of stone, rough plaistered; the ceiling of pine wood, neither lathed nor plaistered, nor whitewashed: the joists and plankings being visible. There was no fireplace. The casement window, four feet high and a yard wide, in six compartments, divided by a very thick stone mullion, and sunk in the thickness of the wall, opposite to the door, overlooked a grassy court and a gable or two of the buildings; mountains and woods, with fleecy clouds resting thereon, in the background. A rough and rickety deal table, quite bare, and of the commonest imaginable construction, (made, perhaps, by some amateur carpenter among the friars), stood and rocked on the left side of the apartment; an oval and very shallow crockery-ware basin of the pie or, rather, potted-meat dish form, being placed on it, with a white pitcher filled with water alongside, a rough towel, and a mug. A small chair stood by the table. The bedstead was of pine-wood, wax polished, and resembled the generality of single bedsteads in France, without testa or curtain. The blankets were tolerably clean; the sheets likewise; but exceedingly coarse. A cotton rug counterpane covered the bed; a narrow strip of striped green carpet lay on the floor alongside. The space in the recess, under the window, was fitted with two broad deal shelves.

Between the foot of the bedstead and the corner of the wall at the window, on the bedstead side of the room, stood what I supposed to be intended for, and exclusively resorted to as, an altar. It resembled what we call a chifonier; having a broad ledge or slab, under which was a broad panelled door. Turning a button, by which it was kept closed, I perceived two broad shelves inside: the whole of pine wood. At the foot of this was a low wooden stool, extending through the entire width of this equivocal piece of furniture, (about a yard and a half), and which was evidently meant for the knees of a person worshipping before the crucifix placed on the slab. At the back of this was a panelled frame upwards of five feet square, surmounted by a cornice, the moulding of which overhung the ledge or slab below to the extent of eighteen or twenty inches. Under this wooden canopy hung a black frame, glazed, containing an engraving, — the representation of the Virgin Mary; and below this stood the small ebony cross bearing an ivory image of our Lord crucified. It was no irreverence which led me to consider this article of furniture to be placed where it was for the combined purposes of a chamber altar and a wardrobe or commode. I had seen apparel and books deposited in a similar piece of cabinet work, many years before, in Savoy.

The apartment here described bore a most melancholy aspect. I had been in many a convent in various parts of Europe, but this was the gloomiest berth in all my experiences. I should have slept soundly, nevertheless, had I not continued on the watch, half-dressed; and given up both night and morning to the service in that cold, dark

chapel, the wailings and grating echoes of which are in my mind's ear at this moment.

The sleeping-rooms are all alike. I saw eight of them. Possibly, in the depth of winter, travellers may be lodged in cells containing a fireplace; but I doubt it. The lay



brother, seemingly a menial servant, who conducted me to roost, appeared extremely reluctant to speak; but I succeeded in extorting from him two short words when enquiring how I should know the exact time when the fathers would begin their matins.

“ On sonne,”* was his reply.

When, previously to walking through the whole interior of the monastery, I went down at nine o'clock in the morning to the Salle, or reception hall, into which I had been ushered in the afternoon of the day before, one of the friars enquired whether I was of the party who had ordered breakfast there ; and, upon finding I was independent of them, and alone, he asked me what he could do for *me* in respect of that meal. With the traveller's usual reply, I rejoined with :

“ What is there to be had ?”

“ Oh ! there was *un potage très excellent*, bread, wine, and, perhaps, a salad.”

“ What ! no milk !”

“ No : none.” (They keep fifty cows !)

Now I always recoil from *potage* in France. In nine cases out of ten it is a vapid, illusive, unmeaning composition, enfeebling the digestive powers,—suggestive of the promise of some cherishing soup, and breaking it to the hope. Moreover, it is a greasy beginning of the day's aliment, and a wretched substitute, in the Englishman's view of breakfast and comfort, for tea, coffee, or cocoa. Being, nevertheless, on a scene of entire novelty, I consented that he should at once introduce me to a very large silver tureen that stood upon a side table or beaufet ; and took the massive ladle in my hand. He removed the lid. Reader, have you ever stepped into a room the ceiling of which was about to be “ stopped,” preparatorily to white-washing ?

* A bell is rung.

Have you seen a bucket of slimy, greyish composition, resembling soapsuds and lime, mingled with wood ashes, used by plaisterers, in their craft, when applying lye, and preparing for distemper?

There it stood, thick and slab; a *mélange*, apparently, of oatmeal, size, and blacking; lukewarm and beginning to *set*, like gravy in mid-winter. The wily friar marked the expression of my countenance, as he stood with the lid of the lordly dish uplifted in air, and saw, as in the case of the horse led by *one* man to a pond, that not *all* the brethren in the monastery could ever induce me to *drink*. I shook my head ominously, and with a “*remercie!*” which, being interpreted, would have sounded like “not for all the revenue of your House,” I bade him immediately remove the turbid mass, and bring me a glass of cold water.

My French fellow-travellers, at the upper end of the long table, were not a little amused at my rejection of the friar’s compounds, and bantered him on his conceptions of English taste. They said they had just discussed a very fair omelette and some hot coffee, and advised me to share with them a dram; *un petit verre* from the bottle of *liqueur verte*, (highly coloured, in green, with angelica plant, and redolent of its aroma), which he had poured out for them from among many such bottles placed on the centre of the table.

“*Goutez-en!*” (Taste it): .

“And then to breakfast with what appetite you have.”*

* Shakspeare’s “Henry VIII.”

But, I preferred some soluble chocolate in my "deadly lively" roosting place aloft, and neither tasted, nor touched, nor dared even to *scent* the friar's "prologue to an egg and butter," though, to this hour, I doubt not, he proffers it as oatmeal porridge. There were dried prunes, raisins, and almonds, Barcelona nuts and biscuits on the long table; and a large assortment of the celebrated liqueurs; but the general appearance of things was cheerless; and I felt, as I withdrew from the table, as when I left their chapel, the full force of Shylock's words to Bassanio:

"I will buy with you, sell with you, talk with you, walk with you, and so following; but I will not eat with you, drink with you, or pray with you."

When at a later hour in the day, I was sauntering round the room, I read the following notices printed on strips of paper, and affixed to the walls:

"Strangers are not to speak to the *Religieux* (monks) without permission of the Reverend Father; and then only in the case of near relationship, or on matters of business.

"Not to speak to the Lay Brothers, or enter their work-rooms, without permission previously obtained.

"Not to talk aloud outside the chapel, nor to enter it after the "Angelus;" nor before it, *unaccompanied*.

"Not to remain longer than two days on the premises."

When Mr. Beckford (of Fonthill) and his friend Mr. Lettice visited this monastery, some seven or eight years previous to the great Revolution in France, they found it

in a high and palmy state of prosperity and enlightenment compared with all that met my notice on this occasion ; and so far from fixing a set day for the departure of any intelligent and social strangers disposed to prolong their visit, they emulated the converts of Cæsarea in their welcome of St. Peter, and prayed him to tarry certain days, seeking frequent occasions of conversation with Mr. B.

It is not, however, altogether "lenten entertainment" that travellers receive in this bleak and melancholy mountain home ; for though the friars' notions on a first class *soup* may be somewhat fond and delusive, I was given to understand they could put a very tolerable dinner on table, later in the day, consisting of fish, omelettes, various vegetables, pastry, creams, preserves and fruits ; the Alpine strawberries, *par excellence*, (in Summer) ; but I bade them farewell at noon on the second day ; leaving a gratuity for my night accommodation, by which I might have enjoyed a long and sound sleep, had I not intruded into their "orisons."

Dom (the abbreviation for Dominus) Garnier to whom I brought a kind of message of introduction, would, in all probability, have suggested my longer sojourn ; but I hardly cared to break up the fallow-ground in which little or nothing had evidently been cultivated beyond the range of every day matter of fact commonplaces and local avocations. He seemed what we expressively term a "fussy" subject ; the French would say "trop affairé."

I sought him out on the afternoon of my arrival, and soon found him. His office comprehends the oversight of all the out-door work, agricultural, pastoral, and botani-

cal ; all that relates to grazing, breeding, and fattening ; to brewing, baking, grinding, mowing, or harvesting :—In short, all that contributes in any respect to the maintenance and support of the brotherhood, or to the revenues of the establishment as a house to be kept in repair and solvency and independence, seems to come within his province and control. He concludes all bargains of sale and purchase,—inspects and checks all exports and imports,—and gives audience, as I witnessed, to all applicants on business, from the country of the plains, or from “ the hills and far away.”

He is a tall spare man of rather ruddy complexion, and would present a far more seemly mien were he to shave his chin daily ; but this salutary operation being limited to once in a fortnight, only, the beard becomes stubbly, accumulates dust and foreign matter, and induces a low, plebeian appearance which few, very few visages can contract with impunity. He is reserved in speech, as by holy vow constrained ; and embarrassed and ill at ease in manner ; too careful, I should say, about many things, and too busied with much serving to be able to address his attention to any abstract subject not immediately connected with the temporal affairs of the brotherhood ; for, say what they will, they have temporalities to take thought for ; and though, assuredly, *they* are not of that class who live to eat, they must one and all, like ordinary mortals, eat to live ; and Dom Garnier is expressly designated “ Le père Procureur,” which, be it observed, signifies not either a proctor or attorney, up in these mountains, but simply a purveyor ; and this function, in such a forlorn region, cannot be a sinecure.

He seemed surprised to see an Englishman and a Protestant; hardly understanding how any one born in London, and moving in the phases of active life, could form the design of penetrating such a solitude; and expressed his apprehension of not being able to find anything, within range or reach of his notice, to amuse me; being wholly ignorant of our language, and the possessor of very few books, though he had plenty of *dried plants* (not very unapt emblems of himself!) and of wild flowers, some of which he was subjecting to maceration in a very business like manner when I entered his laboratory. It appeared to him quite an extraordinary event (in point of fact there was nothing in it) that I should have formed ever so slight an acquaintance with a Romish priest, his friend the Incumbent of Chavanoz; and that I should express so earnest a wish to see one particular member of the community whose eventful history Monsieur Varnoux, Curé, had related to me; but it appeared to me, in my turn, not a little remarkable, that cognizant as Dom Garnier was of all the facts connected with it, he should have remained up to the moment of my inquiries wholly ignorant of the Monk's family name. He said he hardly felt justified in endeavouring to procure an interview with the individual in question, but would point him out to me among the brethren at a convenient season.

The peculiar circumstances here referred to were these: About twenty-four years ago, a boy between eight and nine years of age, the son of a little proprietor in the district of Val d'Aosta, had been sent by his parents with a letter to one of their friends, inhabitants of a village in Piedmont, who, on his arrival at a later hour in the afternoon than

seemed to admit of his regaining home before nightfall, persuaded the lad, much against his inclination, to stay with them till the next morning, when the receiver of the letter said he would accompany him on his way home, some four or five miles distant. The young messenger was thus induced to remain under his father's friend's roof, and left it with him next morning for his own home. At a turn of the road descending into the village, they beheld, with unspeakable horror, the whole of the site on which, only the preceding day, the houses of that village had stood, and a busy little population lived and laboured, *lying under water*; an inundation during the night having swept away every habitation into ravine and river below, and left not one of the sleeping occupants to tell the tale of universal ruin.

The child, awe-struck, and overwhelmed by the suddenness of the calamity, and the bereavement which had thus left him in orphan desolation and woe, remained for some time inconsolable; but, becoming, at once, an object of intense and affectionate interest, was removed by some of his surviving relatives, resident in another district of Piedmont, to a school, where he was carefully brought up, till qualified to enter a Training College, or Seminary for the Church, from whence, under the influence of serious impressions and deep religious feeling, he was ordained, and entered upon the ministry of the Roman Church, in a cure at no great distance from the place of his nativity. The shock, however, sustained in early childhood, operated unceasingly in after years. With a distaste for official and active life, he sought admittance to the Grande Chartreuse,

and after the usual noviciate took the vows ; becoming a recluse for the remainder of his days.

Garnier said he would go with me, and call on this melancholy brother, if I would prolong my stay a few hours longer ; and I lingered about the place accordingly ; but, when, for the third time, I entered his study, trusting I should find him ready, he was so earnestly engaged with some grazing-land occupiers and land-agents, that I relinquished the matter altogether, and left the poor monk to his meditations unmolested by my presence or my sympathy.

It does not appear that any literary productions issue from " these deep solitudes and awful cells." The French, in general, speak of the brotherhood disparagingly ; imputing to them a selfish, unpatriotic spirit, and a vicious contempt of humanizing knowledge. This was not always the opprobrium of Monachism. It may not attach to the Carthusian ; but, considering that throughout the whole course of a Pilgrimage of many hundred miles' length of distance preceding my arrival at their gates, and during a fortnight's stay in Lyons, I made a point of mentioning to every well-informed party I encountered, my particular desire to visit La Grande Chartreuse, and gain some insight of its tenants, I incline to believe that, had there been a man of literary note and superior attainments sufficient to give prominence to his name, as a philosopher, scholar, or artist, I must have heard that name pronounced in terms of recommendatory notice, and been counselled to seek introduction to him that bore it.

The monk, about forty years of age, who conducted my

fellow guests and self through the several compartments of the monastery, seemed to be of a decidedly lively temperament, but a vulgar man incapable of awakening the slightest interest. So thought my French acquaintances. He saw me examining the contents of some curious volumes in the Library ; but had they been bricks instead of books, he could not have manifested more indifference to the object of my attention. An individual of finer mind and perceptions would have gladly availed himself of the opportunity of interchanging a few words on the common ground of scholarship and literary taste. I overheard him ask the Frenchman how he should call out to me from the doorway, to let me know they were all going onward ; and he then exclaimed : " Milor ! nous allons toujours." (We are going on.) He was a remarkably handsome man ; though disfigured by the bareness of his skull, and the most unbecoming raiment, perhaps, that could invest the human form.

I met another monk in the Dormitory, afterwards, as I was coming away with my over-coat, and addressed him with a question or two respecting the peculiar attitude of prostration already mentioned. To my surprise, he immediately threw himself into it ; not, however, lying at length on the ground, but bending down sufficiently low to afford an exact representation. He must have been nearly seventy years of age, and I expressed my sense of his courteous compliance ; but when I asked in what it had originated, what it specially denoted, and unto what particular spiritual benefit it was believed to be contributory, he shrugged up his shoulders, and said he knew not :—It was a custom in all their " Houses."

This mention of their "houses" leads me to enumerate the yet existing Carthusian Monasteries in other quarters, in which the vows, usages, and discipline, are identical with all that has been described as being enforced in the Grande Chartreuse. In France there are those of Mont Rieux, near Toulon; at Valbonne, near Pont St. Esprit, Nismes; and Bosserville, near Nancy; at Mougères in Languedoc; and at Beauregard, (for women) near Voiron, not four miles distant from the Grande Chartreuse. There is no Carthusian House in Paris. Mention has already been made of one that stood where now the Luxemburg Palace is situate; and, previous to the outbreak of the great Revolution in 1789, there was one in the street leading to the Catacombs long since closed to the public; for Dr. Samuel Johnson visited it in the year 1775. Louis IX., towards the middle of the thirteenth century, applied to the thirteenth Prior or General of the Grande Chartreuse, requesting him to establish a certain number of his brethren in Paris under the immediate countenance of royalty; and, on the arrival of these ecclesiastics in that capital, the king assigned to them, as a residence, his Château de Vauvert, which stood in the street called then, as now, Rue d'Enfer; an uncomplimentary name applied to it by the lowest of the people in that quarter, in consequence of their general belief that the said Château was haunted by "goblins damned." It would seem the holy men of the mountains of Dauphiné did not succeed in exorcising the intrusive spirits.

There are also, in Switzerland, a Carthusian house at Part Dieu, near Lausanne; and at Itthengen, Constance.

In Italy, at Collegno, Turin : at Pavia, where the mansion, when in complete repair, was superb. It is the very one into which Francis the First was led, as a prisoner, after the defeat at Pavia.

At Pisa, also ; and in the valley of Cala, Florence ; in Rome, on the site of the baths of Diocletian ; at Tusulti, in the Roman Campagna ; at Naples, in the city itself ; and at Padusa, near Salerno, below Naples. Sixteen monasteries in all, the Grande Chartreuse inclusive.

There existed one, eight and thirty years since, between Martigny and Orsières in the Valais, Switzerland—the ruins of which are still visible outside a tunnel called the *Galerie de la Mounoye*. It was overwhelmed by the irruption of a lake formed by the fall of a glacier, and which, on the 16th of June, 1818, broke through a dam of ice, and, rushing down at the rate of twenty miles in an hour, carried everything before it. I was at the spot in the second year following, and saw the most melancholy vestiges of the calamity. It is somewhat remarkable that among the most recent accessions to the Community at the Grande Chartreuse, there should be an individual whose life's destiny had been determined, under Heaven, by his being the witness of a similar catastrophe, on the other side of the Alps ten years afterwards.

I was on the point of ordering my mule to be brought round from the stables, when, casting my eyes across the great court-yard, I espied a *young lady*, parasol in hand, hair à l'*Impératrice*, and bonnet, *anywhere but on the head, yet quite in fashion*, peeping through the portal, and, if not pronouncing unutterable anathemas on the heartless in-

mates on the house-side of it, certainly indulging in much merriment with some other ladies who had arrived with her on the day previous. *On n'entre pas*, "gentle or simple.:" no female foot crosses that threshold. I learned from my fellow visitors that the fair excluded ones were their wives and daughters! They had passed the night in a detached building, resembling a substantial and spacious farm house, and called "The Infirmary;" but appropriated at the present day (when there is more than ample room for sick monks within the main building,) to the reception of ladies, and, indeed, of all classes of the gentler sex, visiting these dreary regions. Here they are waited upon by two Carthusian sisters; (for there are—it is a positive fact, out of what preternatural circumstances arising no man knoweth—there *are* women in this world who have taken vows of *silence*); and their meals are brought across from the kitchens of the monastery. The gentlemen of their company, escorting them, may remain with the fair excursionists and pilgrims till seven o'clock in the evening, when they are required to enter and remain for the night in the monastery. The ladies sleep in dormitories, fitted up in the infirmary for the express purpose of such lodgment; each apartment being separated from the other by a thin partition, open here and there at the top: so that several of the occupants of beds can converse with their near companions; and many a sprightly witticism is indulged, by the French Mesdames and Mesdemoiselles especially, on these occasions, at the monks' expense; insomuch that the scared and indignant nuns or sisters are often obliged to leave their beds, during the night, to enjoin silence and discre-

tion. The next day, a report is read to the Reverend Father General.

“At lovers’ perjuries they say Jove laughs!”

and this is what the grave and reverend Signior does. He knows it is but the “*Folie d’une Nuit*,” and, without noticing the breach of discipline, makes a morning call on the whole party, expressing his hope that they have been well attended to, and “*bien dormi* ;” and on this occasion draws from his pocket certain medals, engravings, and trifles of that kind which he offers to the youngest ladies, as keepsakes.

The Religieuses of the Infirmary sell to them chaplets, rosaries, and little relics, similar to the articles sold in the porter’s lodge opposite.

Having thus gradually arrived at the mention of “the weaker vessel,” in connection with this most remarkable of all convents, I shall here annex a translation of the Interdict embodied in the Laws of the Order when drawn up at the beginning of the twelfth century by Guignes, fifth General of the Carthusians, in accordance with the precepts of St. Bruno their great founder.

“We never permit women to enter within our walls; for we know that neither sage or prophet or judge; nor he in whose heart God himself dwelleth; nor he who might be termed a child of God; no, nor the first model of our race that issued from His hands, has succeeded in evading, with safety, the endearments and guile of womankind. Let us

call to mind Solomon, David, Samson, Lot, and those who had taken to themselves the women of their choice; even Adam himself; and, let us rest assured, man cannot conceal fire in his bosom without scorching his garments; nor walk upon hot coals without burning the soles of his feet."

I omitted to ask the ladies, before my departure, whether they found this manifesto framed and glazed in the reception-room of the Infirmary. It would secure for the Reverend General a cordial reception! The happiest remark I have heard made on it was from the lips of the *femme de confiance* who managed Monsieur Cadot's "Two Swans" for him at St. Laurent du Pont: "Had, then, these men no mothers?"

It was the assertion of one of our most eminent London publishers that George S. (Madame) *magni nominis*, which I shall translate "of disreputable celebrity," succeeded, according to her own printed narrative, in penetrating, disguised as a man, the recesses of the monastery; as if to baffle and defeat the resolve here placed on record; but the editor of the "Histoire de ma Vie," set to work with me in Paris, aided by a very intelligent secretary, to search through every volume of that publication, and we could not discover the remotest allusion to this occurrence. I, therefore, attach no credit to the report. "Le jeu ne vaudrait pas la chandelle," and the name of the authoress is sufficiently notorious without any such appendix to the annals of her folly and gross indelicacy.

When, during the earlier years of the peace ratified in

1815, this monastery was more frequently visited than at present, and travellers from all countries came to behold it as one of the latent wonders of Europe, the monks found it necessary to affix notices in the large reception-rooms entreating strangers to refrain from scribbling on the walls, tables, or maps in the apartments. I saw none such notices while I was there. In earlier days, also, an Album or Livre des Voyageurs was kept, in which were inscribed the names, in their autographs, of all visitants. This record disappeared in the general dispersion and havoc of 1790. It must have been a highly interesting tome, and would realize an immense price if produced at the present day; for it not only contained the handwriting of many of the most remarkable personages of the eighteenth and two preceding centuries; but, also, the *reflections* penned by them in their several capacities as divines, statesmen, philosophers, wits, and authors, during their sojourn among the monks.

Among these signatures and observations, sentiments and effusions, romantic or commonplace, were those of Voltaire, J. J. Rousseau, Bernardin de St. Pierre, Ducis, Madame de Stael, Châteaubriand, &c. Voltaire's remark on the Grande Chartreuse brotherhood seems levelled at their ignorance. In the quarter whence I gleaned it, there was no positive assurance that he ever penned such a passage in the book kept at the monastery; but the existence of it *somewhere* is unquestionable. I dare say it is in his "Dictionnaire Philosophique." He characterized them thus:—

"These monks give up the whole of their time to fast-

ing, silence, solitude, and prayer. Perfectly tranquil in the midst of a world of tumult whose din reaches not their ears, they absolutely know not who is the reigning monarch of the country they live in, except through the prescribed mention of his name in the prayer used for kings in their ritual."

Rousseau wrote his name on the page of the said Album, and added, "O Altitudo!" words devoid of all point, if not of meaning. He might just as well have written, and (considering that he had figured as a music master at Chambéry) have *sung*, "Excelsior!"

It is very probable that this curious book contained some touching and sensible remarks from Gray and Horace Walpole, who visited the monastery in 1739. This delightful poet's "Letters from France," speak of the "val ombré" (the approaches and the site of La Grande Chartreuse) as "one of the most solemn, the most romantic, and most interesting scenes" he had "ever beheld." Châteaubriand was a guest here sixty-six years later; that is to say in 1805. In his "Mémoires d'Outre Tombe," he dwells on the singular spectacle (as *he* thought) of the portraits of all the Superiors of the Carthusian Order, from the days of St. Bruno up to the commencement of the present century, contrasted with that of the likenesses of all the Doges, in the Ducal Palace at Venice.*

* I remember having seen, in 1820, in the Basilica of St. Paul, at Rome (on the high road to Ostia), portraits of every bishop of Rome, from St. Peter to Pius VII., the then reigning Pontiff. They were all consumed in the conflagration which occurred about three years afterwards.

He mentions, also, how the monks, in pursuit of horticulture, under apparently insuperable difficulties and impediments, succeeded, as age followed age, in planting pine forests on the utterly barren limestone mountain ridges.

“They were carrying,” he says, “each, a peck of earth in the skirt of his gown, and a little seedling of the pine. Depositing the mould on a ledge of the bare rock, and fixing the diminutive plant in it, they went their way; and in twenty years’ space, a lofty pine grove would be seen cresting the mountain top.”

This is the identical expedient still in use. While they are sleeping, the stick is growing; and many a planter lives to see his nursery of fir trees become a covert from the storm, and the fowls of the air lodging in the branches thereof, before it is hewn down and cast into the ovens.

On the resumption of residence in 1817, the monks opened a new book for the entry of travellers’ names; but it was withdrawn a few years afterwards, in consequence of some persons having, with execrably bad taste and feeling, penned observations derogatory to the Roman Catholic religion and to the Carthusian Order. This volume is in the possession of the secretary. The greater part of the writings is of French authorship; but many are English, and a few of them are in Italian. A solitary Castilian, having conceived loftier ideas in Spain than were responded to in the desert of Dauphiné, declares he found nothing worth notice *except the liqueurs!*

Singularly enough, the very first line in this book was

penned by an Englishman. Let me indulge his "longing after immortality," and record that it was "Monsieur Ramsay, allant à Florence;" immediately under which some humorous Frenchman has scrawled, "Bon voyage!" Several English names follow, down to the foot of the page. Another French wit (assuming them to be all *hérétiques*) has filled up the page by expressing his opinion that "every true Catholic *ought* to visit these desert regions:" Signed, Butilleul.

An addle-pated countryman of this writer takes opportunity to remark that "The sage in the wilderness is a Narcissus at the fountain;" there being no one to admire or love, I suppose, but himself. The sentiment is accredited by Dufresnoy; but some fellow-citizen has appended to it, "Mauvais! mauvais!" Which Young England would, I presume, translate by the monosyllable "bosh!" Another moralist, of the same calibre, considers that "These venerable solitudes awaken in every sensible man's mind ideas of sublimity, and feelings of *satisfaction!*!" We may easily imagine a man feeling *satisfied* that "there's no place like home," down in the valleys and towns, when he begins to feel his blood curdling, and his heels cooling up in this wilderness.

One Eliàs Montgolfier (of *balloon* ancestry, possibly!) records in Latin, "I have seen the fathers and the wilderness, and they have lifted up my soul towards God." One of our countrymen, under the date June 8, 1892, has inserted the well-known lines:

" Thus let me live, unseen, unknown—
Thus unlamented let me die:

Steal from the world, and not a stone
Tell where I lie."*

Near which a French *négociant*, as he styles himself, who had evidently supped full of horrors, adds, "I have seen it : once and for evermore."

The monks complained of Monsieur de Lamartine's having scrawled his name twice on one of the maps suspended in the chambers ! Julia Grisi (vagrant nightingale !) has left hers on the walls of the ladies' reception-room, across the way. Indeed, this pencilling by the way is the only alternative left for those tourists upon whom the strong desire and necessity of writing names, or nonsense, or both, comes like a chronic ailment. The monks now keep no book whatever ; and visitors with or without fine voices, fine wits, or interesting features, come and go ; and the jolliest of good fellows receives no encouragement to indulge for another hour or two his "infinite humour : " the most sentimental, melancholy, and discontented, however anxious to awaken interest, return hence to the world, like Beattie's climbers of the steep of fame, "unpitied and unknown."

Certainly, nothing can surpass the *insouciance* and cold-blooded indifference of the ecclesiastics here immured, and mouldering, as it were, in cold obstruction and forgetfulness. I am speaking of the *fathers*, bound for life, by the strictest vows of the Order. The *brothers*, in the brown garb, are men of more ordinary mould and, for the most

* Pope's "Ode on Solitude," written when he had attained his twelfth year, July 17th, 1709.

part, of very low birth; and these, though they would incur penalties and penance by detected loquacity, are not all such dull and "dumb dogs" as the ecclesiastics. One of them quite irritated the French gentleman who took his departure at the same time with myself, by pestering him to stay and make an early dinner, only an hour after he had breakfasted, (as if every French gentleman's breakfast were *not* an early dinner!) and we left him at the door of the refectory, bowing to us, with four bottles in his hands, and one under his arm, like Friar Tuck; or, Bacchus in a cowl.

The rate of payment at which liberal visitants remunerate their monastic *entertainers*, (the word is hardly appropriate!) exceeds by fifteen per cent what they would be charged at inns in the lowlands: so that frequent meals, and refreshings of the inner man during a sojourn of two days become lucrative interludes, to *one* party at least; not that the *monks* ever make exorbitant charges. In their conscientiousness they set down every single item: salt, un sol; pepper, deux sous; vinegar, un sol, &c., &c., &c.; but their guests, in a liberal spirit, pay largely over and above.

Veni, vidi. For several years I had desired to penetrate this wilderness, and see these hermits in their cells, and discover the secret of their existence, the great object of life they held in view, and to what extent of carefulness in maintaining good works such believers in God might render their faith profitable to fellow-men, and redounding to their own salvation. The opportunity was now, at length, arrived; and no occasion could have proved less edifying,

unless, indeed, in serving to confirm every preconceived opinion, and to establish, strengthen, and settle an early conviction that monachism is at variance with the principles of "true religion and virtue." They may call this, and many other lands in the wildernesses and mountains, after their own names, and there fast and pray in silent, selfish solitude,

"Religious, punctual, frugal, and so forth ;"*

but thistheir way is their folly. Such life appears to me, in this, as in every other similar instance with which extensive travel has made me acquainted, a monstrous delusion, misconception, and mistake ; false and faithless to the obligations binding man to man in that social system in which we live, move, and have our being ; and, in several respects, contemning the implied will and plain positive word of God. "Pure religion and undefiled" is declared by an apostle of Christ to be *something more* than keeping oneself unspotted from the world. "The cognizance of the Lord standeth not in shaven crowns, or other such baggage ;" said a witness to Truth in later days. Moreover, the sacrifice declared to be acceptable, and the practice which was not to be forgotten, lay in *doing good*, and in *communicating* it ; such carefulness in maintaining good works being the fruit of grace in the heart ; honourable to the Gospel, and beneficial to mankind. The parable of the buried napkin and talent inculcates the same doctrine ; a doctrine, be it remembered, teaching men to

* Pope.

fill up their stations in families, in mixed communities, in civil society and in the church. But these men have set their city *on a hill*, and *hid* it ! Their cry is, “Lo ! He is in the desert,” and in the desert they abide ; but He is not, and cannot be, by them glorified among men. There is but too much selfishness in the system which confines its efficacy to the salvation of the simple monk, without any influences available for the salvation of others ; and it is but a poltroon energy which limits the world as a scene of probation to unwholesome cells and unpeopled cloisters, where the good of mankind can never be promoted, nor the vices that contaminate humanity be mitigated, restrained, or prevented. We cannot but look upon these benumbed and listless saunterers through the wilderness as on so many runaways from the field of exertion, and patient continuance ; their heavenly Father’s will, and their Master’s business they are content to *muse upon* ; and seven times a-day, and “before the morning-watch,” they call him “Lord ! Lord !” but no relish have they for His work and service in the homes of need, ignorance, and sorrow, or in the haunts of the outcast, and the by-ways of unrepented vice ; being willingly ignorant of this one thing, that their occupation as Christian believers, “taught in the word,” is *abroad*, and not at *home*. A man may with some show of discretion seek, and exclusively adopt, the companionship and counsels of devout and serious friends, who feels his utter inability to think out a good course, and walk in it, without guidance and continual check ; but to effect this by the recreant torpor of monastic seclusion and speculation is abandoning social intercourse, and all its kindly

affections, not for the single-minded love of virtue, but from a mean, despondent dread of vice; contrasted with which the unwearied labours of Romish *Sœurs de la Charité*—

“ From realm to realm, with cross or crescent crown’d—
Where e’er mankind and misery are found—”

and the self-devoting Protestant heroism of a Nightingale or a Sellon—the one redeeming from pollution and moral death the outcast and wretched of a city abounding in ignorance and sin, and the other binding up wounds, and pouring in oil and wine at the bedside in fever-wards, or amid groans and death-pangs at the amputation tables of Scutari, is Christian zeal’s perfect work, and Angelic ministration personified.

These Carthusians would tell us they have left all and followed Christ. Those who first used the declaration here quoted, followed their Master to do their work in a world in which they knew, from His own lips, they were to have tribulation; they went forth to encounter poverty and deprivation, to endure hardships in a warfare in which there was “no discharge;” to suffer in body and mind, not under self-imposed mortification and supererogatory penance, but in cruel mockings and persecution and death—*after converting many to righteousness*; compared with whose conceptions of duty and sacrifices, the midnight canticles of the Carthusians are “but sounding brass,” and the cheap offering of their windy suspirations at Matins, “a tinkling cymbal:” their meditation, in statue-like atti-

tude, "profiteth nothing :"—As ministers of religion, having all faith, yet hiding their candle under a bushel, they are nothing: whatever be their knowledge, it edifies no one; it passeth away: the *prestige* once attaching to their Order will cease. Not a single mind in Dauphiné is illumined by their intellectual light: not one solitary spiritual vineyard cultivated by their faithfulness:—In them the peasantry gain no advisers in Christ, nor the children of the poor a teacher to say, "There is the way! walk in it!" when they are turning to the right hand, and to the left:—They are neither Scribes instructed unto the kingdom of Heaven, bringing forth out of their treasures things new and old; nor are they expounders and teachers of whatever is excellent and of good report; for they publish not a tract, from century to century, for the dispersion of ignorance, and the refutation of error, or for the inculcation of sound doctrine and salutary truth; insomuch that it would not be a caricature or defamatory misnomer to speak of them as clerical graziers, cattle breeders, and distillers, rather than as labourers in the harvest of the kingdom of God; for they neither do the work of Evangelists, nor make any proof of their ministry; but,

—" In this desert inaccessible,
Under the shade of melancholy boughs
Lose and neglect the creeping hours of time,"

to every active impulse of useful energy or patriotic virtue
strangers and insensate.

They have their advocates among the higher classes of society. The lower orders living *beyond* the enceinte of

a locality where they are venerated on account of the antiquity of the Establishment, and maintaining no communication with them, hold the monks in very light estimation, and think with revolutionized France at large, that the fewer there are of such communities the better. But, even in the range of well educated, enlightened, and refined society, by whom the claims of religion have been reverentially regarded, few have been the occasions of my hearing a sensible argument in their favour. "The heart knoweth its own bitterness," said Madame Vidal to me, at Lyons, "and there are secret sorrows, deep-rooted melancholy, and unimparted griefs among those self-exiled men; which seek at this sepulchre of the social affections, that calm composing stillness in which, alone, existence is to them tolerable."

This is gentle advocacy. *Valeat quantum.* A more masculine shape of reasoning will bring us nearer to truth: they may have come out from among hypocrites and deceivers; from the congregations of the ungodly, who had robbed them, and from the proud and the heartless, who had held them in derision; and they may be ready to "rise at midnight," according to David's vow, "and give thanks" for their having been become separate from such enemies to peace. The world that lieth around them in wickedness misses them not: but their separation and secession and their rest are anything but glorious, and in no simple respect equivalent, as many a retreat hath been, to a victory. It is the surrender of an ignoble discomfiture. "We count them happy who *endure*;" and he who, fleeing like a bird to the hills, returns no more to the con-

flict with earthly trials and temptations, but evades the conditions of a mundane lot, and shrinks from the scene of his probation and the test of his faith, is rebuked even by the heathen—

“ Tu ne cede malis, sed, contrà, audentior ito.”*

“ Let not Life's ills thy constant soul defeat,
But with fresh fortitude each trial meet—”

and such a deserter from the banners of the faithful has repudiated the Scriptural code of discipline which prescribes to Patience her perfect work :—“ Fret not thy soul :—Put thou thy trust in the Lord, and *be doing good :—Dwell in the land.*”

Now the Carthusians, in their mountain fastnesses, abide by neither the moral nor the religious counsels involved in these several precepts. Their half crazy and self-willed Founder, in the characteristic bigotry of a dark and miserably ignorant age, bequeathed them a notion upon which they have been rooted and built up and stablished in the error that their strength in the Lord is to sit still, under the dread of contamination and perdition through fellowship with his creatures ; an assumption as selfish in principle, as it is derogatory in its tenet and degrading in its influences. The man who can use this world without abusing it, and who, as the salt of the earth, can sympathise with the pure affections, while eschewing the wickedness of human nature ;—who, being both pitiful and

* “ Virgil, *Æn.*,” 6.

courteous, rejoices where joy is laudable, and weeps where chastening sorrow weeps, has truer conceptions of Christian faith and duty and of the odour of sanctity, than the moping separatist, who, touching not, tasting not either wholesome meat, or social discourse, and forbidding to marry, makes a show of wisdom, in will-worship and humility and neglecting of the body, to slink through life in voiceless imbecility, leaving behind him neither the promulgation of virtuous and noble precepts, nor that which is of infinitely higher consideration and value, a faithful and good example.

CHAPTER X.

From St. Laurent du Pont to Grenoble—The most beautiful valley in France, that of Grésivaudan—Citadel of Grenoble—Ammunition—"Hobson's choice" of a seat in the arsenal—Statue of Bayard—The Lion and boa-constrictor fountain—Manufacture of gloves—Jouvin—Return to Lyons—The beautiful plains of Bièvre—St. Etienne and Rouanne: journey through the coal districts—Gun-making and ribbon-weaving.—MOULINS: Cathedral—Statue and epitaph—Sterne's 'MARIA'—The bonnets of the peasantry and market women—Varenne—Scene of the genuine history of the "Gazza Ladra" (the magpie and the maid)—BOURGES: the central point of all France—Its magnificent cathedral—Jacques Cœur—Sologne sheep—The "Chien conducteur:" description of dogs and cats eaten in China—ORLEANS: The Cathedral—French Poachers—Jeanne d'Arc—Les Tourelles explored—Scenes of Jeanne's military exploits—Monuments to her memory—The old fort; embrasures and cannon-rings—Earl Stanhope's interesting essay—The memory and veneration of the Maid of Orleans still preserved in that city.

AFTER having walked down, in no unwilling mood, as a pedestrian, the greater part of the descent from the Grande Chartreuse, which might in many parts be compared with a steep stair of displaced scattered rocks,—my mule following me with a firm conviction at heart, that she could not maintain her footing for ten minutes consecutively till we should reach the last bridges, I regained terra firma in St. Laurent du Pont, and left in the Post Coach which soon

afterwards started for Grenoble. It is a delightful journey. Rocks, from five hundred to a thousand feet high, frequently cast a shade across our road; and I saw many hands employed in making hay, three hundred feet up in air, from meadows lying on ledges in the mountains; the prevailing growth beyond that altitude being fir-woods. I learned that the proprietorship in those plantations was twofold:—up to three hundred and fifty feet, the trees are the property of private individuals; beyond that point of elevation, to the summits of the mountains, all is claimed by the Board of Woods and Forests, for the revenues of the State.

Compared with the scenery that here precedes the entrance into the Valley of Grésivaudan, and the banks of the Isère, Switzerland is monotonous, and, as the artists say, mere “mannerism.” Salzhourg itself, all beauteous as its site and vicinities are, exceeds not the loveliness of this part of France; nor can any part of the Tyrol, nor the heights of Osimo and Loretto, in all the richness of Italian Landscape where I have roved and sketched, awaken more enthusiastic admiration.

The geological features of the country arrest the attention every moment. Many of the stupendous rocky mountains exhibit seventeen different strata in one perpendicular side, so regular in their position, as to resemble the most carefully pointed masonry; and here, too, the peculiarities of the climate, and the anomalies in the system of husbandry startle the eye of any one coming from a more equable temperature. The oat crops were untouched, (it was on the second day of August), and in the midst of the waving grain stood long lines of hurdles, ten feet high, along which were trained vines of goodliest growth and quality; a few

mulberry trees being occasionally interspersed by growers having an eye to the silk-worm. But time would altogether fail me were I to dwell on the mention of even a few hours' journey through this beautiful province of Dauphiné.

The eye gazes, and the heart swells, and the mind is sublimely elevated in regions such as these, till the traveller begins to feel it is a duty that he should thus acquaint himself with God's works; and a privilege and a blessing that he should be here, to taste and see what great things his Creator has done for the creature. Let no one that, having read these pages, is likely to reach St. Laurent du Pont, fail to proceed from that village to Grenoble, or to select the month of August for such journey. The sunbeams streaming from the West, at that season, after illuminating a hundred different landscapes, in amber-tinted radiance, blend hill and river,* wood and valley, the land and its busy inhabitants, and the sky and its fretted clouds, in one immeasurable expanse of splendour, that baffles all the powers of descriptive language, and sets painting at defiance. Every league of distance is a living picture, in the presence of which art feels powerless: every hour fills the memory with images that cannot but become reminiscences through the remainder of life; and with such impressions I entered Grenoble, as agreeable a town as a tourist, expatiating among the beauties of the finest country in Europe, could select for a week's sojourn.

From the heights of its renowned Citadel, (one of Bonaparte's strongholds), a thousand feet above the river, I

* The Isère

beheld the Vale of Grésivaudan, *the finest in France*, and the high-road to Italy; two rivers, the Isere and the Drac, flowing through the plains at the bases of the stupendous mountains; and, even before my feet stood on the main ramparts of Fort Rabot, I descried the snowy summits of Mont Blanc, at the distance of seventy-five miles.

My guide, a *vieux mousquetaire*, who had served under Chassé at Antwerp, held me in long and entertaining "parle" on military subjects; showing how glory was achieved, and fields were won; and regaled me on some very excellent ammunition bread, a ration of which is in my keeping, (uninjured by eighteen months' lapse), at the present moment. A three pound loaf of it is the soldier's bread provision for two days; besides which he receives nine ounces of beef, daily, at nine o'clock in the morning; and nearly the same quantity, with vegetables, at five in the afternoon. He added, that a careful private soldier ought to lay by a penny a day from his pay. This must be economy of the first order of merit, surely. After this luncheon and enlightenment he led me into the heart of the mighty citadel, and having shown me quarters for three thousand men, proposed sitting down and seeing the artillery supplies drawn forth for shipment to the Crimea. By way of "pleasant seat," I had my choice between a case filled with two hundred charged fuses, a chest full of rockets, and a cylinder crammed full of cannon matches. The barrels, (about the size of those that bring us herrings from Scotland), surrounding us in their shady refuge from solar heat of 128°, contained eighty tons of gunpowder. Juliet's words of fear are "pat" to the occasion: "the walls," indeed, were "high, and hard to climb, and *the*

place, death, considering—” However, he showed me wonders, and dismissed me with a whole skin ; but what a retort of peril ! The mere thought of a spark, or a lightning-flash, as the thunder-clouds came up against the wind, in the sultry heat, made me rejoice as I regained the Quay. It is a splendid fortress, and is not inaptly termed the Ehrenbreitstein of the Isère ; but the gunners that peep through their embrasures at Coblenz, (and a glorious *coup-d’œil* they gain !) have no Grésivaudan to gaze upon. The ascent from the pavement in the city of Grenoble, below, is estimated to wind through three miles of military road cut in the mountain side. In accordance with the thoughtful foresight and good taste of the French, it is planted with acacias that cast a shade across the road ; no light relief to the painful fatigue of climbing such an acclivity in the hottest days of summer. The prospect from the heights is considered one of the finest in France, abundant as that favoured country is in scenes of vast and surpassing beauty. Among the products of the Grésivaudan pasturage is the Sassenage Cheese—the rival of the “Roquefort ;” and like it, green coloured ; both superior to Stilton. There is much, however, to recreate and interest a stranger in the town below. The quays are superb ; the bridges, public buildings, and gardens are on a noble scale. There are antiquities still extant, and modern erections of no insignificant merit.

The fountains, especially, bestow decoration whenever they appear. One of them, on the quay, in which a lion, finely sculptured in stone, is represented strangling a huge serpent, (in bronze), from whose jaws a stream of water is ejected into a bed of rushes (bronze) beneath, is of surpass-

ing excellence. I made a careful drawing of it ; as also of the bronze statue of Bayard, signalized by Charles VIII. as the "Chevalier sans peur et sans reproche" in the centre of the Place Saint André. The inscription, in ancient French, on the pedestal ran thus :

A BAYARD,
né en 1476,
Mort à Rebecq le 30 Avril, 1524.
Dieu et le Roi : voilà nos maîtres,
Onc n' en aurai d'autres.*

He is represented staggering against the trunk of a tree, (after the fracture of his spine by a stone from an arquebuse), and kissing the cruciform hilt of his sword, as the moment of death approached.

Bayard was the Sir Philip Sidney of his country, held in esteem by all Europe. The chronicles of his day relate that, on being mortally wounded by a stone ball, he kissed his sword, confessed himself, in the absence of any priest, to his esquire, and requested to be placed with his back to a tree, and with his face to the enemy ; and soon afterwards he died, and was buried by the Duke of Savoy, with the honours usually restricted to sovereign princes ; but I could get no satisfactory information as to the *locale* ; for some authorities declare he was entombed in the cathedral ; and others, that the coffin lay for many an age in the Eglise des Minimes. His noblest monument, as in the case of all great men who have adorned the annals of their

* God and the King : these, and none other, masters ought we to serve.

country, may be said to exist in the honour still paid to the mere mention of his name. His character sheds lustre over a scene, which, in a moral sense, is, in general, gloomy ; and the reign of Francis the First was more truly ennobled by the virtues of Pierre Bayard, than by all his own fruitless and long-forgotten victories.



Grenoble well repays a long and leisurely visit. Its Museum, is full of interesting specimens, especially of *Lusus Naturæ* : and the Glove Trade still thrives, though *invisibly* :* there being no retail shops.

* Jouvin began business here. The principal exports are to America, at 30s. per dozen (the greater portion of which are made of lamb's skin) but Morrison of London was said to be a large importer. The chief firms in Grenoble are those of Mott, Goodrich, and Cordingley.

The gloves are mostly made by hand, though machinery is also used ; and I saw the carriers' carts bringing boxes full from the villages in the neighbourhood, where the workers, chiefly young women (as in our Yeovil districts), make them in the cottages.

The inhabitants seemed civil, friendly people ; and the hotels are excellent. The English are very rarely seen there, and I was almost as much at a loss to obtain change for a sovereign, as I was at Varennes. (Vol. I, Chap. IX). An obliging silversmith at last vouchsafed to give me twenty-four francs for it ; barely nineteen shillings.

For a tourist, however, planning hereabout a few profitable and pleasurable excursions, this city (the first, by the bye, that gave a cordial and enthusiastic welcome to Napoleon I. when arriving from Elba), would prove as agreeable head-quarters as any in France.

My return journey to Lyons led me to Voreppe, bordering on the route of Voiron, across the plain of Tullins,—a magnificent tract of almost incredible fertility ;—Moirans and the plains of Bièvre, hardly less beautiful than those of St. Laurent du Pont beheld from the Grotto des Echelles, (Chap. VIII.) beyond which we beheld the snow-topped mountains of Briançon, and the Doubs. Leaving the road that leads to Turin, by Chambéry, at Bourgoin, we reached Verpillières, in an awful thunderstorm ; and having traversed, in the course of nine hours, as fine a tract of country as the eye of man could contemplate with the accompanying assurance of its being occupied by a thriving and intelligent people, (and this is a pleasurable consciousness for the memory to rest upon), we re-entered Lyons at half-past

five, and ~~some~~ have reached the Hôtel du Nord, in due order of arrival, but for encountering three waggon loads of shells about to be shipped for Sebastopol, which succumbed under their deadly visitation two months afterwards.

After some few days' halt in Lyons, I journeyed to St. Etienne, and from thence to Rouanne. Contrasted with the Eden-like scenery so recently beheld, this transit through the Val Demona* of France, the coal-fields and smoky chimneys, on the banks of the Loire, was a melancholy change indeed; and it is hardly possible to conceive how ungenial is the effect of smelting furnaces and vineyards, flames and grapes, in such close and familiar proximity. Between swarthy Rive de Gier, and St. Chamond, I saw at one glance two hundred fires on the left, and acres of vines on the right of our railway carriage; in fact, the tall sooty chimneys are frequently seen at the skirts of the wine-yielding field, at a distance of two feet only from the tendrils and fruit. At Garde-Croix, in the neighbourhood of La Rive, the medley of these verdant plants with steam-engines, cinders, and clinkers was grievous to behold. No sooner does the eye, ranging over a really beautiful valley, begin to pursue the direction of some *clean*, fresh, and shady vineyard path, than it has to encounter a row of coal-black sheds, holes, and yawning pit-mouths, that might illustrate the entry into Tartarus, or the caves of Acheron. The interminable heaps of refuse ore, or 'slag,'—(the French call it '*laitier*'),—surround these flaming volcanoes,—the smelting furnaces,—as the scorixæ, or pumice

* The blackened region of cinders, sulphur, slate, and silt surrounding Mount Etna in Sicily.

stones, lie scattered on the furrowed cones of Vesuvius; and as, in Swiss Grindelwald, the wanderer at the glacier's foot gathers strawberries with one hand, while the other rests on snow, so here I beheld the hemp crops invaded, and occasionally smothered, by the cinders that had been carried out in piles of a hundred yards' length, till impeded in line by a flowering *Acacia* hedge, the living fence and safeguard of the vines. The French cantonniers employ vast quantities of the slag above-mentioned, (that metallic encumbrance of the smelting works) in filling up ravines, and laying the substratum of roads; and it occurs to me, while reflecting on the awful rapidity with which the Loire, the Saone and Rhone Rivers, overflow their banks, that if the almost incalculable quantity of this substance produced, hour by hour, at the iron-works, were applied to the construction of breakwaters, on the verge of plains lying most exposed to the chance of inundation, a vast extent of invaluable produce might be secured from such utter, irretrievable destruction as desolated the Lyonnais, Beaujolais, Touraine, and other rich and beautiful districts, last June, and, unhappily, only too often before that recent period. I am not aware how the founders in our own country dispose of this refuse, six million tons of which are produced, it is said, every year; but I remember seeing a quantity of it mixed with the road materials, in the vicinity of Birmingham, as also in Wales.

The railway management was in such a state of disorder as to compel us to quit our carriages, shift all the luggage, and walk, or scramble rather, over black and rugged slopes till we reached a group of vehicles of every imaginable variety of ugly form and inconvenience, which enabled us, with the

clear understanding that *when taken* we were to be *well shaken*, to regain the line at a remoter point, ahead. There had been a considerable fall of earth and bricks in the tunnel preceding, at the distance of a league only, our entrance into St. Etienne; and though four and twenty hours had elapsed since the occurrence, a clearance had not been made. This was the first tunnel made on a line after the introduction of railways into France, and the guard attributed the accident to decay in the vaulting of the passage. In about an hour afterwards, the distant blue outline of the Auvergne range came in sight, as, overlooking the Vale and heights of Forez, which separate the Allier from the Loire, the eye ranged across the flat country towards Montbrison, *chef-lieu* of the Department. The farmers at this point were cutting down their oat crops, and the second growth of hay. Part of this line, between Balbigny and Neulise, is worked (as our old Blackwall branch used to be) by metal rope, and the machinery had received some injury.

At Saint Symphorien-en-Laye we were detained in a kind of lodge or tool-house, for upwards of two hours, in consequence of a train having started at the wrong hour; and hence I rambled about to reconnoitre and make notes and sketches, not altogether unsuccessfully. In some pasture lands, near Pouilly, where the Loire is confined between dykes, were five women (called shepherdesses), tending cows, and holding before them circular frames, a yard wide, on which they were making lace; as the peasant girls in Tuscany take charge of vast herds of milch goats, and plait straw enough in one day to make a full sized bonnet.

We reached St. Etienne in safety. The lithograph print

I subsequently purchased exhibits a large and well-built town, placed upon, and surrounded by, hills; the slopes of which are blackened by the incessant smoke pouring forth, as in our Bristol and Birmingham, from gigantic chimneys attached to the manufactories, and fed from the coal mines whose subterranean galleries run below the foundations of the town in all directions. The entire district teems with the dark bituminous mineral; and where the blast furnace is not roaring, the mill stream is rushing; for the river Furens keeps in motion innumerable water-wheels; and the smelting pot and the loom (accordingly as the gun-maker or the riband-weaver is on this or that side of the street,) demand the constant aid of machinery, and the unintermitting application of fire and water, coal, coke, cinders and ashes, for the rise and fall of hammers, and the multifarious operations of forging power. I looked at the town, on every side; it was all activity and all blackness; and it really appeared that a striving, active man could not be busy without being also sooty; nor meet the requisitions of the armouries or the toilettes of France without feeling that life was, indeed, a vapour in which he must soon pass away; for the more his heart is in his business here, the more his lungs are in smoke; and very sulphurous and unwholesome smoke, too.

I gained opportunity of a little conversation with one of the metallurgists established in this district, who spoke of the extensive scale of business carried on here by our countryman Jackson. He attributed the eminent success of the Englishman thus thriving among them to his exclusive use of Swedish iron: while the French persisted in fabricating all their steel from the iron of France. Our iron

wealth is a contiguous theme of wonder in the admiring estimation of these rival manufacturers who seem to be fully aware of the inexhaustible source producing three millions of tons annually, out of which we export, every year, the value of ten millions sterling, and machinery and tools to the extent of two millions; sums that equal the revenue of more than one kingdom in Europe.

Occupied as it is, most strenuously, in the making of muskets and ribands, Saint Etienne detained me not beyond the interval necessary for taking in water, and dismissing and receiving passengers. With accurate recollections of Birmingham* and Coventry, an English tourist alighting at this station in France could not anticipate novelty; and with a memory cleaving with unaffected sensibility to the scenes and incidents that have crowded the three preceding chapters, I had but little inclination to linger among the blast furnaces and iron founderies of Rouanne; or, with reference to ribands and rifles at St. Etienne, to visit there, alternately, the workshops of Venus and Mars: so away I sped to Moulins, passing *en route* the little village of Varenne, outside which is a small hospital founded in the year 1793 by a lady who bequeathed her own house for the purpose, and her fortune to maintain it in after times; an atoning act of deep and bitter repentance, after having prosecuted, and caused the execution of, her female servant, charged with the theft of several silver spoons. The poor girl had hardly been dead

* Between 1854 and 1856 the small-arms-manufacturers of Birmingham completed 272,000 guns, of which 240,000 were the most beautifully finished Minié rifles yet supplied to the army. This would be utterly impracticable in France.

a week when the missing property was discovered in the belfry of the church, at the bottom of a magpie's nest. I need hardly add, this was the incident that gave rise to the universally admired drama entitled, in English, "The Magpie and the Maid," and to the equally favourite opera, "La Gazza Ladra."*

After a short night journey I reached Moulins, not without having espied, according to the promptings of awakened fancy, the lane that led out of the road to the spot where Yorick found Maria; and when I entered the Place du Marché, to make a drawing of it, I repeated the opening lines of the Second Section of "Moulins" in "The Sentimental Journey:—"

"Though I hate salutations and greetings in the market-place, yet when we got into the middle of this, I stopped to take my last look and last farewell of Maria."

* Moulins, on the river Allier, (which gives its name so the Department), is a pretty little town of seventeen thousand inhabitants, and well repays a passing visit. This was the retreat in which the Earl of Clarendon, (when, as Macaulay says, "his head was not safe,") a refugee from England, and seeking some worthy occupation in perpetual exile, wrote three or four volumes, octavo, of his "History of the Great Rebellion." If quiet and seclusion were his object, he must have enjoyed both here more fully than at Avignon or Montpellier: for Moulins, even at the present day, would not scare a sedentary scholar from its streets by the cries of its children, the traffic in its

* The thieving magpie.

thoroughfares, or the echoes of its merriment. The few informants who afforded me any positive intelligence stated the town to be in a decidedly improving condition through its position on the line of railway leading from Varenne to Bourges, and so through Orleans to Paris; but with exception of a limited business in the manufacture of knives, forks, and certain tools used in carpentering and agricultural operations, there appeared to be nothing indicative of a particular local trade. It must, however, be the headquarters and rendezvous of some active agencies; for the hotels are numerous, large, and exceedingly good.

The one single object presenting any characteristic features in the great market-place is a short column of fantastic design, in the worst style of *ci-devant* French decoration; and as this was not in existence when the sentimental traveller above-mentioned took leave of his poor crazy acquaintance and her goat; neither any one of the house-fronts inscribed with "Railway Hotel," and other such modern designations, I would not commit the anachronism of introducing a view, under this head of Moulins, which Yorick would not have recognized. The Place du Marché, therefore, will remain unillustrated. Not so, however, the bonnets of the *bonnes femmes* Bourbonnaises thereunto resorting. These are the most fantastic, next to those of La Bresse, shown in Chapter II, I have seen for half a century.

The *foundation*, as the *chapelières* term it, is of straw, and upon the greater part of this is stretched black velvet most fantastically decorated with scroll-work ornament bearing the appearance of yellow chenille, but, in fact, mere

plaited straw.. The appearance of these matchless head-pieces, (very similar to small baskets stuck upon the head), when some eight or ten wearers of them are standing in a group, is absolutely startling; and being “fore-shortened” to the sight, as the women turn their faces or backs to the beholder, presents the most ludicrous effect imaginable. They are not all of one uniform shape; but the representation here given illustrates the generally prevailing pattern which is considered to be of upwards of five hundred years antiquity; as we may readily believe.



An obliging matron, returning homeward, was prevailed upon by a word of passing compliment, to stand stock-still in the high road till I had completed the fac-simile of her astonishing chapeau, “fore and aft.” She seemed rather pleased than otherwise (irrespectively of the silver-piece I prayed her to accept as a keepsake from the artist,) to see her country’s costume thus noticed in and transferred to my recording pages. I question if she would have felt equally flattered by the conjecture I formed of her age, had

I communicated it in union with my thanks for her complaisance ; for I should have deposed, in any court of law, to my belief that she must have entered at least her seventy-sixth year. She had not completed her forty-eighth !

I spent half an hour in the cathedral, as it is termed, though there is but the choir to see ; the vaulted and groined roof of which is, nevertheless, a gem of the florid style of the fifteenth century. In the corner behind the altar is an elaborately sculptured stone stair, closely resembling the beautiful one in the church of St. Maclou at Rouen. Not far from this, in a lateral chapel, within a niche, lay a statue, carved in stone, but coloured only too faithfully, to represent a wasted corpse, (of a female, most probably,) around which the worms (Job, xxiv., v. 20), were seen feeding “ sweetly ;” and underneath was the date, 1557, and the following epitaph :

“ Olim formoso fueram qui corpore putri
Nunc sum : tu simili corpore, lector, eris.”

“ I once was lovely :—Now, I putrefy
And rot in death ! So Reader, wilt *thou* lie.”

I left Moulins for Bourges, the very centre of France ; the Celto-Gaulic Avaricum of Julius Cæsar’s “ Commentaries,” and the ancient capital of Berri. Contrasted with Dauphiné, the last named province is Cambridgeshire in apposition with Devon.

Bourges, however, is one of the most ancient of towns ; primitive and picturesque to a delightful degree ; the house-fronts, especially, indicating the early period of their struc-

ture, and their interiors serving to illustrate in many ways the quaint, fantastic taste of their earliest occupants. Some of them are entered by archways, the ascent to which is by twelve steps from the pavement. Here, also, are several stupendous round towers of the day of the Romans, to which I found certain busy invaders making approach, not with battering rams or *testudo*, but with all the apparatus of a rope-walk occupying the entire length of a space into which the archers, once lining those grey and seemingly indestructible walls, shot many an arrow, and slung tons of well-aimed stones.

Here lived, in the fifteenth century, that extraordinary man, Jacques Cœur, the "gingling Geordie"* of Charles VII., whose still perfect palace (now the Town Hall) is, next to the matchless Cathedral, the eye of this most venerable capital. Palaces built in royal style by jewellers are rare, indeed, in this world of marvels and incongruities; but the goldsmith became Minister of Finance, and lent money and gave unlimited credit to his king till the tide of favour and fortune turned, and then, after being ousted from his lordly habitation, and nearly killed by the insensate rabble who took part with the monarch, on his seeking occasion of quarrel, ended his days in exile. The premises amply requite all the trouble of long and minute inspection; and the exterior, in florid Gothic style of architecture, is one of the most singularly fantastic frontages that are to be found within a hundred miles round.

But how shall I adequately make mention, even in

* See Walter Scott's "Nigel" (James I.)

declaring its grandeur to be unimaginable, of the Cathedral of Bourges! It is a marvellous sight to behold: more like the preternatural shapes we gaze upon in dreams, embodying in vast proportions the most elegant and expressive design, and, withal, the most minute and elaborately-finished details—than the sober realities emanating from the wit and handiwork of living men. Massiveness and ornamentation are here equally conspicuous; and so startling is each prominent feature of the mighty whole, that one feels constrained to devote, in slow and deliberate inquiry, all the powers of the mind to the contemplation of such excellence. I cannot imagine a person casting *hurried* glances over the many solemn and impressive objects presented to the eye in this religious, and, I might almost say, mysterious structure. It claims the most reverential survey, while awakening the most solemn and exalted reflections; and not until this involuntary homage has been offered to the majesty of the building beheld from without, ought the antiquarian or the artist, the architect or the divine, to pass through any one of its five gates; each of which may well be called, as was that eminently magnificent portal that arrested the gaze of every Israelite in Jerusalem, “the *beautiful* Gate of the Temple.” *Five* portals in a line at the great Western entry are, in themselves, most rare to be met with; and *four* aisles, two on either side of the nave (those nearest to it being nearly seventy feet high), are equally startling. The painted glass of the windows is gorgeously, yet impressively, grand in its splendours, and only surpassed by that of the Cathedral of Chartres; and though there are no transepts (a rare omis-

sion), the eye is so fascinated by there being no screen, partition, rail, or any other intervening object, to separate the nave from the choir, that all thought about the transepts is dissipated by the astonishing magnificence of the unbroken vista between the central western portal and the high altar.

Taking it for all in all, I conceive it must be regarded as, by far, the noblest structure of this order of architecture in the empire. Its very position in the exact centre of France is happily appropriate: the sun, "with surpassing glory crown'd," of a system adorned, as that fine country is, with many a subordinate, yet most splendid, satellite, differing each from the other in architectural glories. It is visible, throughout a widely extending range of distance, in all directions: the more so from Bourges being built (as the ancient Gauls mostly took care to build their cities) on elevated ground commanding a view of the circumjacent country: and when the spectator, who has caught glimpses of it from afar, after watching for its first appearance in the horizon, beholds the colossal proportions, *there is no disappointment*; nothing falls short. I bent my steps towards the Cathedral precincts strongly prepossessed with the notion of contemplating a most majestic pile, stupendous as the Egyptian Pyramid in its solitary grandeur—for it is surrounded by an *enceinte* of buildings too insignificant to serve as standards of its greatness; but the shortcomings of actual vision have so often proved anticipation to be the outrunner of reality, that I went prepared for some few drawbacks and deficiencies, as one that felt it unwise to expect too much, and to

rely on enjoying perfection : but nothing fell short : the absorbing effect of the mighty whole (all the unities preserved, and all the proportions adjusted with infinite and universal harmony,) fills the mind, in a moment of time, with rapturous amazement which every first insight into the marvels of design and execution that present themselves, in the course of longer inspection, tends to render more intense, overpowering, and unspeakable.

I prefer this interior to any I have seen in France. The finest effects are perceptible at about an hour before sunset in summer. As in all harmoniously complete works of the kind, the details require to be studied singly ; for they neither obtrude their greatness in the *tout ensemble*, nor arrest the attention by the display of peculiarly high finish in execution. The two massive piers, for instance, of clustered columns, *twenty-four* in number, on either side of the nave, supporting the great towers, are upwards of ten feet square at their base ; though, at first sight, the plinth seems not to exceed half that measure. Nothing can surpass the effect produced by the double clerestory and triforium with which the principal *aisles*, as well as the nave (!) are decorated. These aisles, themselves, are loftier than many of the Cathedrals in our country, and constitute one of the most memorable characteristics of the sacred fane to which these few remarks are dedicated. The eye, at first entrance, glances, involuntarily, down the north aisle, and here we stand at gaze ;—arrested, as it were, by the surprise and astonishment instantaneously resulting from the combined effect of form and colour, as tints of every conceivable variety and richness stream through the

illuminated windows on to the columns and pavement, till the stone glows in radiance. The gradations, also, in the superb marble pavement of the choir till it reaches the altar, are beautifully managed.

The wealth expended on this magnificent edifice must have been incalculable. In each successive generation, the revenues of central France must have poured in as free-will offerings towards the consummation of one vast design; and three centuries seem hardly a sufficiently long period of time for the completion of such a masterpiece of genius and art; but, in the mediæval ages, it is certain, the artificers and even the meanest "operatives" worked under no ordinary impulses. The exhortation of the priests and prelates, the approving smile, or the threatening frown, of zealot kings and rulers, and all the aids and inducements derivable from religious, not to say superstitious, influences—the dread of hell, the hope of Heaven, and the sober certainty of high and constant wages—brought these stupendous monuments of Catholicism to a far earlier termination than is achievable in the present day, even with all the marvel-working appliances and improvements of modern invention. Munificent donations still reach the aisles and altars of the Cathedral at Bourges. Two splendid copies of Raffaele's "Death of Ananias" and "The Beautiful Gate of the Temple," (or, "The Restoration of the Lame Mendicant,") have recently been added to its treasures; at an outlay, from the Crown, probably, of two thousand four hundred pounds. At first sight, I mistook them for very fine oil-colour paintings, copied from the Cartoons at Hampton Court (they are of the same dimen-

sions) ; but on closer scrutiny I discovered with no little astonishment and delight, that they were worked in tapestry ! It is needless to add, they were sent from the Gobelins in Paris. My visits to the Cathedral were as frequent as the opportunities afforded, during the survey of the exceedingly ancient and interesting old city, containing four-and-twenty thousand inhabitants, and more abundantly supplied with silversmiths' shops than the High Street of Birmingham or Sheffield itself. Compared with the distant view of Chartres, Bourges, abstractedly speaking, composes not so well in a picture. The Cathedral of the former, like that of Lichfield, uprears *two* perfect spires to the skies ; and the effect is charming : still, as an old mill positively gains interest, work it in as we may, in a sketch, from having lost one of its vanes, so the difference in altitude, of some fifty or sixty feet, between the two towers of Bourges is actually no detriment. As we say, it "masses in" well, and paradoxical as it may sound, becomes an ingredient of beautiful effect in having averted formal perfection. But it is time to quit this theme : "the old man eloquent" shall sum up for me :—

" Oh ! for the help of angels to complete
This Temple—! Angels, govern'd by a plan
Thus far pursued (how gloriously !) by Man."

Wordsworth here alludes to the "unfinished shafts" in the Cathedral at Cologne. I have admitted him to speak for the incomplete tower in that of Bourges : and yet, if I might add, (speaking "under my breath"), the mention of an auxiliary so entirely of the earth, earthy—it may amuse the

reader to learn that the tower which *is* perfect, and soars two hundred feet in air, was built, like the Tour de Bœurre at Rouen, from the money paid into the church chest, year after year, in the sixteenth century, by citizens of all ranks and conditions, in consideration of their being permitted to *eat butter in Lent* ! What may not the longings for “a feast of fat things,” and the love of such indulgences impel and accomplish !

From Bourges I travelled to Orleans ; the melancholy plains of Sologne availing only to remind me, by contrast, of what I had parted from ; in all probability for ever. It is a sad necessity which subjects the travelled eye to these painful alternations and odious comparisons ; but there was no *via media* to adopt ; and though Vierzon, which lay in the way, had nothing more genial to exhibit throughout twenty square miles of sand and furze, than gravel pits and lizards, our track, subsequently, led us through thousands of acres of Rye, a sorry crop for display in the height of harvest, but the only grain cultivable on so forlorn and poor a soil. Here, however, are reared the vast flocks of sheep, called Moutons Solognois, which the epicures of France consider the choicest and most delicate mutton in the whole of their country. Those that came under notice in the journey to Orleans were not bigger than six months-old lambs ; and I was informed they seldom exceed these proportions.* When a Frenchman talks of mutton, he must be understood to mean, invariably, a mutton *cutlet*.

* The number of sheep grown in France is not greater than that in England. Each country produces about thirty-five millions annually ; and the wool is computed to amount, in either, to sixty thousand tons :

On any other portion of the animal but this extract from its rib, his notions are wild and delusive in the extreme. The hotel keepers have, of late years, added the leg (*gigot*) to their "*cartes*;" and it is put on table with a certain degree of pretention and display, (as an achievement of most meritorious success), *after the sweets!* but it is always a melancholy failure; and shows a most pitiful ambition in the cook that interposes such fibre and flavour between appetite and digestion.

A French gentleman who sate at my side, as I was descanting on the poor meagre sheep, said he had tasted our South-downs, and admitted there was nothing in France comparable with that sample of animal food. He had also seen the *dog* joints of Canton and Macao. The dog chiefly prized by the Chinese, for cookery, resembled, he said, the little active, intelligent terrier, called in France, "*le chien loup*," better known as "*le chien conducteur*," because of every *conducteur* being invariably accompanied by one of these clever, faithful creatures, in all parts of the kingdom. They run up and down the coach-ladders, watch the process of loading and unloading; guard the detached or packed luggage; and seem to live for the conductor, and these "*Services des Messageries*" in general. One day the Diligence was delayed at Strasburgh for three quarters of an hour, because the dog, lying outside the room where his

There is about a sheep and a half to the acre in our country, and only one-third of a sheep to the acre in France. So, also, in France there are annually slaughtered four millions of cattle, the average weight of each being two hundred weight. In England not half that number is slaughtered, but the average weight is *five* hundred weight each.

master was asleep, would not permit any one to open the door for the purpose of calling him. These dogs are mostly of a white and mouse-grey colour ; with very sharp pointed noses, and a lively, intelligent, good-natured look. Their necks exhibit fine silky white hair surrounding the head like a ruff.

My communicative companion added that his brother had seen *cats* hung up for sale in the Pekin markets ; and had remarked the very extraordinary fact of that particular species of the animals being brought into the world *without tails*. Travellers see strange things ; but sometimes, it may fairly be presumed, they see hardly enough ; or notice the “ things visible ” rather too carelessly.

I had seen Orleans eight years previously ; but whoever has visited this city, and explored its cathedral especially, once, ought never afterwards to pass within twenty miles distance, without making, as we say, a friendly call. The Cathedral is one of the fairest productions, *dans son genre*, of the seventeenth century ; and, to use my talented friend Petit's language “ is certainly an impressive structure, both exteriorly and internally ; though not without the faults which might be expected from the late period to which it belongs. The horizontal line prevails too much in the Western front ; and the circular stage on the top of each of the Western towers is not in perfect accordance with the Gothic character. Nevertheless, the composition, as seen from a distance, is well-proportioned and striking.”

I examined this complex and wonderful masterpiece of masonry, day after day. The richness and variety, the purity

and execution were delightful to look upon. The flying buttresses exceed in elegance of design, and elaborate workmanship, any sculptured stone, applied to such a purpose, I have ever seen; the churches in Normandy, even, not excepted. The tracery, also, of the circular windows over the Western porches might be termed filligree in stone. Nothing can surpass the exquisite delicacy of this chiselling. To enhance the enjoyment of an uninterrupted view of this beautiful edifice (founded by Henry IV. as a kind of make peace offering to the offended Jesuits, but not finished till about ninety years since), a vast clearance has been made (as at St. Ouen, in Rouen), by pulling down stacks of decaying houses, and even entire streets, which disfigured the city, and hemmed in its noble minster; and now, at length, the resplendent mass of architectural perfections, for there are many—stands isolated, and may be beheld to full advantage on all sides. The most fascinating view of it is from the Place de l'Étape, near the Town Hall; but it is a glorious object when beheld from the extremity of the newly built Rue Jeanne d'Arc, beyond all comparison the prettiest street in all France, in comparison with which the sunniest section of Regent Street, or “the sweet shady side of Pall Mall,” is sombre and commonplace. The Interior of the Cathedral requites many a long hour of inspection. This is beheld, in my opinion, to the greatest advantage by the spectator standing at the distance of three yards from the last column preceding the Northern transept, where he may see one half of each transept's window, half the choir, and the extremity of the North aisle. There are four aisles; and each clerestory window is

twenty-five feet high and twelve wide; but there is very little stained glass, and such as there is must be considered ordinary enough. The interior of the porches is magnificent. At a glance, the eye penetrates the sculptured architectural coronets surmounting the towers, each 280 feet high.

On one occasion, I found a congregation of about eleven hundred persons. The sermon was being delivered by one of the twelve Canons; and, I cannot but add, in the worst conceivable taste; not but that all French Pulpit oratory has, in general, failed to satisfy me. There was an offensive familiarity in the style of this dignitary's address which outraged every feeling of reverential respect for the office he declared himself to be magnifying. His intonation and action were harsh and vulgar; occasionally he crumpled up his fingers as if he were playing on castanets; then he would lean on them after the manner of a shopman, behind the counter, "in angry parle" with a customer that would fain purchase at his own estimate of value. It was a wrangle, in appearance, rather than an harangue; and Hamlet's instructions, translated into French, would have been words spoken in due season, and good for such a declaimer:—"In the very torrent, tempest, and (as I may say), whirlwind of your passion, you must acquire and beget a temperance, that may give it smoothness."

All that could be shewn by zealous archæologists and credulous *Cicerones*, proud of ancient associations and achievements among the vestiges still extant of the Maid of Orleans—her domicile, the scene of her exploits, and the ruins of her vanquished enemies' strongholds, was duly

sought for and explored before I quitted the city whose name is indissolubly blended with her own. I descended the dark, damp, unwholesome cellars of the Tourelles (on the site of which now stands the 'Tête de Bœuf,' Public House), an undoubted remnant of the fort, out of which, in desperate and blood-stained conflict, she drove the English; and here I saw the massive rings, still hanging by chains rivetted into the stone vaulted ceiling, which, in the absence of gun-carriages, suspended the cannon. They severally face the embrasures, now bricked up, through which the primitive artillery was pointed. The whole of these quays were under water during the inundation of last June, for upwards of ten days.

The Earl of Stanhope's admirable article on Jeanne D'Arc, in the 138th number of the Quarterly Review, (March, 1842), proved my best 'Manuel' in this venerably old city; and it was a mental luxury of no light relish to sit under the shade of one of the arches of the noble bridge that spans the Loire, at a few yards' distance from the foundations of the ancient one across which our astonished countrymen fled from the heroine's presence, and there peruse that masterly essay; the warrior forms of the Earl of Salisbury, falling dead into the moat, and of Sir William Gladsdale, despairing of success while Jeanne's magic banner waved—rising before the mind's eye, and filling the river's bank with images of that day's terrible and eventful slaughter.

A small column in Languedoc marble, of the Tuscan order, raised on a moderately proportioned pedestal, with three broad steps on every side, and a stone post at each

angle of the plinth, is now standing in an open space of small dimensions at no great distance from the street running parallel with the river ; having been removed from its original position nearer to the memorable Tourelles, forty years since. It bears the following inscription :

In memory
of
Jeanne d'Arc,
called " The Maid,"
the religiously-minded heroine
who
on the 8th May, 1429,
on this very spot
delivered by her valour
the town, France, and the King.

The reverse side of the pedestal states that the said pillar (with the gilt cross surmounting it) was erected by the mayor and others, whose names it is not necessary to mention, on the 8th of May, 1817.

There are three statues, also, of poor Jeanne at Orleans : the well-known bronze, designed by the royal daughter of the late Louis Philippe, in front of the Museum : another, also of bronze, at the head of the bridge on the left bank of the Loire, erected fifty-two years since, and meaningless in expression ; and a third, heroic size, equestrian, in the centre of the great square. It is not unimpressive in its general effect ; but the dauntless Maid is bestriding a cart horse. The people say, (and truly enough, perhaps), this was the very form of the Percheron horse,* the war-horse

* Vol. i. ch. XIII.

most in request at that early period ; but if this be the case, it would have been, nevertheless, far better to represent the heroine of Domremy *à pied*, rather than *à cheval*. A horse-woman astride is in a posture *un peu dégoûtant*, whether in Asia or Europe ; though Etty's picture of Jeanne, that "struck" all London "like a planet," some years since, almost reconciled the national eye, in this country, to that Amazonian *manège*.

As might be expected, the recollections of this persecuted and murdered maiden have maintained a steadfast hold on the public mind and feeling. Every other street, and many a house of entertainment or business, brings her name or effigy, her portrait or escutcheon, before the eye. In petticoats or in armour, she swings in air on an inn sign, or fills up niches and angles in front of a showy warehouse, or behind a shop counter. On fans and in brooches, as the handle of a parasol, or of a paper-cutter or seal, "the counterfeit presentment" ranges through the almost infinite series of fancy articles ; and, after the lapse of upwards of four hundred years, Jeanne d'Arc is not out of fashion in Orleans. It would be difficult to adduce an instance of like popularity. As a political enthusiast she, herself, cared not that her memory should live ; but as a Christian heroine, it is more than probable that her name will survive, with honour and veneration, in France, till the day of that country's doom : and this is an earthly immortality.

CHAPTER XI.

Excursion from Orleans into La Beauce and the Chartrain—Vast growth of wheat and barley—Produce of England and France compared—CHARTRES: its matchless cathedral—Marceau—Lord Byron's lines—Return to Orleans—The Emperor's Fête-day—Fête and fireworks—By railway to Choisy-le-Roi, S. of Paris—Admirable mode of conveying hotel lodgers' baggage—Probable cause of the English so very seldom becoming familiar with the domestic life of the French—Arrival at Choisy—"Une sottise Anglaise!"—The incumbent of Varennes once again on the scene—PARIS—Arrival of the Queen of England and suite—Unprecedentedly brilliant appearance of Paris on that occasion—Splendour of the principal decorations on the principal Boulevards—Bitter disappointment, mortification, and pecuniary loss of the Parisians in consequence of Her Majesty's passing through in the dark!—The Imperial Eagle in danger—The English silk handkerchief in requisition—Heaths all round! Vive l'Alliance!—The eventual destiny of the handkerchief—CONCLUSION.

PREVIOUS to leaving Orleans for Paris and England, I took a ticket for Toury, and from that station, a "scamper," so to speak, across La Beauce to see the town and Cathedral of Chartres. It is a tract of the ugliest country in Europe; flat as the ocean; not a hedge or tree, bush or twig being within view for miles, in any direction; and the roads are as white as chalk: but it is a great and glorious sight to behold the corn growth of this most important

province ; one of the most valuable granaries of the Empire, and the provision store of millions. It is the triumph (achieved by the Créator, the Lord of the Harvest,) of arable land ; and not all the temples of Fame, nor the palaces of rulers and kings, nor the proudest monuments raised on earth's surface to immortalize human excellence, or to glorify Divine power and goodness, approach in sublimity the spectacle of an entire province covered with the food that strengtheneth man's heart, and satisfieth the hungry soul with gladness. The wheat ears promised an average yield ; not heavy, certainly, but fairly remunerative.

Almost all the wheat appeared to have been sown broadcast, in a stiff retentive soil, upon fifteen feet ridges. There were some portions, however, of light land where it had grown thickly on a clover ley. Other compartments of the mighty crop had been sown after "parcage," that is, after sheepfolding on a tract where the vetches had been fed off, and the land ploughed once afterwards. The straw was extremely short ; the stems no where exceeding *two* feet in height, either in the wheat or barley fields. It would be not a little interesting to visit some four thousand acres of this vast plain after two years' cultivation in the hands of a few sound practical Norfolk farmers ; for, if we compare the average growth in our country with that of France, and the prices realized, per acre, in the two kingdoms, it cannot but appear that the French grower produces three times less in quantity from the circumstance, in my humble judgment, of his "starving the land," and not availing himself of the prodigious natural advantages here spread out for his use and rich enjoyment.

In England, out of fifty millions of acres cultivated, one fifth are sown in wheat, or other cereals. In France fifty millions are always under the plough for white crops. Our average growth of wheat, per acre, is four quarters. In France only one quarter and three fifths. The produce of English land may be estimated at three pounds four shillings an acre; that of France at one pound twelve shillings. Now, without proceeding to the costliness, and (as it sometimes proves) improvidence of very high farming, we might calculate on the British agriculturist raising, one year with another, seven quarters an acre, (all round,) on the plains of La Beauce and the Chartrain, where, at this moment, the French tenantry and proprietors, *using little or no manure*, are content to rely for yearly crops on the generosity of the soil alone;—ill as they treat it: for the *thistles* stood in many a long mile of productive ridges, *six inches higher than the wheat!* But I went into La Beauce to pursue my way to Chartres and its Cathedral: not to gather statistics for Mark Lane, or to describe qualities of prolific soil in language that might tantalize occupiers of poor land, on this side of the Channel, into longings akin to madness.

My first glimpse of Chartres Cathedral was in the mist of early morn. The darkness of night was past; but the light of day had not long illumined the horizon, and I beheld a grey mass against the white sky, as of a rising cloud suddenly uplifting itself from the plain at seven miles' distance. The height of the roof, beheld from that point, seemed incredible; and the Eastern extremity of the mighty edifice appeared to extend itself like the sloping side of some mountainous acclivity, till it blended with

contiguous towers and walls in the town. The *two* spires, a feature of beauty so very rarely attained to by these vast and antique temples, are grandly characteristic, as in our own Lichfield; and it is next to impossible to cease gazing on the majestic object as it grows more and more stupendous and more clearly defined. I succeeded in making two drawings (*malgré* the early dew) illustrative of the peculiar effect just alluded to; and even in pencil the glorious Cathedral looms most interestingly, with promise of "something more," should the palette be brought to bear hereafter on the wayside memorandum.

I have already found the whole vocabulary of artistic phrase fail me in the course of these pages, accordingly as my pen essayed to report, with all the fulness such excellence justly claimed, the perfections of the Cathedrals of Rheims and Bourges. How vain would be any endeavour, let memory and my note book prompt as they will, to characterize in adequate language the solemn majesty of the Lord's consecrated temple at Chartres! the earliest in France dedicated to the Virgin,—the resort of pilgrims, century after century, through five hundred years,—the shrine where saints and kings, the mighty and the holy ones of Christendom, beheld the triumphs of Papal supremacy, and saw the proudest day of their national faith, and rejoiced.

It was well to see this crowning wonder last in order; for it is impossible to believe that France or Europe at large can exhibit a sanctuary around which the inspired mind and adorning hand of man have accumulated so many and so great marvels of masonic and pictorial art. Most difficult is it to declare which is the most astonishing and

most delectable to behold—the architecture or the painting, the vastness of general design, or the inconceivable varieties of particular detail. This mighty House of God abounds with the riches of art and the wonders of science. All has been nobly, all has been wonderfully begun, continued, and ended; and so many are the distinctive features, that mind and body are equally conscious of the labour of contemplation: in other words, it is a relief to the attentive spirit and to the over-fraught heart, to pause; as object succeeds to object, and admiration grows more and more intense, amid the overpowering influences of such a spectacle.

I shall not presume to weary my reader with details which might fill a volume, or overlay these conclusory pages with descriptions which, however minute and graphic, would leave imagination at a loss, and curiosity only too ill satisfied.

A few words may suffice to record the chief characteristics of this amazing fabric, and in these I may explain my reference to the consummate merit here displayed in pictorial art. I allude to *the hundred and thirty windows of stained glass, (the most beautiful in all France,)* that adorn all parts of the interior. The Rose windows, thus illuminated, in the transepts, are infinitely beyond the powers of language to pourtray, or of the most imaginative mind to conceive. The Rose window in the West Façade of the Cathedral at Rheims is somewhat larger, and its tracery more pleasing. It enjoys, also, the valuable advantage of being uplifted to the Western sun, in which it is beheld glowing at the whole length of the nave. But when the Southern transept window of Chartres Cathedral

begins to brighten in the effulgence of a brilliant day, an effect is produced in the interior, extending across the choir, of which some idea may be formed by likening it to the red and blue and other chymically coloured fires, introduced occasionally in theatres and pyrotechnical exhibitions;—a supernatural halo which seems always to be regarded with more or less of pleasurable admiration.

The length, breadth, and height of the building, are equally astonishing. From the Western Portal to the Eastern extremity is a space of four hundred and fifty feet.* From the pavement of the nave to the roof, one hundred and twelve feet. Pompey's pillar (in Alexandria), would stand within it, leaving twelve feet to spare above its capital. The principal organ, elevated above the three first arches of the South side of the nave, is forty-five feet wide, and forty feet high, and exhibits a hundred and ninety speaking pipes in front. I heard its tones in perfection. My visit was paid on the Emperor's Fête-day, (August 15th), and a large concourse of Vocal and Instrumental performers, military and civil, with all the staff and retainers of the Prefect and General Commandant, *en grande tenue*, were assembled with from four to five thousand of the townspeople, to grace the sacred concert and the festival.

A light blue silken banner floated from the vane of the highest of the two spires, three hundred and four feet high. The North and South portals are regarded as altogether unique in Gothic beauty, there being no lateral entries like them in France, or in any other Christian country ; though

* Thirty feet less than the interior length of St. Paul's Cathedral in London.

they are rivalled by some of the Moorish and Asiatic porches. The Crypt is of very considerable extent, and, in some parts, of a date anterior to the Romans; the living rock being still visible, which stood as a component portion of the Druidical temple found here by Julius Cæsar, on his incursion into Gaul. These subterranean passages run beneath the Choir. On ascending from these excavations of upwards of two thousand years' antiquity, my attention was directed to the back of the choir which is decorated with forty-five compartments of sculptured stone figures, each upwards of forty inches in height, illustrating the life of Christ and of the Virgin Mary; some being two, others three centuries old: all exquisitely wrought, considering the periods at which the work was done. The reverse of these ingenious and elaborate panellings in stone, forms, as may be supposed, the internal *enceinte* of the choir; and is composed of eight large squares of white marble, framing bas-reliefs of little value beyond the Scriptural subjects they illustrate.

Pre-eminent, however, above all these marble decorations is the statue of the Virgin, of like material, surmounting the Great Altar. This effigy was on the point of being demolished in 1793, when the revolutionary rabble began to sack and pillage every church and chapel in the realm; and was only preserved by the presence of mind of the Curate of the parish, Jumentier, who, seizing a red cloth cap, (the "bonnet rouge"), from one of the most violent of the mob, placed it on the head of the statue, exclaiming, "There! You want a goddess of Reason; this will suit your purpose as well as anything!" and in this state of degradation the consecrated effigy remained till the reform-

ing iconoclasts and infidel regicides were many a league distant from the province. The curate's clerical brethren were scandalized at the expedient; but the Bishop of the Diocese, a sensible man, commended his presence of mind and shrewd evasion, and subsequently offered him a valuable incumbency; but he preferred retaining the office of simple curate, to the day of his decease.

The Grande Place, or principal quarter of Chartres, is a spacious circle called 'La Place des Barricades.' It would be more appropriately entitled 'Place des Cafés,' for every other house bears that designation; for the accommodation, probably, of the farmers and waggoners on market days; this being one of the largest corn markets in France, as its position in the vicinity of La Beauce, and in the centre of the Chartrain, would naturally cause it to become. In the middle of this area is a pedestal, surmounted by a bronze statue of Marceau, to whose memory, as a native of Chartres, the inhabitants erected an obelisk in another quarter of the town, in a little square called the Herb Market, and where I read the inscription stating that he became a soldier at sixteen years of age, and a general at twenty-three, and that he met his death four years afterwards. The pedestal I am speaking of is less communicative, exhibiting, as it does, two words only, 'A Marceau.' Let us dedicate a moment to his praises from the pen of an illustrious writer, who, in *English* verse, at least, has rendered the young warrior's name immortal:—

" Honour to Marceau! o'er whose early tomb
Tears, big tears, gush'd from the rough soldier's lid,
Lamenting and yet envying such a doom,
Falling for France, whose rights he battled to resume.

Brief, brave, and glorious was his young career,—
 His mourners were two hosts, his friends and foes ;
 And fitly may the stranger lingering here
 Pray for his gallant spirit's bright repose ;
 For he was Freedom's champion, one of those,
 The few in number, who had not o'erstept
 The charter to chastise which she bestows
 On such as wield her weapons ; he had kept
 The whiteness of his soul, and thus men o'er him wept."

He was killed by a rifle ball at Alterkirchen on the Rhine, on the eve of the present century. The statue is a highly creditable work of art, and was erected about five years ago ; but, in consequence of the area in which it stands being so wide, its proportion seems diminutive ; and the effect which would otherwise have been striking, dwindles into insignificance.

I returned to Orleans in the evening. There was to be a military mass and a "Te Deum" in the Cathedral at Chartres, and I saw a regiment marching towards the precincts when I left the place ; but, by many an occasion, this was no novelty to me ; and I was content with the Chorale and Symphonies already so admirably performed in the sacred edifice. It was amusing to see two Vivandières, in full regimental costume, marching into it with their brothers in arms. The men call the Vivandière "La Providence du Soldat !"

On re-entering Orleans I found the principal houses "pavoisées ;" *i. e.*, the occupiers had hoisted flags and banneroles from their windows. The mayor and authorities entertained us with a lavish eruption of sky-rockets, girandoles, and lava-like streams of pyrotechnic fire and brimstone at night ; it being the Emperor's fête day ; and tens

of thousands of the loyal citizens were pacing the streets till midnight; after which all was quiet as the plains of La Beauce, the scene of my fifteen hours' excursion.

The 16th of August found me starting for Paris. The hotel-keeper at Orleans dispatched me, with other departing guests, in a "showy" kind of 'Omnibus,' to the station; appending to the vehicle a novelty not unworthy of mention in the general mélange of notes by the way. A light carriage, with higher sides all round than a truck, and more nearly resembling the spring-carts used for conveying perishable and delicate fruits, was rivetted to the under part of the 'Omnibus,' beneath the step; the pole being fitted with a handle, at each end of which was a screw. In this "receiver-general" was deposited every item of luggage, light and heavy; and away we went followed by the tender in our wake, up street, down street, round by sharp corners and sudden turns, in perfect order; the portman-teaux, trunks, bags, gun-cases, hat-boxes, and umbrellas, &c. lying in admirable compactness till the porters began to unload at the station. No one rode with the luggage; the vehicle's movements being simultaneous with those of the 'Omnibus,' and requiring no regulation. Had there been twenty-four passengers instead of twelve, all would have found roomy seats inside and outside—without being stowed away in company with their "belongings."

The dispatch with which these were taken out, and put into the train, might be advantageously emulated on this side of the channel. The Orleans line *pays well*. Its gross receipts between January 1st and August 4th, 1856, amounted to £1,174,152 sterling! or £5,410 daily.

My readers will recollect the opening observations in the first chapter of these Volumes relative to the facilities afforded by railway travelling for making excursions to the most interesting localities at the least possible expense of time and money. Thousands of our countrymen throng into Paris. How many of them run up to Rheims, or down to Chartres? And yet the former city is but a three hours' trip, and the latter may be reached in little more than half that time! Now, in my individual case, I *went too far* by many hundred miles to see a monastery; if *that* had been all that beautiful DAUPHINÉ could exhibit in requital of a long and arduous journey. This reflection can hardly arise where the object of research is a gloriously magnificent work, expressly dedicate to the worship and honour of the Deity; a monument raised by men who kept in view, not only the devout maintenance and defence of their religious faith, but the good and reformation of mankind. This is not to recommend a Tour of the Cathedrals; but to bid Christian connoisseurs regard the surpassingly beautiful temples, interspersed in all parts of the continent, as so many memorials of sanctified labour, to be esteemed and venerated, not so much for their extrinsic grandeur and amazing magnificence, as for their holy purposes and influences. A vast church adapted for the congregational worship of seven or eight thousand souls deserves the homage of each successive generation; and where such design involves all that is sublime and beautiful in architecture and scientific adornments, it must be classed with the finest efforts of the human mind; in comparison with which the monastic pile encumbering the ground with interminable cloisters, and barring its gates against every

soul of the population surrounding it—and against the world at large—is but the modern “Abomination of Desolation,” and a solemn mockery.

To have paced the aisles then of the cathedrals at Amiens, Rheims, Bourges, and Chartres—the noblest Gothic edifices in France—is matter for gratulation and contentment; and as this may be accomplished with perfect ease in six days, my parting recommendation to all who may have perused these pages, and been induced to plan a little excursion in the ensuing summer, is to make such acquaintance with Picardy, Champagne, Berri, and La Beauce, as shall introduce them to scenes and spectacles, wherein they will most assuredly adopt the sentiments here delivered, and share, to the full, my gratification. Whatever, besides, may be deduced from the foregoing scattered narratives, to enhance the pleasurable circumstances of such an expedition, remains to be dealt with accordingly as the tourist shall make foreign travel a study, or a relaxation from mental labour. All men see not with the same eyes, nor reflect and judge with the same minds. It is neither natural nor desirable that they should; but in recording the facts and incidents that have been presented to the reader, I have fulfilled the part of a pioneer in my capacity of a note-maker, and shall be sincerely glad if even one remark of mine, independent of the hints given in the Appendix to these volumes, have helped to clear the way, and point out safe and pleasant paths for others in a land where we appear, still, only as pilgrims and strangers.

I suppose it may be attributed to many causes, besides the mutual inability felt by even the best educated natives in either country, to converse in each other's national lan-

guage, that the English, in point of fact, know so little of the domestic life, and private virtues, as husbands, men, and fathers, of the French; and the French, in their turn, of the genuine character and disposition, the habits and usages of the English. As much difficulty seems to subsist as at the earliest period of the peace which has now lasted through upwards of forty years, in acquiring that knowledge of our foreign neighbours, in their homes and social circles, which would render every visit to their country, a source of enlarged and enduring gratification; and if this be not, it *ought* to be, a matter of sincerest regret. The usual observation among the many individuals with whom design or chance brought me into discourse upon this and other subjects of like nature, was that the English families always seem to be “flying along;” and that no one can see or learn anything of them. The Old and the Young “Rapids” from our shores are, indeed, innumerable; and post-haste appears to be the “order of their going,” whether outward or homeward bound. Hence, so much profitless travelling.

But the French are so rarely to be met in our country, whether it be in the highest or in the middle class of society, excepting a very few frequenting the saloons of their ambassador, and an equally insignificant number cleaving to the fortunes and home of refuge of the deposed royal family, that the London season passes away, year after year, without placing a single French name upon the list of our acquaintances; the result of which is, that, visit their country as often as we may, we feel we are always amongst total strangers, and we walk, ride, and drive through their cities and villages, and pass the gates of their

town houses, or of their provincial châteaux, without either invitation or permission to visit the inmates. They are in obscurity; and all communication, intercourse, and social advances are impracticable. We bring to them no letters of introduction; for we come from a land where no one, probably, knows them and could address such letters to them; and unfortunately for the French estate or house owners, as well as for ourselves, be we ever so amicably disposed, their incomes are, for the most part, so limited, and, in their estimation, so utterly incompatible with what they designate and, I may add, deprecate, as English notions—that their earliest impulse is to *evade* the formation of acquaintance which the necessarily stinted *ménage* of a French home might render a source of very inconvenient expense; and this condition of society, even of what we should consider “very good” society, in and out of Paris, is well known and felt by the French families resident in England, whatever station they may fill in the upper or intermediate circles of society; and, therefore, are they generally slow to encourage the suggestions of our countrymen, on the subject of letters of introduction into French families living in town or country; however glad the latter would be to visit England with credentials of this kind from *us*. Hence no *entrée* is gained into domestic life abroad by *families* devoting ever so long a period to their foreign tour. Single men succeed better; but they lose ground, rapidly—from confessed inability to speak the language.* The French cannot help them in this

Lord Bacon says “He that travelleth into a country, before he hath an entrance into the language, goeth to school, and not to travel.”

particular ; and the newly formed acquaintance dwindles and drops off altogether. In some quarters a certain degree of shyness proceeds from political sentiment and principle which, when we consider how many fortunes have been ruined, and what feelings have been outraged by changes and revolutions with which England would not, and could not, intermeddle, since the restoration of 1815, must be supposed to influence the dispositions of the French towards, or, we may rather say, against us. While some suppose us to be sticklers for "*le roi légitime*," others imagine we rejoice at every new blow struck for freedom ; though that blow should overthrow a dynasty of noblest origin. • The republican appeals to our veneration of Magna Charta and the British Constitution, and expects our sympathy with every *émeute* originating in the passion for reform and liberty. The Haute Noblesse of the Ancien régime, "a feeble folk" now-a-days, but high-minded as in the palmiest state of regal power, and deserving all our respect, keep aloof from England and France alike, till a better time shall come ; and between these and our more fortunate selves a common feeling is improbable ; cordiality impossible. We get on admirably, now, with the *militaires* ; but they are one and all poor, and keep neither fixed residences nor bankers' books ; and, above all other classes, live, move, and have their being *en publique*.

The Merchants of France are the easiest of access ; the easiest, of course, in circumstances ; and more nearly assimilated to our commerce-loving, money-making, money-spending selves, than other classes of the great com-

munity; and a few good letters of introduction to the leading personages of this rank in society would prove very effective in enabling English gentlemen and their families to combine a knowledge of individual character with that of places; to acquire not only an insight into men and things beyond the range of inspection laid down by travellers' guides and hand-books, but to enjoy opportunities arising out of social and familiar intercourse, which would exhibit good points and qualities in the foreigner hitherto unimagined or discredited, and place the tourist in a position of advantage to which mere gossipers with inn-keepers, table-d'hôte guests, laquais de place, and waiters, must ever continue strange. It would not concern the Reader to know how many, and which of these sources of information were open to my solitary, unambitious self; but long acquaintance with France may be supposed to have left me at no disadvantage in this respect; and experience has, of course, taught me how and where, when searching for local and particular information, to succeed in such enquiries.

There is not a little bourg or ville with a population of from eight hundred to a thousand inhabitants, where there may not be found one, two, or three resident men of known ability, of a certain degree of repute in general or local knowledge, whose intelligent minds and amiable manners could not but enhance the enjoyment of a leisurely inspection of their locality and its neighbourhood; and through whose instrumentality, as correspondents with other individuals of yet higher pretensions and station, in the same province, (and within a short distance, probably,)

the traveller, being furnished with the kindest of introductory letters, would form acquaintance with objects most worthy of investigation in the company of instructors familiar not only with every particular of note in their own province and neighbourhood; but conversant, also, with the habits, every day life, and customs of the mass of the people around them.

Whether such newly found companion, for the time being, be the Procureur or the Juge de Paix, the Sous-Prefet or the "Doctor," a Professor or an Author, a Chymist or an Agriculturist, an Engineer or the Curé, (I speak of them severally from personal experience), he will be found to be a citizen of the world, of creditable attainments and communicative disposition; and more may be learned from daily walk and talk with such social and congenial spirits in the course of a few *days* than from a silent sojourn of weeks or months in a hotel, be the country where or what it may; and these communications give such impulse and interest to the course of foreign travel as none other provision by the way will ever tend to create or sustain.

Our countrymen would be greater gainers hereby than they are generally aware, if they would but throw themselves more in the way of such living aids; lay their English "dignity" aside, and disabuse the friendly Frenchmen of their universal belief that we are one and all "fiers,"* by the free and frank interchange of those little amenities which make the dullest of roads cheerful, the

* Proud and supercilious.

longest journey short, and this world's most rugged course an easier path to tread than when natures rough and unswayable "possess it merely."

"Voilà, enfin, Montmartre!" exclaimed a fellow-traveller, as we "neared" the Choisy-le-Roi station.

"Yes; but I intend to take up my quarters here, at Choisy. Paris is too crowded now, by far, to suit my taste."

And at Choisy (Louis XV's favourite resort)* I alighted. A fellow Oxonian who was in the same carriage, and went on with the train into the capital, subsequently wrote me word that when the French gentleman saw me fairly deposited "with all my traps" on the platform, he exclaimed, with a shrug of the shoulders:

"Voilà une sottise tout-à-fait Anglaise!"

The notion of a man preferring the quiet and healthiness of a sweet village on the sunny banks of the Seine, seven miles distant from the Chaussée d'Antin, le Spectacle, les Salons, and les Réunions of the most brilliant capital in the Universe, overpowered the Parisian *habitué*; and though national politeness kept silence while I was "going, going," (indeed he shook me cordially by the hand), the affront my halt offered to his native Paris compelled him to belabour me when I was "gone!" Possibly he made up his mind, soon afterwards, that I was a commercial traveller charged with large orders for Morocco leather; the manufactory of which at Choisy is the most extensive in all France.

* The palace had just been pulled down. It was in perfect condition.

Having ascertained that the hotels in Paris were literally overflowing, and that parties of their occupants were constrained to dine in the court-yards, (the saloons and coffee-rooms being full), which on the very next day after my arrival at Choisy, I found to be the case, I determined on hiring apartments in the latter village, where I might sleep in pure air instead of being stowed away, as I was in July, in a closet just under the roof, seven stories high; and as there were seven trains in the day, conveying passengers in less than twenty minutes to the station near the Jardin des Plantes, the communication might be said to remain open, and the Capital sufficiently near at hand. Some idea may be formed of the overwhelming accession to its population in the week preceding our Queen's arrival, from the fact of two hundred persons, chiefly "country-folk," *bivouacking*, night after night, in the Place de la Bourse,—the square surrounding the Exchange,—and in several other such open spaces in and around the city. The proprietor of the hotel to which I had resorted through forty years past, showed me a bed fitted up in his bureau, or little counting-house, into which two young English ladies crept every night, ushered into their narrow roost by his wife, who was always *au désespoir* about accommodation; even in the large caravanseraï over which she presided.

On *one* day, she informed me, they had sent away twenty-five applicants for bed-rooms; and many parties slept in carriages, with the blinds up, through seven hours of night, or more correctly speaking, from midnight till seven in the morning; for the sun rose at a quarter to five o'clock. Such occurrences were without precedent.

The reader will be not a little surprised to learn that the first face I looked upon on the morning after my arrival at Choisy-le-Roi, as I was starting for Paris, was that of my esteemed Abbé, who, when all men else averted their looks, even, from her countenance, welcomed my *Sovereign* and myself alike to his manse and parish in Argonne! The worthy incumbent of Varennes was among the half million of strangers arriving from the provinces, to see Queen Victoria, and, afterwards, the 'Exposition.' By a singular chance, he had come in from Paris that very morning to visit a young acquaintance, the minister of Choisy-le-Roi.

"*Quanti complexus!*" After the conventional hug, &c., of his countrymen, my intelligent and kind-hearted host gave me his address in Paris, to which, as a slight return for his old Burgundy, I sent a hamper of London Stout and Edinburgh ale! and from whence, as I learned by a letter* since received, he journeyed into the South. He is no ordinary son of the Church; and I regard my introduction to the man of God, described in Chapter X. Vol. I, as one of the most interesting and pleasur-

* There is a passage in that letter so honourable to the writer's head and heart, that I feel assured it will elicit the admiration of my readers: "*Jouissez longtemps, cher ami, de votre bonheur de famille—persévérez dans votre amour pour l'étude et les beaux arts: et, toute votre vie, soyez l'esclave de la Vérité, afin que dans vos livres le lecteur n'y voie rien qui sente l'esprit de parti. Chaque pays a son esprit, ses mœurs, ses vertus, ses faiblesses, ses beautés: C'est pourquoi, soyons toujours vrais, car, le vrai seul est aimable.*" I may here add, with reference to my John Barleycorn present, that he declared there was "*rien au-dessus de cette bière en France, si ce n'est le Vin de Bordeaux, Bourgogne, et Champagne.*"

able incidents of my Continental excursions; but who that

—— “ has travelled Life’s dull round ’

does not appreciate the rarity and charm of such chance fellowship! Commend me, kind Fortune, while I linger in this planet, to acquaintances of such a cast, and to hearts of this “ fine frame;” to men of kindred tastes and feelings, whose social disposition seeks intimacy for the sake of friendly and congenial intercourse; whose good humour combining with vivid perceptions, quick intelligence, and an enviable flow of animal spirits, infuses hilarity where all else would be dulness, and makes the most commonplaces pleasurable. Where, to a nature of this complexion* we find superadded the endowments of classical and modern learning; of a pure and cultivated taste conversant with the productions, and familiar with the beauties, of polite and elegant literature; and accomplishments, moreover, of a high order adorning so superior an education, we may hail the possessor of such qualities as “ a man worth knowing;” and, on discovery that in the “ one thing needful” he is not wanting, and that the elements are so mixed up in him as to constitute the genuine Christian, and the thorough gentleman, our hearts may well yearn for such a companion through the “ various tour” of this sublunary existence, and rejoice to hail him “ friend.”

The memorable 18th day of August having, at length, arrived, I stood (very unwisely, as I afterwards thought)

for three hours—that is to say, from five o'clock till eight in the evening—on the kerb-stone of the pavement in the Rue Royale, behind a double rank of National Guards keeping the ground, and in front of a crowd occupying every inch of a twenty-five feet breadth of pavement—all intent on seeing and believing in the actual presence of Queen Victoria. The heat till sunset was most oppressive; but my young English companions whom I joined, upon our wholly unexpected meeting, found out, with myself, the impracticability of *moving about* after five o'clock. The density of the multitudes and the tens of thousands of soldiers rendered any changes of position impossible. We were tolerably well amused by various ludicrous occurrences, sayings, and doings, among those liveliest creatures on the face of Earth (*while all is good-humour, and nothing going amiss*)—a French mob. Among other diverting sights was that of the soldiers' haversacks and coat-cases. On this occasion, these were specially furnished; but not with the regulation items of marching order. It was marvellous to behold the quantity of bread, meat, pastry, fruit, wine, brandy, and beer stowed away in their military accoutrements: and, be it added, equally astonishing to see how much they ate and drank: but I will back a Frenchman's appetite and digestion against any English keenness of stomach or gastric juice. As usual, there were innumerable false alarms: at every sound of distant drum or gun the cry was still "They come!" Staff-officers and aides-de-camp, and orderlies and provosts, and every description of epauletted and aiguilleted functionaries, rode in *andante* movement or *con spirito*, every quarter of an

hour during our tip-toe expectation—for it was declared to be impossible her Majesty could pass by later than seven o'clock; and our thoughts, fathered by our wishes, coincided gladly with such declaration.

Not a few of us pondered in our hearts on what he, who stood on the summit of the Column in Place Vendôme, would have thought and said (could that bronze effigy have become suddenly animated by a change into flesh and blood), beholding the collective population of Paris thus thronging around the monument of his own glory, to raise the shout of welcome to the Queen of England, and to salute with "Hail! fellow! well met," every citizen from that unassailable, unconquered land whose people's friendship had become to France a rock of confidence and a tower of strength:—

"Hand in hand when Peace is smiling,
And in Battle side by side."

Well! The bands played national airs and anthems, waltzes, and polkas: the flags, pennons, and standards waved in brilliancy, and the beauty and chivalry of Gallia's capital, "fair women and brave men," looked and sighed, sighed and looked, as the ugliest and the puniest also did, again and again, as the sun went down on their expectations, if not upon their wrath; and when we could no longer discern the triumphal arches on the Boulevard, nor the tympanum of the porch of the Madeleine, nor the Militia from the Line, nor our neighbour's nose from his

clin—in other words, “when night spread her shadows around,” we enjoyed, in return for twelve hours’ fatigue, fasting, and penance, the melancholy gratification of seeing several open carriages driven by, in one of which, we felt assured (but that *one* was not discernible) the Sovereign of these realms of England, Scotland, and Ireland might have been seated; but evidence of such royal presence we had none. Her most gracious Majesty rode along *in the dark*; to the unspeakable mortification and hardly suppressed disgust of two million and a half of people, many of whom had travelled two hundred miles for the express purpose of *seeing* her enter their country’s magnificent sold. and no inconsiderable number—thousands, were told, having hired seats, windows, and entire houses, at prices, say of a whole week’s housekeeping to every individual on the face of a whole week’s housekeeping to every individual going *amiss* and where one person, alone, had engaged a house sights was tremendous, the cost, in the prime situations along the On this three miles, amounted to two thousand five hundred with the *ances*;—one hundred pounds.

regarded the French authorities, and the Parisian velleous nation, it was the most splendid, munificently liberal, wine, kindly intentioned pageant and triumphal reception cou that ever one great nation prepared to do honour to another. On *our* part, so far as arrangements, calculations, and proper deference to public feeling were concerned, it was the worst managed affair that has discredited British administration in the present century. The “scape-goat” on this occasion was the captain of the royal yacht, who, it was alleged, lost two hours by not having duly informed himself respecting the

time of high-water at Boulogne. The French, however, ridiculed the plan of making the whole journey in one day; and said Her Majesty should have slept at Amiens.

On the breaking up of the awful crowd, I followed the ranks of the Chasseurs de Vincennes to avoid being trampled down, as many were, by the rushing and shouting myriads; and in the covert of this fine body of men found safe passage along the Boulevard, through the densest multitude I had ever beheld, until I espied the head of the street which I knew would lead down to the river-side and the Orleans Station beyond it. It was nearly nine o'clock, and the last train was gone; but upon seeing some hundreds of the 44th battalion of the National Guards mustering within the rails of the outer court of the station, and inquiring what they were proceeding to do, I learned they were about to return in a special train to Choisy le Roi, of which place they were all, both officers and men, natives. There had been twenty-five thousand National Guards under arms this day in Paris. Our Choisy detachment of four-hundred and fifty had entered it at eight o'clock in the morning, and had been posted at the Strasbourg Station.

Now, my host at Choisy, a portly citizen of about fifty years of age, was the *porte drapeau*: he was the standard-bearer of his regiment, and here he stood, Eagle in hand, *en grande tenue*, surrounded by brethren-in-arms, and detailing all he had seen and heard in his place of signal honour, when lowering the flag and its surmounting bird (of which more

anon!) within two yards of the Queen of Great Britain and Ireland, about whose form, features, and royal bearing of gentleness, goodness, and every other queenly grace, he would have harangued his willing hearers till ten o'clock, when the train was to start, but for my interrupting him with the preliminaries of a negociation for my being forthwith enlisted into the *corps*, and conveyed, by favour of such admission, to Choisy. In five minutes' time I was engaged in earnest discourse with the colonel commandant, three captains, two lieutenants, and my host the standard-bearer, who laid before them a full and particular account of the sufferings and wounded state of the Eagle, which, by some *grand malheur*, had received such a thump on the head before it took its flight from the *embarcadère* where Queen Victoria bowed *her* head in recognition of the 'salute, that it seemed doubtful whether this golden emblem of French glory would reach Choisy undetached from the flagstaff it adorned and hallowed.

After due deliberation it was determined that the officers and my unmilitary self should proceed in the foremost first-class carriage, having in our charge (and, indeed, on our laps) the said staff, in such position as to admit of the Eagle, and the beautiful silken and gold-embroidered bannerol below it, being projected from the window, and thus protected from further collision and damage. This arrangement was promptly carried into effect; but the vibration of the carriage, when we were fairly off at speed, created such nervous alarm for the safety of the Eagle, as it rocked on its screw at the

point of the staff, that colonel and captains alike began to tremble for the glory of their battalion and ensign; and the shifts and expedients for its better guardianship were under painful consideration, when I suddenly drew my silk handkerchief from my coat pocket, and swathing the imperilled bird of conquest in folds that secured it most effectually to the staff, as I stretched my arms from the *portière* over which it was hanging, composed the flurried mind of France in a moment, and received the thanks of the nation, represented, as they said, in the regimentally accoutred persons of my fellow passengers!

Our debarcation on the platform at Choisy, at a quarter past ten o'clock at night, and the formal delivery of "the astonished Eagle," (as Regnault de St. Jean D'Angely would have termed it), into the hands of Monsieur Buisson its commissioned guardian, was signalized by a flourish of trumpet; and thence, with drums beating, and colours flying, we marched into Choisy, where healths were presently drunk all round to the honour of Her Majesty Queen Victoria, the Emperor, the Armies of England and France and the Eagles of the empire, and their *spirited defenders* (!) the appropriate salute being made, at mention of those words, to the zealous British auxiliary then and there present!

"Sure, there's some wonder in this handkerchief!"*

In one corner of it is an etching executed in permanent ink,

* Shakspeare's "Othello."

accurately representing the Eagle, and underwrit "Le 18 Août, 1855 :"—and, to parody Yorick's exclamation over his adopted starling,—

"Let the pickpockets twist its neck off, if they can !"

Having waved this same silken *compagnon de poche et de voyage* so long as my boat continued in sight, when *quitting* my native shores, I was enabled, by the blessing of Providence, to make it flutter in the breeze that bore me across the Exc *on my return* : it became the ensign and the signal of my safety ; and a man venturesome enough to perpetrate such a witticism at my expense would say it was better adapted than ever, with the said Eagle in the corner, for an *aquiline* nose ! But this "jest's prosperity" was blighted : until hustled by the crowd around Nelson's Column, in Trafalgar Square, on the occasion of the Proclamation of Peace, in April, it remained in my possession. At this moment, it is probably puzzling and punishing its rascally appropriator, as a mystical and unsaleable article ; as unprofitable and unproducible as his own ticket of leave !

"*Meminisse juvabit.*" Life is made up of "honest trifles" and deepest consequences ; of recollections "from gay to grave ;" and the incidents of Travel, as well as of Biography, are neither the most uninstrusive, nor the least edifying. As topics treated by those who, amid some of the sublimest scenery of creation have studied nature, man, and manners, they often avail to the inculcation of right

principles and useful knowledge, to the extinction of prejudices and the creation of kindly feeling when all other teaching and influences have failed ; and if the tale of this Pilgrimage shall tend, in any degree, to enlighten the public mind on a few comparatively untouched subjects, and unfamiliar, if not unapproached, localities, and thus to depict with fresh illustrations the country and customs of our justly esteemed allies, the Tourist's object will have been fully answered, his most arduous labours requited, and his venial ambition to instruct and please will have received its best reward.

APPENDIX.

APPENDIX.

HAVING prefaced these volumes with several observations not only on the desirableness of increasing our knowledge of France and the French, but also on the enlarged facilities for so doing, it occurs to me that I may be rendering some casual readers a good service, in placing before them so many of an old traveller's memoranda on things in general, and of his disbursements and experiences in particular, as may enable them to form a tolerably accurate conception of the cost, care, and duration of such excursions as the one which has furnished subject-matter for the narrative just ended.

The expedients adopted for making progress, and the scale of expenditure here specified, are referrible to the individual who sets forth *en garçon*—that is to say, as a single solitary personage without encumbrances. I ought to add, that such a traveller is presumed to be content with such means and appliances, such opportunities and methods of pursuing his journey, as may present themselves on highways and byways; and to indulge in no fastidious

tastes, or luxurious predilections. On the old Routes Royales, or great main roads, he will find ample railway locomotion, and many very respectable and well-managed coaches. On the cross-roads and comparatively unfrequented tracks, he must acquiesce with just what he can get; from a *patache** of the last century to the ugliest and most perilous "trap" of the present day. He must be prepared to ride in a dust-cart, or charcoal-truck, a cattle-van, or a hearse; and sit complacently behind horses or bullocks, asses or mules; and continue, while in transit, through lone and devious ways to take such helps for better for worse. Occasionally he will be most agreeably surprised, and will not despise the day of small things.

The speed of the French railway trains is considerably less than that of ours; six hours being about the average time consumed in the journey from the French coast to the capital; (about one hundred and eighty-six miles;) but the fare in the second class carriages, which are but little inferior to our first, is but seventeen shillings and sixpence from Boulogne to Paris; while that of our second class hot wooden closets, bare boarded, curtainless, and comfortless, is fourteen shillings and eightpence from Dover to London; less than half the distance.

Luggage is invariably charged on every line of rail. Mine weighed, with but little variation, about eighty pounds, and was paid for at about three-halfpence for every

* A cabriolet made entirely of wood, *without springs*, primarily devised, one would think, as an instrument of death by shaking and dislocations.

ten pounds. Between Boulogne and Paris I settled this account with two francs and seventeen centimes ; about one shilling and eight-pence English. The owner's name should never appear on box, bag, or portmanteau. . Initials, with some painted or branded symbol, crest or escutcheon, in conspicuous colours, are a far more discreet particularization.

As for a passport I might just as well have been altogether without one ; the demand for a sight of it having wholly ceased, so far as my experience is concerned, throughout France. There is some advantage, however, in being able to produce such credentials when presenting oneself at the gates of a citadel, literary institute, or museum, on private or close days : as at the Louvre Gallery, for instance, where, I believe, the hall porter still enquires whether the foreigner seeking admission has a passport ; though this, and many other formalities, is waved in the spirit of complimentary and kind indulgence to the English.

With regard to the coin of the country, (to which Chapter IX., Vol. I. bears reference !) the English sovereign-piece has, for the last thirty years and upwards, borne the value of twenty-five francs twenty centimes ; the franc being reckoned as nine-pence halfpenny English ; but for the last two years the twenty centimes, (a penny, three-farthings), have rarely been added to the five heavy five-franc pieces handed over to the English traveller for a sovereign ; and in Dauphiné and Savoy, Berri and Beaujolais I could not obtain more than twenty-four francs.

My advice, therefore, to a party about to travel a

thousand or fifteen hundred miles, as I did, would be to procure as much French gold as he could collect at the principal shops, and (when exchange proved favourable) at the Bureaux de Change, in Paris : and carry this coin with him ; seventy-five gold Napoleons, for instance, as the representative value of sixty sovereigns ; or sixty gold Napoleons and a-half for fifty sovereigns ; taking ten pounds' worth of silver French money in pieces of one, two, and five francs, with, at least, fifty pieces of half a franc each ; and the same number of two sous copper pieces.

It arises not so much from an ostentatious parade of liberality or lavishness, as from unacquaintance with the practice of the natives, that our countrymen pay twice, and, often, three or four times more in the way of fees and gratuities than the French people do at the same place, and on the same occasion. I have seen an Englishman drop a two-franc piece into the hands of an official who had been conducting a party through a palace or a museum, and receive hardly an inclination of the head in acknowledgment, while the Frenchman at his side has been saluted with a bow and " *Bien obligé, Monsieur !*" for the gift of half a franc.

The now universal practice among inn-proprietors, at home and abroad, of annexing a regular definite charge (always very moderate) for "attendance," has lightened hotel residence of a considerable burden in this particular of expense.

Though every British traveller must be presumed to carry a "Murray" with him (and we cannot sufficiently

thank the said 'Murray' for his incomparable manual), I earnestly advise the purchasing of the local publications purporting to supply the foreign visitor with all the instruction and information essential to a due knowledge of the provinces or towns in which he may be travelling or sojourning. These pocket volumes are now got up with wonderful accuracy and talent: the maps and illustrations are excellent; and the details more minute, as a matter of course, than would be compatible with the scale of the English *Vade-mecum*.

Most of these admirable little books are sold as parts of the Bibliothèque des Chemins de Fer (Railway Library), under the title of "Guides Itinéraires," at Hachette's Library, No. 14, Rue Pierre Sarrazin, in Paris; the price varying between two and three francs each, and containing from one to two or three hundred pages, illustrated, according to the size of the volume, by fifty or eighty woodcuts and maps of singular accuracy and finish.

They are, also, procurable at Galignani's in the Rue Vivienne, and in most of the book-shops and stalls of the Palais Royal and Rue St. Honoré.

It is the practice in every large hotel in the cities and principal towns of France to make an entry in the house-book or folio of the name and condition, if procurable (and, indeed, it is frequently asked for) of each lodger. The letters arriving by post inform the proprietors to a great extent; as the parties resident in the hotel severally apply for them.

The English gentleman will, for the most part, find his name registered in these books (which are periodically in-

spected by the police agents), as *un Rentier*. This is a term applied at large to express what we should mean by the designation of a man of independent means. “Rentier,” however, by no means signifies a recipient of rent. It means simply a Fund-holder, one who receives dividends from the Rentes Publiques. “To possess property in the Funds,” is expressed thus: “Avoir des rentes sur l’état.”

On the other hand, “a landed gentleman,” or one who derives income from real estate, is termed “un propriétaire foncier.” The same individual is in innumerable cases both *rentier* and *propriétaire foncier*: but the above explanation defines accurately the relative position of the Fund-holder and the land-owner. The word “rente” misleads the English in general by its seeming identity with our word “farm-rents.”

There is one point to which I feel bound to direct the attention and wariness of any of my readers contemplating for the first time a Continental excursion. Whether in France, Switzerland, Italy or Germany, Spain or Portugal, in fact, throughout Europe, whenever the traveller finds himself quartered for the day or night in a bed-chamber having a door of communication with an adjoining apartment, let him make a point of rendering it impossible for any one in that room to obtain range of insight into the one he is to occupy. In nine cases out of ten, if he closely inspect the upper and lower panels of such a door, he will detect little holes, at various heights, bored by a knife, nail, or anything else that will serve the purpose, through the thin edges of the panels where they enter the

style or framework. The foreigners term them "petits judas:" a term sufficiently appropriate to lurking-places through which privacy is thus treacherously and disreputably invaded.* The most effectual mode of defeating such infamous assaults is to carry among one's toilette articles a small pocket hammer and a few very sharp iron tacks, by which an over-coat, wrapper, or dressing-gown may, in a moment, be suspended or stretched across the breadth of the door, and taken down and replaced at will. Sometimes all that it may be requisite to do is merely to remove a light cabinet, or *escritoire*, or chest of drawers, from its place to the door thus requiring a screen. The morbid passion for thus boring doors and partitions is inconceivably general; and I remember a Polish Count informing me once, at Berne, of the number he had made in one week! I could not help wishing his ears had been nailed to the door-posts as a *finis* to his dirty work.

It may be as well to add that, with very rare exceptions, the foreigners, married and single, begin to smoke cigars or pipes at a very early hour: some, if not many, recreating themselves thus even before they quit their bed. If the traveller dreads this as an annoyance, he should stipulate, at the bureau or bar of the hotel, to be lodged in a room between two parties who never smoke in their sleeping apartments: but this is a comfort involving some difficulty; tobacco being the foreigners' Elixir Vitæ.

Finally:—Bachelors would consult their daily comfort •

* Parties have been robbed through their having spread out on the table or *escritoire*, rouleaux of gold, bags of silver, &c., over which the eye of some *mauvais sujet* was ranging.

by rendering themselves independent of hot water and boot-cleaning: two "necessities" which create no little worry to the man lodged four or five stories high in a large and crowded family hotel. A stone flask of spirits of wine (which he may purchase in France at eight-pence the pint), and an "Ætna," will always supply him with *eau chaude* in three minutes' time: and a little bottle of "Patent Varnish or Reviver" will do the needful for his *chaussure*, equally soon. And this is the way, one of a hundred such, to get over the ground in good humour, and to make travelling life pleasurable, profitable, and easy. **PROBATUM EST.**

RATE OF CHARGES

VARIOUS INNS.

FOLKESTONE.—July 5th.

	£	s.	d.
One night's lodging at the South Eastern Pavilion.	0	3	0
A cup of coffee, without milk.	0	0	6
Breakfast at the great table, (good).	0	2	0
Attendance.	0	1	6
	<hr/>		
	0	7	0

BOULOGNE.—HOTEL DE LONDRES.

Dinner at the table-d'hôte.*	0	3	4
Half a bottle of vin ordinaire.	0	1	0
Luncheon, to serve as an early dinner.	0	2	0
Half a bottle of Burgundy wine.	0	1	8
One night's lodging, and half a wax candle.	0	2	0
Attendance.	0	0	10
	<hr/>		
	0	10	10

* To avoid many fractions in these entries, I have allowed tenpence to the franc; but 3s. 4d. ought to be regarded as 3s. 2d.

PARIS.—HOTEL DES ETRANGERS, Rue Vivienne.

	£	s.	d.
Two mutton cutlets and an omelette.	0	2	0
Bread, (it <i>used</i> to be <i>à discretion</i> , i. e. gratis).	0	0	2½
Bottle of vin ordinaire.	0	1	8
Two dinners at the table-d'hôte.	0	8	4
Three nights' lodging <i>in the garrets</i> , as a favour! (The house being filled to overflowing).	0	6	3
Candle	0	0	10
Attendance.	0	1	10
	<hr/>		
	1	1	1½

CHATEAU THIERRY.—HOTEL D'ANGLETERRE.

Two dinners, alone, (including vin ordinaire).	0	5	0
One breakfast, (coffee, milk, bread, butter)	0	0	7½
Two nights' lodging and candles.	0	3	4
Attendance.	0	1	0
	<hr/>		
	0	9	11½

RHEIMS.—LION D'OR.

Two dinners at the table-d'hôte, (wine inclusive).	0	6	8
Two breakfasts, (câfé au lait, bread, butter)	0	1	8
A light dinner or <i>gouter</i> , (with wine).	0	1	8
Three nights' lodging, composite candles.	0	5	5
Attendance.	0	1	3
	<hr/>		
	0	16	8

RHETEL.—(POST-HOUSE).

	£	s.	d.
A night's lodging.	0	1	3

VARENNES.—AU GRAND CERF.

One dinner, two breakfasts, two nights' lodging.	0	4	10½
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VERDUN.—HOTEL DE L'EUROPE.

One dinner, (an excellent repast), alone, wine inclusive. One night's lodging, (equally good), candles and attendance.	0	3	6
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VAUCOULEURS.—(POST-HOUSE).

Supper and night's lodging.	0	2	6
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NEUFCHATEAU.—LA PROVIDENCE.

A light dinner, wine inclusive.	0	2	6
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DIJON.—LA CLOCHE.

Two dinners at the table-d'hôte.	0	6	8
Half a bottle of Clos Vougeot wine.	0	2	11
One breakfast, (café au lait, &c.)	0	1	3
Three nights' lodging.	0	3	4
Candles.	0	0	5
Attendance.	0	1	8
Omnibus to the station, and luggage.	0	0	10

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MACON.—HOTEL DE L'EUROPE.

	£	s.	d.
A supper, alone.	0	2	0
Half a bottle of vin de Thorins.	0	0	10
Breakfast, (café au lait).	0	0	10
One night's lodging, (elegant apartment), wax candles, and attendance.	0	1	8
	<hr/>		
	0	5	4

LYONS.—HOTEL DU NORD.

A late repast, alone ; potage, pickled salmon, stewed beef, peas, bottle of Mont d'Or wine	0	4	2
Four dinners at the table-d'hôte, (wine inclusive).	0	12	8
A bottle of Thorins wine.	0	1	8
A late repast, alone.	0	2	6
Four suppers.	0	8	4
A bottle of Hermitage wine.	0	4	2
Twelve nights' lodging.	1	7	0
Candles.	0	2	9
Ten breakfasts, (café au lait).	0	10	6
Attendance.	0	9	2
Omnibus to the wharf, luggage, &c.	0	1	3

AIX-LES-BAINS.—(Hotels all full).

Bed at a lodging ; supper, wine inclusive ; attendance.	0	5	10
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ST. LAURENT DU PONT.—LES DEUX CYGNES.

Two repasts with wine.	.	.	.	0	5	8
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A bed in the cell at the Monastery of La

Grande Chartreuse.	.	.	.	0	1	8
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GRENOBLE.—HOTEL DE L'EUROPE.

	£	s.	d.
Dinner at the table-d'hôte. •	0	2	11
Breakfast, (café au lait, &c.)	0	1	3
Two nights' lodging, with candles	0	3	9
Attendance.	0	1	8
	0	9	7

BOURGES.—HOTEL DE FRANCE.

One dinner, alone, (wine inclusive).	0	2	6
Breakfast, (café au lait).	0	0	10
A light repast, or <i>gouter</i>	0	1	8
A night's lodging, candles, and attendance.	0	1	8
	0	6	8

ORLEANS.—HOTEL DU LOIRET.

(The most moderate in its charges of
any in France, considering its scale
of accommodation and general style).

ORLEANS— <i>continued</i> .		£	s.	d.
Four dinners at the table-d'hôte.	. . .	0	10	0
Four breakfasts, (café au lait).	. . .	0	3	4
Six nights' lodging, composite candles and attendance.	0	10	0
		<hr/>		
		1	3	4

CHOISY-LE-ROI.—Six miles distant from Paris.

(During the visit of the Queen of England).

Four dinners, (wine inclusive); four breakfasts, (café au lait); one supper; four nights' lodging, candles and attendance.	1	10	0
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COST OF TRAVELLING

BY

RAILWAY, DILIGENCES, MAIL-CARTS, HIRED CARS, AND
STEAM-BOATS.

	£	s.	d.
From Exmouth to Reading, (2nd class)	1	6	0
„ Reading to Folkestone, (1st class, there being no 2nd.)	0	16	0
From Folkestone to Boulogne	0	6	6
Conveyance of luggage to hotel [2 valises, 83 lbs. weight]	0	1	4
Passport at the Consul's office	0	4	2
Railway Fare, (2nd class), to Paris	0	17	7
Extra charge for overweight, (56 lbs. only allowed), of 27lbs.	0	1	10

Railway Fare. From Paris to Meaux, 28 miles, (2nd class)	0	2	5
Luggage	0	0	7½
From Meaux to Ferté-sous-Jouarre, (14 miles)	0	1	2
Luggage	0	0	5½

	£	s.	d.
From Ferté-sous-Jouarre to Château Thierry, (18 miles)	0	2	1
Luggage	0	0	5½
From Château Thierry to Epernay, (20 miles)	0	3	4
Luggage	0	0	5½
From Epernay to Rheims, (20 miles)	0	1	11
Luggage	0	0	5½
From Rheims to Rhetel, by coach, [coupé] (24 miles, 3½ hours)	0	3	7
From Rhetel to Vouziers, by mail cart, (16 miles, 3½ hours)	0	4	0
From Vouziers, in a calèche, to Buzancy, (12 miles, 2½ hours)	0	7	4
From Buzancy to Varennes, (16 miles, 3½ hours), in a hired calèche.	0	10	0
From Varennes to Verdun, (20 miles) by mail cart. 3½ hours	0	2	2
From Verdun, by small Diligence, to St. Mihiel, (16 miles, 3 hours)	0	3	2
From St. Mihiel, in coupé of a Diligence, to Commercy, (13 miles, 2¼ hours)	0	1	1
From Commercy to Vaucouleurs, in a spring cart, (11 miles, 2½ hours)	0	5	1
From Vaucouleurs, in a hired calèche, to Neufchâteau, through Domremi, staying 2 hours in Domremi. To Domremi, (11 miles, in 2 hours). From Domremi to Neufchâteau, (8 miles, in 1 hour)	0	8	4

	£	s-	d.
From Neufchâteau to Dijon, in the Coupé of the great Diligence, at 2 a.m. (through Langres), about 96 miles, 12 hours and 20 minutes	0	19	6
From Dijon to Clos Vougeot, (10½ miles), by Railway, (2nd class). Half an hour.	0	0	9
Luggage	0	0	4
From Clos Vougeot to Chalons, (31 miles), and from Chalons to Macon, (36 miles), by Rail	0	6	1½
Luggage	0	0	8
From Macon to Lyons, by steam-boat, from the quay, (122 lbs. of luggage allowed), 60 miles. Start at 20 minutes past 4, A.M. arrive at 8 A.M.	0	1	11
From Lyons to Vienne by Rail, (16 miles), Return ticket from, holding good from Saturday to Monday, if desired. Omnibus fare to and from the station, in Lyons	0	2	6
From Lyons to Aix-les-Bains, in Savoy, by water, "Hirondelle" steam-boat, from the quay. Chief cabin fare, (10½ hours)	0	9	9
Omnibus from the Jetty on the Lac de Bourget to Aix-les-Bains	0	0	5
From Aix-les-Bains to Chambéry, (11 miles), by Omnibus. 1½ hour	0	0	10
From Chambéry to St. Laurent du Pont, (16 miles), in a hired calèche. 3 hours	0	9	6

	£	s.	d.
Hire of a mule and boy-guide, from St. Laurent du Pont to the Monastery of La Grande Chartreuse, (8 miles), and mule and boy coming up next day for return	0	6	0
From St. Laurent du Pont, in the banquette of the Diligence, to Grenoble, (20 miles). 3 hours	0	2	0
From Grenoble, in the banquette of a Diligence, to Lyons, (70 miles). 9 hours.	0	6	6
From Lyons to Moulins :—			
By Railway (1st class carriage), to St. Etienne, (55 miles), and from St. Etienne to Rouanne, by railway, (53 miles), a journey of $6\frac{1}{2}$ hours; but by accidents prolonged to 9 hours. The distance between Rouanne and Varenne, being traversed in a Diligence, (52 miles), $6\frac{3}{4}$ hours,—included in the fare, as also between Varenne and Moulins, (18 miles), $\frac{3}{4}$ hour	0	18	0
Omnibus from terminus, into the town	0	0	5
From Moulins to Bourges, 70 miles, (2nd class carriage), $3\frac{1}{2}$ hours.	0	7	8
Luggage	0	1	6
Omnibus	0	0	5
From Bourges to Orleans, by railway, (2nd class)	0	7	10
Omnibus from Inn to Station	0	0	8
Luggage	0	1	8

	£	s.	d.
Excursion (of eighteen hours), from Orleans to Chartres.			
By Railway, to Toury, (20 miles), leaving Orleans at $\frac{1}{2}$ past 1, A.M. From Toury, by Diligence, to Chartres, (18 miles), reaching Chartres at 6. Return,			-
Railway	0	3	3
Diligence	0	2	0
From Chartres to Angerville, (14 miles), Diligence	0	2	0
From Angerville to Orleans, (28 miles), Railway	0	3	4
Leaving Chartres, at $\frac{1}{4}$ to 1, P.M., reaching Angerville at $\frac{1}{4}$ past 3, stopping at Angerville station till the down train from Paris arrived, $1\frac{1}{2}$ hour. Leaving Angerville, at $\frac{1}{4}$ to 5, reaching Orleans, at $\frac{1}{4}$ past 6.			

From Orleans to Choisy-la-Roi, 6 miles South-East from Paris, (about 70 miles.)	1	2	8
Luggage	0	1	6
From Paris to Boulogne: (Express, 1st class)	1	5	0
Luggage, 84 lbs.	0	2	4
This train leaves Paris at 7 A.M., and professes to reach Amiens at 6 minutes			

	£	s.	d.
to 10 for breakfast: (Halt of 20 minutes). It arrived at Abbeville at 5 minutes past 11, and at Boulogne at 1.			
From Boulogne to Folkestone, (at 6 minutes past 4 the same day)	0	6	6
From Folkestone, 2nd class, journey of $2\frac{1}{4}$ hours, at $\frac{1}{4}$ to 7, same day, to London	0	17	3
From London to Exmouth	2	4	0

The expenses of actual locomotion on high-roads and by-roads, rivers and lakes, canals and sea; and of breakfasts, dinners, and beds, (little or nothing being set down for that somewhat superfluous refreshment, "Luncheon"), may, on reference to these entries, be computed at about fifteen shillings a day.

The distances particularized amount to two thousand one hundred and sixty miles.

No account is given of roads travelled over, or of expenses incurred by brief, "improvised" excursions, in quest of information or acquaintances, during a sojourn at Choisy-le-Roi, Rheims, Dijon, or Lyons: these constituting no part of a previously well-considered *plan de route*.

The reader examining all these entries of expenditure, with a view of estimating the cost of French travelling, must keep in mind that they are wholly irrespective of luxuries; items of indulgence and refinement a man may

dispense with. They are shaped for a *voyage en garçon*. The English traveller taking a wife or daughter ought to triple the sum. Indeed, as regards a daughter, I rate the outgoings, according to experience, even beyond this.

The husband, or father, would frequently find it desirable, nay, indispensable, to hire a private carriage, (if he travel not with his own), however uncouth, instead of proceeding by public vehicles. And he would not, in all cases, resort to the *salon publique* of his hotel, (corresponding with our coffee-room; though we have no general dining-room for both sexes), and the consequence of this would be a considerably augmented rate of charge for the occupation of a sitting-room over and above the use of a bed-chamber, and for meals served in such apartment, candles, attendance, &c., as, indeed, would be the case in England.

Every tourist must, also, include in his estimate the cost of fees and gratuities at palaces, museums, hospitals, cathedrals, dock-yards, arsenals, factories, picture-galleries, ruins of castles, baths, camps, &c., and other such "sights," and "lions." Coach and cab-hire will, also, enter largely into his disbursements. Time being value, it will often be practical economy to have recourse to them—and in Paris and Lyons they are felt to be absolutely necessities.

He will be inclined (and, indeed, ought), to visit some of the theatres. In the wine countries he will, reasonably enough, desire to taste some of the most celebrated samples of the vineyards, and in certain fruit-growing districts be induced to encourage the proposals of the *garçon* to have

some of the choicest produce added to the ordinary dessert. He will buy maps, local guides and hand-books, catalogues and newspapers, and, if he maintain frequent correspondence, have to frank many letters; and he will, assuredly, purchase several prints, and other moderately priced objects of art, illustrative of his journeyings. And when he has done this, and paid an extortionate *blanchisseuse*, week after week (for a Laundry seems a good investment in France), he will find that, instead of fifteen shillings, he should set down twenty-two and sixpence as his daily outgoings; an outlay, even then, incompatible with any extravagance, though commensurate, in my humble opinion, with all the needs and requirements of a traveller of discretion and taste; but as the Spanish proverb saith: “Cada uno cuenta de la feria, come le va en ella;” and, as I began, so here I end, by speaking of men and things *as I found them*.

THE END.

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